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SKETCHES IN BEDLAM;

OR

CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS

OF

INSANITY.

SKETCHES IN BEDLAM;

OR

CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS

OF

INSANITY,

AS DISPLAYED IN THE CASES OF ONE HUNDRED AND
FORTY PATIENTS

OF BOTH SEXES,

NOW, OR RECENTLY, CONFINED IN

NEW BETHLEM,

INCLUDING

MARGARET NICHOLSON, JAMES HATFIELD, PATRICK
WALSH, BANNISTER TRUELOCK, AND MANY
OTHER EXTRAORDINARY MANIACS,

WHO HAVE BEEN

TRANSFERRED FROM OLD BETHLEM.

*To the above are added, a succinct History of the Establishment,
its Rules, Regulations, Forms of Admission,
Treatment of Patients, &c. &c.*

“ See how the noble mind is here o’erthrown.”

BY A CONSTANT OBSERVER.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY SHERWOOD, JONES, AND CO.
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1823.

SKETCHES IN BEDLAM;

CHARACTERISTIC TRAILS

INSANITY

AS ILLUSTRATED IN THE CASES OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY

FOUR PATIENTS

OF BOTH SEXES

AND OF VARIOUS AGES

NEW EDITION

REVISED

MARGARET KENNEDY, JAMES HALL, PATRICK
WALKER, AND THE THORNTON, AND MANY
OTHER EMINENT MEN

AND WOMEN

TRANSLATED FROM OLD ENGLISH

To the reader we submit a warning. The following
is a list of the names of the patients
who have been treated in the
Asylum of St. Mary, &c.

— the names of the patients are given in the following order —

BY A CONSTANT OBSERVER

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY J. JOHNSON AND CO. LTD.
PRINTED BY COX AND BAYLIS, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

1852

TO
THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL
THE PRESIDENT AND TREASURER,
AND
THE WORSHIPFUL
THE GOVERNORS OF BETHLEM HOSPITAL,

*Who have, by their unwearied and benevolent Exertions, contributed
so much to the Mitigation of the Agonies of the "Human
Mind in Ruins," and so successfully, in many
Cases, brought it back to Reason,*

THE FOLLOWING
SKETCHES
ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

London, 30th May 1823.

PREFACE.

THE editor of the following sheets having had, for some years, daily opportunities of witnessing the whole system of management adopted in Bethlem Hospital, in its various relations of regularity, cleanliness, humanity, and skill, has been induced to think, that a descriptive sketch of the institution, and the manners of its inhabitants, would not be an unacceptable novelty to the Public.

Among the great charitable establishments of the British empire this holds a pre-eminent rank, and by the excellence of its regulations and medical treatment, it may be

justly considered a model of imitation for all Europe. For this rare improvement Bethlem Hospital is indebted to a series of measures, planned and executed with consummate wisdom and indefatigable perseverance. Experience was the grand basis of these measures. During a long, minute, and patient investigation, carried on through successive sessions, by a Parliamentary Committee, the practice adopted in all other establishments of a similar nature, whether public or private, throughout the United Kingdom, was diligently examined; the skill and opinions of all the medical men most conversant with the subject, were attentively consulted and compared. The detection and reform of errors and abuses, arising from ignorance, apathy, caprice, or cruelty, which had been too long prevalent, constituted the happy result of

that laborious, but humane inquiry; and benevolence was never, perhaps, consecrated by a nobler triumph, than when it was satisfactorily demonstrated, that force and terror, instead of alleviating, tended but to aggravate the miseries and horrors of insanity and delirium. The philanthropic views of the British Legislature and the British nation were at length realized. Harsh usage and irritating coercion gave way to mildness, forbearance, and indulgence, and the wretched inmates of this asylum of mental derangement were liberated from unnecessary violence, intimidation, and solitary confinement.

That part of the work which enumerates a number of singular cases, is new to the public press; and however curious to the general reader, will not, it is trusted, be unattended with beneficial effects to the

observing and inquisitive mind, which interests itself in the investigation, distinction, and comparative views of such extraordinary appearances. If they do not, either individually or collectively, supply any data for tracing (what has hitherto baffled the powers of human intellect) the malady to its source, they may at least contribute to illustrate, by living example, the various modifications of mania.

The correctness of the respective statements is entitled to the most implicit belief.

The editor's chief object, in the present publication, is to make the merits of the institution more generally and accurately known; to remove any prejudices which may exist in the minds of the uninformed; and to point out the mode by which the admission of patients may be promptly obtained. He subjoins a succinct account of

the foundation of the hospital, a table of the rules and orders under which it is conducted, and some approving testimonies of illustrious and eminent persons, extracted from a long list of similar attestations, the voluntary tributes of encomium and admiration on the part of those who have carefully inspected the establishment.

INTRODUCTION.

BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL is a royal foundation for the reception of lunatics, incorporated by Henry VIII., and erected in Moorfields in 1553. That building was pulled down in 1814, and the new hospital erected in St. George's Fields in 1815.

The old hospital was built on the plan of the royal palace of the Tuilleries at Paris; and this fac-simile of his Palace, adopted for such a purpose, gave so much offence to Louis XIV., that he ordered a plan of St. James's Palace to be taken, for offices in his own capital of a very inferior description.

The present hospital is a noble and extensive building of brick. The foundation stone was laid in 1812, on the 20th of April, upon the site of the once celebrated Dog and Duck tavern and tea-gardens, which had been subsequently occupied by the School for the Indigent Blind. The plan was designed by Mr. Lewis, and the building cost about £100,000.

The front is truly magnificent; consisting of a centre and two wings, forming a range of building

five hundred and eighty feet in length. The centre is surmounted by a dome, and adorned by an Ionic portico of six columns, supporting the arms of the United Kingdom. The interior is judiciously arranged, and is capable of accommodating two hundred patients of both sexes, independent of two criminal wings which are capable of containing about sixty patients, supported by Government. The asylum is supported by the Bridewell estates, consisting of property in London and Cornwall, as well as by voluntary contributions.

The following is a list of benefactions placed up in the hospital towards the erection of the building.

	£.	s.	d.
Grants by Parliament.....	72,819	1	6
The Corporation of London	3,000	0	0
Bank of England	500	0	0
East-India Company	210	0	0
Trinity House Corporation	210	0	0
Worshipful Company of Mercers.....	210	0	0
————— of Grocers	210	0	0
————— of Drapers.....	210	0	0
————— of Fishmongers..	210	0	0
————— of Goldsmiths ...	210	0	0
————— of Salters.....	105	0	0
————— of Apothecaries..	100	0	0
————— of Vintners	105	0	0
————— of Cutlers	25	0	0

	£.	s.	d.
Sir Rd. Carr Glynn, Bart., President.	105	0	0
Right Hon. Earl of Radnor.....	105	0	0
John Milward, Esq.	105	0	0
Right Hon. Lord Eardley	105	0	0
East-India Dock Company	100	0	0
Richard Clarke, Esq., Treasurer	100	0	0
William Willis, Esq. (a Trustee)	100	0	0
Samuel Long, Esq.....	100	0	0
David Pike Watts, Esq.....	100	0	0
Sir John Lubbock, Bart. (a Trustee). .	100	0	0
Mrs. Rosamond Kinnersly.....	100	0	0
Thomas Allan, Esq.....	100	0	0
Henry Thornton, Esq.....	100	0	0
William Clarke, Esq.....	100	0	0
Lord Arden.....	100	0	0
Earl Camden	100	0	0
Thomas Calverly, Esq.....	100	0	0
Lord Bishop of Durham.....	100	0	0
George Musgrave, Esq.....	100	0	0
E. N.	100	0	0
John Baker, Esq.	100	0	0
William Lewis Newman, Esq.....	100	0	0
E. E.....	100	0	0
William Pembroke, Esq.....	100	0	0
Richard H. A. Bennet, Esq.....	100	0	0
Miss Elizabeth S. Lawrence.....	100	0	0
Sir Robert John Buxton, Bart.....	100	0	0

MINOR BENEFACTIONS.

			£	s	d
3	of	52	10 0
30	of	50	0 0
2	of	26	5 0
1	of	30	0 0
3	of	25	0 0
4	of	21	0 0
8	of	20	0 0
5	of	10	0 0
3	of	5	0 0

Being 59 Subscribers, making..... £2,124 0 0

In the hall are placed the two fine figures that represent raving and melancholy madness, for which Louis XIIIth of France offered twelve thousand louis-d'or. They were executed by the celebrated Caius Gabriel Cibber, father of Colley Cibber, the dramatist and poet laureat; and they were repaired in 1820, by Mr. Bacon. They formerly decorated the pillars of the gateway entering to the Old Hospital in Moorfields. The building, and the grounds for exercising the patients, occupy an area of about twelve acres.

The following is a list of the new establishment.

President,

Sir Richard Carr Glynn, Bart.

Treasurer,

Richard Clarke, Esq., Chamberlain of London.

Physicians,

Sir George L. Tuthill, Knt., M.D.

Edw. Thomas Monro, M.D.

Surgeon,

William Lawrence, Esq.

Apothecary and Superintendent,

Edward Wright, M.D.

Steward,

Mr. Nathaniel Nicholls.

Matron,

Mrs. Elizabeth Forbes.

*Keepers,**Common Side.*

5 Male,

6 Female.

Criminal Wing.

4 Male,

2 Female.

Minor Servants,

1 Cook,

1 Housemaid,

2 Laundry-women,

1 Kitchen Maid,

1 cutter of provisions,

1 Porter,

1 Under-Porter.

THE BUILDING.

The two wings are appropriated for the patients, the centre for the resident officers, the physicians' parlour, apothecary's shop, and servants' hall, &c. &c.

Each of the wings has four galleries, and an infirmary for the aged, quiet, and helpless female patients. The galleries are about seventy-five yards long, with a wing of about twenty yards. In each gallery there are twenty-three bedrooms, a keeper's room, dining room, and a side room for confining refractory patients, which is but rarely used; a pump, a washing place, and a water-closet.

The galleries, in cold weather, are warmed by Howden's patent air-stoves, one at each end, to the top of the house; good fires are kept below, and the heat is said to be capable of increase to the temperature of sixty-six degrees, but this is never required.

The heat diminishes considerably in the top gallery, for which reason there is an additional fire in the dining-room and keeper's room of each gallery, to both of which the patients have access at pleasure. Around the stoves and fire-places are strong iron guards to prevent accidents; and the fire-irons are chained, to prevent the patients

from using them for mischievous purposes. The gallery floors are of wood, and the ceilings of plate iron, excepting the basement gallery, the floor of which is of stone pavement, and the covering an arch of brick work; and in each gallery a lamp hangs in winter from dark till bed-time.

The patients are divided into the four galleries, thus. The basement, or No. 1, is appropriated for all noisy and dangerous patients, some of whom are very uncleanly. In this gallery there are two keepers, but in each of the upper galleries only one. The ground story, No. 2, receives the patients on their admission, and this gallery, as well as No. 3, is appropriated for curables.

The upper gallery, No. 4, is for the incurables, and contains patients of that description only.

The male criminals' wing is a separate building in the rear of the west end of the hospital; and the female criminals' wing is in the rear of the east end.

Each of these wings has four of the galleries floored and cieled in the same manner as the other galleries, and they are divided by iron partitions.

The whole expense of the criminal wings is defrayed by Government; and the provisions, medical treatment, and domestic arrangements, are precisely similar with the rest of the hospital.

The airing-grounds are large square areas in the rear of the building; the males' side is divided from that of the females by a large garden, allotted for the use of the officers of the establishment, and separated from the criminals by a high wall, surmounted by a *caveau-de-frise* to prevent escape of the criminals. Into these airing-grounds the patients are brought daily, whenever the weather is fine; and they have, by some means, obtained the appellation of "Green Yards."

REGULATIONS.

The patients rise every morning in summer at six o'clock, and in winter at seven. They breakfast at eight in summer, and in winter at half past eight. They dine daily at one, sup at six, and retire to bed at eight, when they are locked up. Each patient has a separate room. The bedsteads are of iron, with common sacking bottoms; the bedding a good flock mattress, a pillow, three blankets, a pair of sheets, and a rug. The sheets are regularly changed every fortnight, or oftener if necessary.

In the basement gallery, where the disorderly patients are, there are no sheets, and they sleep on straw, which is changed every morning if requisite.

THE NIGHT WATCH.

This duty is performed by five keepers, two porters, and the cutter of provisions, who relieve each other every four hours. It begins at ten o'clock at night, and is continued until the bell rings for rising in the morning. This is a most necessary duty, for a patient may be taken ill, and without prompt assistance might die before morning, or he may commit suicide.

CLEANLINESS.

The male patients are shaved regularly twice a week, and the whole of their linen is changed once a week. The cold, warm, and shower baths, are in constant use. The warm bath frequently, as well for purposes of cleanliness as of medical application. This is Howett's patent bath, heated by steam.

TREATMENT OF PATIENTS.

The grand principle of this establishment is mildness; for it is now generally acknowledged, that this mode of treating the maniac is much better calculated to restore reason than harshness or severity.

No keeper has authority here to put a patient in confinement without first acquainting the superintendent, who inquires into the circumstances;

and if it should appear to him necessary, the refractory person is put under restraint, which is invariably the mildest, and only kept so for a short time, unless it be absolutely necessary. Dr. Wright, whose vigilance is as unceasing as his mind is patient and humane, will allow no passionate confinement for trivial offences, being convinced that restraint, without urgent necessity, is injurious to the feelings and exciting to the irritation of patients, and considerably impedes their recovery. The good effects of this mild treatment have done wonders; for a refractory patient is frequently silenced and becomes tranquil at the mere threat of restraint; which if adopted for any trivial irregularity, he would become unhappy and mortified; besides, it would give him a practical specimen of prison discipline, which perhaps he knows only by name. They are generally confined, when refractory, to their own rooms for an hour or two, until they become cool and orderly. The name of the person, the nature of his offence, the length of his confinement, and the date, are regularly entered in a book kept for the purpose, which is read by the clerk to the next sub-committee of governors, who meet every Thursday, upon which day also new patients are admitted to the hospital, leave of absence given or enlarged, and the cured discharged.

THE LAUNDRY

Is fitted up with every appropriate conveniency, such as coppers for boiling, large wooden troughs for washing, with two pipes leading to each, one conveying hot, the other cold water. There is a large drying yard in front, with poles and lines to dry the linen in fine weather; but in wet weather, the drying is conducted in a stove room, remarkably warm and commodiously fitted for the purpose. The immense piles of linen collected from all parts of the house are washed here: two laundry women conduct this business, and are assisted by such of the female patients as are able and willing, and can be safely trusted; they also assist in getting it up. The whole is brought clean and regularly to each gallery on Saturday morning, when the patients' linen is entirely changed, and the foul returned to the laundry.

DIET.

The general breakfast throughout the year is wholesome gruel mixed with milk, and two ounces of bread. The supper is seven ounces of bread and two of butter.

The dinner varies every day, and is as follows:

Sunday.—Seven ounces of bread, corned beef half a pound, and vegetables in season.

Monday.—Half allowance of bread and butter, rice pudding baked, and broth.

Tuesday.—Seven ounces of bread, mutton roast and boiled alternately, or veal, in the season.

Wednesday.—Excellent pease soup, and seven ounces of bread.

Thursday.—Seven ounces of bread, with roast or boiled mutton, or veal, and vegetables.

Friday.—Baked batter pudding, and half allowance of bread and butter.

Saturday.—Rich rice milk, with seven ounces of bread and two ounces of butter.

And in summer rice milk on Wednesday instead of pease soup.

Excellent table-beer is served, without any stint of allowance; some drink more, some less: but the average quantity does not exceed two pints each patient per day.

The knives and forks used here are of bone, just sharp enough to divide the meat. But a keeper attends the patients at their meals, and cuts for them what they cannot manage with the bone knives; wooden trenchers and spoons, with bowls for their gruel and beer of the same material; also night bowls. All dangerous articles used in cleansing about the establishment are always locked up, except at the time of using them.

Clothing is given regularly once a year to the incurable patients; but oftener, if they stand in

need. The curable patients are never supplied with clothing, unless their friends are unable to provide them: in that case, the securities pay the expense; or, if paupers, the clothing is paid for by their parish.

When patients become bodily ill, they are placed on the sick list, and are allowed a different diet; such as batter-puddings, pies, fish, fowl, soups, jellies, tarts, or whatever they fancy, that is not improper for them.

To weakly patients, who are not too much excited, port wine or porter is allowed, according to their respective states of health: but no patient, whose health does not require it, is permitted to have wine or porter on any account.

Patients who, perhaps, have been accustomed all their lives to use tea, are permitted, when they cannot take gruel for breakfast, to have it with the keepers, for which they are allowed to receive from the patient's friends two shillings per week. Generally, however, they take the gruel with good appetite, the best proof of which is, that very little is left after breakfast.

THE VISITATION OF PATIENTS.

The friends of patients who reside in London are permitted to see them once a week, namely, on Mondays from ten till twelve. Two persons

are allowed to visit each patient; but persons residing at a distance, or in the country, may see them any day at any hour.

When patients are sufficiently well, or in a fit state to see their friends, they are brought by the keepers who attend for that purpose: the male patients to the servants' hall; the females to a room adjoining the committee room. The persons who thus visit, write their names, their addresses, and the names of the patients they come to visit, in a book kept for the purpose. They must not bring with them any eatables (the provisions of the house being amply sufficient). A little fruit, or a tart, may be allowed, but nothing else; and, of course, no liquor of any description. They must not give money or presents to the keepers, on pain of the giver being refused in future permission to see their friends, and the receiver being discharged. This order, signed by the clerk, is conspicuously fixed up in the visiting room, that none may plead ignorance of the rule.

This liberty of visitation was not allowed under the old establishment, some twenty or thirty years ago; for at that time, when unfortunate persons became deranged, they were dreaded by their relatives, neglected, forgotten, and buried from the world, and the poor creatures became totally lost. But in this institution they come up cheer-

fully, receive with ecstasy the hopes their friends give them, and depart from the meeting generally gratified.

DIVINE SERVICE.

Such patients as are thought sufficiently recovered, or who are otherwise well-behaved, attend divine service on Sundays and Fridays in the visiting room of the male patients (which is also the servants' hall). They are provided with prayer-books, and generally conduct themselves well.

If any patient objects to the church service, or has any other objection to attendance, he is never obliged to appear. The male and female criminals attend on Sundays. The chaplain attends at the criminal wing on Wednesdays also. The service is performed by the Rev. Henry Budd, M.A., chaplain to the hospital. The keepers attend in turn with the other servants of the establishment.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

The physicians attend their respective patients regularly twice a week each. Sir George L. Tutbill, M.D., on Mondays and Fridays; Edward Thomas Monro, M.D., on Tuesdays and Saturdays. On those days they see all their patients throughout the hospital, and prescribe for them as the nature of their malady requires. Should a

physician perceive that a patient is in an improving state, he particularly observes him from time to time, until after receiving a good account from Dr. Wright and the keepers, he thinks him sufficiently recovered for a trial at home with his friends. He then recommends him at the next meeting of the Committee of sub-Governors, and a month's leave of absence is obtained ; at the expiration of which time, should he be perfectly recovered, he attends at the hospital merely to shew himself to the committee, returns thanks, and is discharged. But if when the month's leave is expired, the patient should not be quite so well as is wished, another month's leave is granted ; and so on, until he is perfectly recovered ; when he attends to return thanks, and is finally discharged. If a patient should relapse during his leave of absence, he may be brought back to the hospital at any day or hour, free of expense. But it is considered that a month, at least, is necessary for him to continue well in the hospital, previous to the leave of absence.

Too much praise cannot be conferred on Dr. Munro, for his humane attention and the kind feeling he at all times evinces for the unhappy persons under his care. At every visit, he orders all his patients to be brought regularly together, when he counts them, examines them one after another, and inquires of the keepers every par-

ticular relating to each, even to the most trivial circumstance.

Nor is less commendation due to the meritorious conduct of Sir George Tuthill, whose gentlemanly, kind, and humane attentions are ministered with unwearied diligence, and in some cases with the most invincible patience, or he could not bear the abusive insolence of many refractory subjects.

William Lawrence, Esq., surgeon, attends the hospital very frequently, and examines all cases that come within his professional department. A slate hangs up at the apothecary's shop door, on which Dr. Wright orders all surgical cases for inspection to be set down. This slate he examines as soon as he comes, and immediately goes round to visit such patients, but if any should require more prompt attendance, Mr. Lawrence is sent for. This gentleman is well known to the medical and philosophical world by his skill and science, and his published Lectures delivered at Surgeons' Hall.

Dr. Edward Wright is the superintendant and acting apothecary. He holds the situation formerly held by an apothecary only, Mr. Wallett: but on the resignation of that gentleman, Dr. Wright was elected superintendant of the hospital, over which he holds the chief controul and direction in the absence of the governors, to whom he is responsible, as well for its domestic economy and discipline, as for the preparation

and application of medicines. He resides with his family constantly within the hospital, and performs all the duties of his situation, arduous as they are, with diligence and regularity, highly to his honour: ever attentive and humane towards the unhappy patients, and kind and considerate to all acting under his authority. He visits the whole once a day regularly, or oftener if occasion requires; and, in the absence of the two visiting physicians, he prescribes for them as circumstances may render necessary. He is very rarely absent from the hospital, except upon its duties.

On Thursday he attends the committee, enters in his book the names of all patients admitted, discharged, or sent home on leave of absence; reports to the physicians those patients who, from his own observation, he considers fit for a trial; and also those for discharge, whose probationary twelve months in the hospital are expired, though they be still uncured. But it should be mentioned to his honour and benevolence, that when a poor patient is thus discharged, and by the rules of the establishment is not re-admissible, and Dr. Wright is informed that he is ill, he loses not a moment, but attends such patient at his own residence, without fee or reward, prescribes for him, and renders him every service in his power; and, if such patient be able to attend the hospital, he

cups, bleeds, or renders any other professional assistance.

Mr. Nathaniel Nicholls, steward, is in every respect perfectly well adapted to the duties of his situation: vigilant, careful, and correct; a good accountant, and always on the alert for the interests of the establishment. He goes regularly once a day through the male side, to examine every thing which demands his inspection. He distributes blankets, bedding, soap, candles, household utensils, &c. &c. He rigidly examines the qualities and weights of all provisions, and other articles brought in from tradesmen, and sees at all times that none but the best shall be admitted.

Mrs. Elizabeth Forbes, the matron, superintends the whole of the female department. From her manner and demeanour she appears to have filled a situation in society far above that she now holds.

She feels most ardently for the interest of the establishment, and identifies herself with its prosperity as much as if she were one of its founders. She is humane and patient: yet, notwithstanding, she possesses more nerve than generally belongs to her sex; for often, when a patient becomes so refractory as to intimidate the female keepers, Mrs. Forbes will undauntedly repair to the unruly maniac, and, by her firmness and discretion, reduce her to quietness and order.

The keepers, both male and female, are cleanly, intelligent, humane, and in all respects well adapted to their situations; and they perform their various duties with alacrity and cheerfulness, to the satisfaction of the superior officers.

The cleanliness and good order of the whole establishment affords the best proof of their attention and industry. Their wages are liberal, and the male keepers in turn enjoy the privilege of going out two evenings in each week, from six o'clock to ten, and one whole Sunday every five weeks.

The female keepers, in their turn, have liberty to go out one Sunday in three weeks, and one evening, from six to ten, in every week.

The duties of the keepers, both male and female, are certainly very arduous. They have the violent to restrain, the low and melancholy to cheer, the deluded to undeceive, the filthy to cleanse, the helpless to dress, undress, and feed, the ill-tempers of all to bear; and, in fact, their occupation is one of perpetual anxiety, watchfulness, and alarm. Many of the patients are ever contriving to obtain means for self-destruction, the prevention of which in itself is a most anxious task, and requires the utmost vigilance. A keeper here, in fact, should possess vigilance, courage, strength, and patience, to be able to

accommodate himself to all the tempers, whims, and occasions.

The writer has been thus minute in his description of this establishment in every part, as well for the satisfaction of his readers as for the admonition and example of those officers who may hereafter have the management of an institution, admitted to be unparalleled in any other part of the world.

A circumstance the most surprising is, that there should be a single vacancy at the present day, when insanity is so prevalent, not only in and about the metropolis, but in all parts of the United Kingdom, and when all the private* and public mad-houses are nearly filled with lunatics; and this appears the more extraordinary, inasmuch as the only qualifications for admission here are insanity and poverty; notwithstanding which, in the month of March in the present year, there were vacancies for no fewer than thirty-eight men and twelve women, about one-fourth the number the building is capable of accommodating.

* There are no less than forty licensed private mad-houses within the Bills of Mortality; and of these, two establishments at Holborn and Bethnal Green, alone, contain upwards of thirteen hundred patients!

INSTRUCTIONS

100

PERSONS APPLYING FOR THE ADMISSION OF
PATIENTS INTO BETHLEM HOSPITAL.

ALL lunatics who are not disqualified by the following regulations may be admitted into this hospital at all seasons of the year, and will be provided with every thing necessary for their complete recovery, provided the same can be effected within twelve months from the time of their admission, upon payment of £2, if the patient is sent by relatives or friends; and of £4 if such patient is a parish pauper, or has received alms or support from any public body or community; which sums of £2 and £4 are not returnable, unless the patient dies or is discharged within one month after admission, nor in any case where deception has been practised upon the hospital by a false statement.

The following cases are inadmissible:—

1. Those lunatics who are possessed of property sufficient for their decent support in a private asylum, and also those whose near relations are capable of affording such support.
2. Those who have been insane for more than twelve months.
3. Those who have been discharged uncured from any other hospital for the reception of lunatics.
4. Female lunatics who are with child, or who have before been discharged from this hospital in consequence of their pregnancy having been discovered.

5. Lunatics in a state of idiocy, afflicted with palsy, or with epileptic or convulsive fits.

6. Lunatics having the venereal disease or the itch.

7. Those who are so weakened by age or by disease as to require the attendance of a nurse, or to threaten the speedy dissolution of life, or who are so lame as to require the assistance of a crutch.

Certificate to be signed by the Minister and Parish Officers, and also by some Relation or Friend of the Lunatic.

We, whose names are hereunder subscribed, the minister and churchwardens or overseers of the parish of ———, in the county of ———, and ———, of the parish of ———, in the county of ———, the [here insert the degree of relationship, if any], of ———, in whose behalf the present petition is presented, having carefully read over the above seven regulations, do hereby certify, to the best of our knowledge and belief, that the said ———, who has resided in this parish for ——— or upwards, now last past, is a lunatic and has [here insert whether the lunatic has or has not received parochial support] received alms from such parish, is not in any of the states or conditions above-named, but is in every respect a proper object for Bethlem Hospital. Witness our hands, this ——— day of ——— 182 .

} Minister.

} Churchwardens.

} Overseers.

} Relation or
} Friend.

Certificate of Insanity.

I, the undersigned ———, of the parish of ———, in the county of ———, do certify, that I have examined ———, of the parish of ———, in the county of ———, and that such person is a lunatic, and is not within any of the foregoing seven regulations, which are declared to render patients inadmissible at Bethlem Hospital; and I further certify, that I have given to the friends of the said lunatic a letter addressed to the physicians of Bethlem Hospital, containing a statement of the particulars of such patient's case, as far I am acquainted with it.

Witness my hand, the ——— of ———.

. This certificate is to be signed by the physician, surgeon, or apothecary, who has visited the patient.

Affidavit.

A. B., maketh oath and saith, that he did see the above-named minister, parish officer, relative, or friend, and medical practitioner, severally sign their names to the above certificates.

Sworn the ——— day of ———, 182 , before ———.

. The person making this affidavit must sign his name above this note.

When the person or persons in whose presence the foregoing certificates shall have been signed, has made oath before a magistrate pursuant to the foregoing forms, the petition at the end of these instructions may be filled up, and directed to the steward of Bethlem Hospital.

On the following Thursday they will be considered by the governors, when the petitioner, or some one who is acquainted with the facts, must attend at the hospital, at ten o'clock in the morning, to give any further information that may be required, and to learn whether the lunatic can be admitted; but such lunatic must not be brought to the hospital until directions are given for that purpose.

If the case be found to correspond with the petition and certificates, and there be a vacancy, the lunatic may be admitted on the following Thursday; and if no vacancy, the name will be placed on the list, and the patient will be admitted in turn.

On the day appointed for bringing up the lunatic, two respectable housekeepers, residing within the bills of mortality, must attend at the hospital at ten o'clock in the morning, and enter into a bond of £100, to take the lunatic away whenever the committee shall think proper to direct his or her discharge; as well as to pay the expense of burial if the lunatic should die in the hospital. And the names and places of abode of such securities must be left three days before, in writing, with the porter of Bridewell Hospital in New Bridge Street, Blackfriars.

N.B. No governor, officer, or servant of the hospital, can be security for any patient.

PETITION.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL THE PRESIDENT AND TREASURER,
AND THE WORSHIPFUL THE GOVERNORS OF
BETHLEM HOSPITAL, LONDON.

*The humble petition of ———, on behalf of ———,
of the parish of ———, in the county of ———, a
lunatic, aged ——— years.*

SHEWETH :

*That the said ———, having been disordered in ———
senses about ——— and no longer, and being in every
respect a proper object of your charity, as by the fore-
going certificates will more fully appear :*

*Your petitioner prays that the said lunatic may be ad-
mitted into your hospital for cure.*

And your petitioner will ever pray, &c.

[Let the petitioner sign his name above.]

[*.* The petitioner must be as near a relation of the lunatic as possible ; but in default of such relative, then some friend of the patient, or officer of the parish in which such patient resides.]

*I, the undersigned, a Governor of Bethlem Hospital,
desire the above lunatic may be admitted, if a proper
object.*

[*.* If the parties do not happen to know any gover-
nors, the signature of a governor will be supplied at
the hospital, when the petition is read.]

BOND.

WHEREAS [here insert the name of the lunatic] a lunatic, hath been this day received as a patient into Bethlem Hospital, established for the reception of lunatics, on our having jointly and severally agreed to remove and take away the said lunatic in manner hereinafter mentioned: now we do hereby jointly and severally undertake, promise, and agree, that we, or one of us, will, within seven days next after we shall be thereto required, by notice in writing, to be signed by the steward for the time being of the said hospital, remove and take away the said lunatic from the said hospital, at our, or one of our costs and charges; and at the like costs and charges bury such lunatic, in the event of death; and also that we, or one of us, will pay to the said steward the costs and charges of clothing the said lunatic, during the term of such lunatic's continuance in the said hospital. And in case of any default in the premises, we do hereby jointly undertake, promise, and agree to pay to the treasurer of the said hospital for the time being, the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, on demand, together with all costs of suit to be incurred in respect thereof. As witness our hands this ——— day of ——— 18

[Signed by the Bondsmen.]

Witness {

MEMORANDUM UPON ADMISSION OF PATIENTS
INTO BETHLEM HOSPITAL.

Name, age, married or not, and how many children ?

When admitted.

Whether disordered before, and how often ?

When this attack commenced ?

Causes and previous appearances ?

Remarkable symptoms : whether mischievous ?

Whether hereditary ?

State of health ?

Lucid intervals ?

Habits of life, business, education, &c. ?

Disused ideas ?

Where confined before, and how treated ?

SKETCHES IN BEDLAM.

PATRICK WALSH.

A NATIVE of Castlebar, in Ireland, aged about forty-seven years, appears to have been admitted to this Institution on the 6th of August 1818, but was formerly in Old Bethlem Hospital; for some time at a madhouse at Hoxton; and has been confined altogether about twelve years.

This ferocious maniac, from the first period of his confinement, has uniformly evinced a character of desperation, vengeance, and sanguinary cruelty, scarcely conceivable even under the deplorable frenzy by which he is afflicted; and more characteristic of a tiger than a human being, even deprived of the rational faculties.

Indeed his history, previously to his confirmed insanity, has been marked by a disposition naturally fierce and cruel; and it is not improbable that the intolerable stings of a tortured conscience, reflecting on the sanguinary deeds in which he had been an active accomplice, formed the source of that frenzy, which neither length of years, the

natural abatement of passion, coercion, or mild treatment, have been able to mitigate in the slightest degree.

This wretched man was a ringleader of the mutinous and murderous crew of His Majesty's frigate the *Hermione*, commanded by Captain Pigott, who with his officers were massacred by that crew, in the year 1797. This lamentable catastrophe took place in the West Indies, on the 22d September, when Captain Pigott and all his officers (excepting the surgeon and master's mate), with most part of the marines on board, were murdered. One of the principal mutineers was Captain Pigott's own coxswain, who had sailed with him for four years; and this fellow found his way into the captain's cabin when he was asleep, and cut off his head, while his accomplices were at their bloody work in other parts of the ship. The miscreants afterwards carried the frigate into Laguaira, and sold her to the Spanish Governor. In the course of the war, much the greater number of the mutineers were taken on board of other ships, and suffered the punishment justly due to their crimes.

Walsh, the maniac, however, escaped that fate, and from the stories elicited from him, at intervals more lucid and less furious, it appears that he had been afterwards both in the British Navy and Army, and deserted several times from each. By

his own account, he has murdered with his own hand *six* or *ten* persons. He acknowledges to have been a ringleader in the mutiny on board the *Hermione*: and being asked his motives, he says the treatment by his officers was so tyrannical, that he and his shipmates could stand it no longer. The project was first started by a butcher on board, who belonged to the fore-castle: this man came and consulted with Walsh and a few others, who agreed on the horrible project; and one day the parties rushed from between decks, seized the ship, effected the massacre, carried the frigate into Laguaira, sold her, and divided the purchase-money amongst them. After he had spent his share of the money he rambled about the colony; and when all was gone, he contrived to find his way to England, where he enlisted in a regiment of dragoons. He deserted from that, and enlisted in the 42d Highland regiment, and was with that corps under Sir Ralph Abercrombie in Egypt. He deserted again from that regiment, and entered as a seaman on board one of His Majesty's ships, from which he was afterwards drafted on board the *Victory*, and was close to the immortal Nelson when he fell in the fight off Trafalgar.

From the first time of his confinement in Bethlehem Hospital, it has been found necessary to keep him always strongly ironed; notwithstanding

which, he found means to kill two persons in Bethlehem and Hoxton, before he was removed to this establishment. For a long time after his admission here he conducted himself pretty calmly, and was under no very great restraint, until the month of April 1820. About that time the Commissioners of the Roads had given to the governors of the hospital a large quantity of road-drift, for the purpose of raising the lower part of the airing-ground, which was low and damp. Amongst this rubbish were unfortunately brought in the blade of an old knife and one half of an old pair of scissors. These were discovered by Walsh; and he carefully concealed them until he found private opportunities of grinding the knife to a sharp edge and point, like the killing-knife of a hog-butcher; and watching a treacherous opportunity, when no one could have the slightest suspicion of his purpose, on Sunday, the 30th of April 1820, he sprung with fury upon a sickly patient named Dennis Leonard, while sitting down, and before he was observed or could be prevented, he inflicted upon the poor man twelve or fourteen wounds, many of which were mortal. The poor victim was carried into the house, but expired almost immediately.

A coroner's inquest was held on the body, who returned a verdict of wilful murder against Walsh; but agreed to add that he was in a state

of frantic derangement when he committed the act. He was, however, taken to Guilford in Surry, on the 4th of August following, to be tried at the Assizes for the murder; but the Grand Jury of the county, on inquiring into the circumstances, ignored the bill, and the maniac was sent back to this hospital. This fatal occurrence was the first burst of his ferocity since he was admitted here, and he has been under constant restraint ever since. He is naturally a man of powerful strength, which is greatly increased by the paroxysms of his frenzy. He had put on him at first a pair of handcuffs of extraordinary strength, made purposely for himself, which he broke in a very short time. The keeper then put on him, by order, two pairs of the common handcuffs; but these, within two hours afterwards, he smashed into a hundred pieces. It was then found necessary to contrive other means for his restriction, consisting of an iron cincture that surrounds his waist, with strong handcuffs attached to it, sufficient to check his powers of manual mischief, but with liberty enough for all his requisite occasions of food, drink, taking snuff, &c. &c. Such are the means for his restraint by day: not painful to him, but merely for the safety of others. At night it is found necessary to fasten him by one hand and leg to his bedstead, with strong locks and chains. He is never permitted

to associate with any other of the patients. He goes out alone into the airing-ground every morning until breakfast-time; in summer from six o'clock to eight, and in winter from seven to half after eight; afterwards he is kept alone in the dining-room from morning until bed-time; excepting only when the other patients are there at meal-times, when he is locked up in his own room; the door of which, as well as that of the dining-room, are made of remarkable strength, with double bolts, and perfectly secure: for he would break through the common bed-room doors instantly.

But bloodshed and massacre are the constant topics of his frenzied discourse, and seem to afford him high gratification and delight.

After the murder of poor Leonard, he used to declare repeatedly, "that he was better pleased at what he had done, than if he had all the riches of India, for that it made his mind happy and contented." His vengeance against the poor victim was excited by some dispute about religion. Leonard, he said, had spoken profanely of the Almighty and the Virgin Mary (in a language not to be repeated). This was the cause of his anger, and he had waited for an opportunity of punishment until the fatal day in which it was accomplished. He rejoiced at what he had done. He told the Coroner's Jury, that if he could obtain

the king's crown, and all the riches of the universe, he would not forego the pleasure of killing him, for all would be nothing to the ease of mind he felt in putting him out of the way.

Yet he has sometimes said, but evidently in dissimulation, "that he was sorry for killing the poor lad;" hoping by his pretended contrition to obtain some snuff, of which he is passionately fond.

But his propensity to mischief, malice, and personal abuse, are as incessant as his taste for bloodshed and slaughter. He has contrived, notwithstanding his restriction of hands and feet, to break above seventy panes of glass, within the last two years, in the dining-room windows, although guarded on the inside by a strong iron wire lattice-work. This amusement he contrived to effect by standing on a form placed at some distance from the windows, and taking the bowl of his wooden spoon in his mouth, he poked the handle through the meshes of the wire-work, and thus broke the pane. This has caused, for some time past, the seats to be still further removed from the windows.

He is continually venting blasphemous imprecations, and the grossest abuse against his fellow-patients, whose names he knows, or adapts others to them. "Stinking Lloyd," "rascally Jack Hallwood," "thieving old Coates," "lousy Jenkins," "sneaking Poccock," "damned Welch," "black Dams," and a poor Greek, whom he calls

"a lousy Spaniard." Even his very dreams, when he sleeps, are occupied with scenes of fury and vengeance; and he takes delight in detailing them the next morning. When he dreams of having murdered any, and sometimes all of the patients above named, he wakes quite pleased, and details the scene with much satisfaction; and the manner in which he has gratified his vengeance, and what fine fun he had in seeing them die. He thought he had a sword, with which he first cut all their throats, and then walked round them to see which should live longest; that when they were all dead, or nearly so, he split their skulls, and then transposed the brains from Hallwood's head into that of Lloyd; Lloyd's into Coates's; his to Jenkins's; his again into the Spaniard's, and his again to Hugh Dams's. He then ripped up their bellies, and changed their entrails in like manner; and then he hung and burned them all: but the only thing that grieved him was to hear them all talking in the gallery next morning. He stamps and raves most of the day, and nearly all night, with a piece of blanket crammed into his mouth, gnawing and tearing their souls out, as he imagines and terms it. He picks up pieces of glass, old nails, bones, and spoons which he grinds to a point, stones of a convenient size for flinging, and indeed every thing that is likely to enable him to do mischief,

to which he is always inclined if he has an opportunity.

He stamps on the ground like a cart-horse, which has rendered his feet almost as hard as hooves, and gladdens himself with the idea that he is trampling some of the persons before-mentioned under his feet. He will at times turn with the wildest ferocity to some particular spot, where he pictures to his disordered fancy some of those objects of his vengeance prostrate, and then jumps and stamps with the wildest rage, exclaiming, "die you rascals, die and be damned!" "hang him up!" "jump his soul out!" "ha, you vagabond, die!" with numberless other expressions of rage and revenge: and this fit over, he comes away, seemingly quite pleased, and sings and whistles, elated beyond description, until he conjures up another imaginary group, on whom he repeats in fancy the same operations. Every voice he hears he supposes to be that of some one abusing him, and even the ducks in the pond he has charged with calling him abusive names, and abuses them in his turn, in furious terms, and tells the steward, with an oath, that if he could get at them he would tear out their wind-pipes. He swears and blasphemes most shockingly, talks most impiously, and uses the most indecent language: but any topic of murder or bloodshed is his chief delight. He is a strong,

hardy fellow : his aspect wild, brutal, and terrific beyond description. He presents a hideous and appalling specimen of the human savage deprived of reason, and exposed to all the hurricanes of unbridled passions and the delusions of a bewildered fancy.

THOMAS ENGLISH,

(The name only by which he is known), aged about forty-seven, admitted here about six years since. This man is a Greek, native of one of the Ionian isles, and was sent hither, under an order of the Home Department, from Sir Jonathan Miles's mad-house at Hoxton, where he had been some time confined as a criminal lunatic.

He was tried at the Old Bailey, on 21st September 1811, on an indictment for cutting and wounding John Bennet, with intent to do him a violent bodily harm : a crime constituted capital under Lord Ellenborough's Act.

It appeared in evidence that the prosecutor Bennet was a baker in the Minories, and that on the Tuesday preceding the trial he was told by his wife that a thief had stolen a loaf from his window. He went to the door, and seeing the prisoner running, he pursued and knocked him down ; but, in endeavouring to secure him, fell upon him,

and a scuffle ensued, in which the prisoner cut him across the face with a sharp instrument. A crowd was collected, and the prisoner secured; and near the spot was found a razor, somewhat bloody, and no doubt remained that it was the instrument with which the wound was inflicted.

This testimony was corroborated by several other witnesses. But it appeared from the testimony of the constable who apprehended the prisoner, and of Mr. Hobler, the Lord Mayor's clerk, that the prisoner had been for some time a frequent attendant at the Mansion-house, presenting various papers, and offering money to have them transcribed and translated. They were for the most part in the Spanish language; several of them were orders, in that language, drawn upon Sir Francis Burdett for various sums of money, and all of them were couched in terms of the most extravagant wildness; which, coupled with other circumstances, proved the man to be utterly deranged; and the Jury, under the direction of the Common Serjeant, who tried the case, acquitted the prisoner, and he was sent to a mad-house.

This unfortunate foreigner is one of the most turbulent, noisy, and furious patients in the present establishment. He is eternally on the fret, and in perpetual vociferation: which, from his countenance and gestures, seems to be complaint and abuse; but his utterance is so highly im-

passioned and rapid, that even if his language were intelligible, no hearing or intellect of his auditors could follow him fast enough to collect his meaning. Yet as he does not know a single word of English, and speaks in a dialect dissimilar to every known language of Europe, all the caustic of his eloquence is lost in mere sounds, and falls harmless on the feelings of those he would abuse.

There is but one man in the hospital equally furious with himself, who seems to catch the fire of his language, and to testify a degree of rage perfectly responsive to his own: this is the ferocious Patrick Walsh, already mentioned, and who has constantly manifested towards this Greek the most vengeful antipathy.

That part of the criminal wing where the Greek is confined overlooks the airing-ground for the hospital patients, where the terrible Walsh is permitted to walk by himself for two hours every morning. The Greek's apartment is one story from the ground. Walsh hears him raving at his window, and flies instantly to the spot, when a curious and most formidable scene is acted. They view each other with mutual fury: their eyes flash fire, and they commence a highly impassioned dialogue of reciprocal resentment and abuse, which, however, is mutually unintelligible; excepting so far as the pantomime of gesture, gri-

mace, and vocal intonation can express meaning. The Greek, all the while in the most violent rage, attempts to force his way through the iron window-bars to come at his antagonist. Walsh, with equal rage and eagerness, springs and jumps up, to reach him if possible, and then runs round the corner and back again, in search of some avenue that might lead him to his opponent: but, disappointed in this purpose, he kicks up his shoes at the Greek, spits at him repeatedly, and reviles him with the bitterest abuse, until his fancy is wrought up to a belief that he has caught hold of his enemy below; when, imagining he has got him down and under his feet, he stamps the ground with all the energy of an exasperated horse, and exclaims with fury, "Die, you thieving, rascally Spaniard! — Die, you villainous Spanish vagabond!"

By this time the Greek is generally taken from the window by his keeper; and Walsh, supposing from his silence that he is dead, comes away singing, and exulting "that he has put an end to him."

If it were possible for both to come into contact the combat would be dreadful, and mutual destruction would no doubt be the consequence.

JAMES HATFIELD,

Who fired a pistol at his late Majesty at the theatre; committed to Old Bethlem on the 26th June 1800, from whence he was conveyed hither on the opening of this establishment.

The first alarming symptoms of this man's insanity broke forth in an attempt to assassinate his late Majesty King George III., by publicly firing at his Majesty a loaded pistol, as he entered the royal box at Drury-lane Theatre, on the 16th of May 1800.

The following account we have extracted from the authentic records of that period:

Hatfield served his time to a working silversmith, but enlisted very young in the 15th Dragoons, in which regiment he had seen some hard service, and received several severe wounds. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Lancelles, after having received several sabre wounds in the head, and his arm broken by a musket ball. On being discharged from the army he married, and worked at his trade for some time with Mr. Hougham, the silversmith, of Aldersgate-street. A few days before the attack on his Majesty, he purchased a pair of pistols of a neighbouring broker, and having tried them, he left one at home, considering it good for nothing. In his business he had occasion to use lead, and having cast a couple of

slugs, he repaired to Drury-lane Theatre on the 16th of May 1800. His Majesty had scarcely entered his box, when in the act of bowing with his usual condescension to the audience, a pistol was fired by Hatfield, who sat in the pit on the second row from the orchestra. The ball struck the roof of the royal box, just at the moment the queen and princesses were entering. His Majesty, with great presence of mind, waved his hand as a signal to dissuade the Royal party from making their immediate appearance, and instantly standing erect, raised his right hand to his breast, and continued bowing for some minutes to his loyal subjects. Shortly after her Majesty and the Princesses entered the box; but on learning what had happened, the Princesses Augusta and Mary fainted.

After the first moments of astonishment had subsided, some musicians from the orchestra seized Hatfield, and dragged him over the pallisades into the music-room. He was afterwards examined before Sir Wm. Addington, in the presence of the Dukes of York, Clarence, and Cumberland, who were also at the theatre, Mr. Sheridan, and several other persons of distinction, and was that evening committed to the House of Correction in Cold Bath Fields. Next day he was examined at the Duke of Portland's office, before the Privy Council, and in the afternoon was

committed to Newgate to take his trial for high treason.

Although, on the trial of Hatfield, it was evident the act was that of a madman, yet from a circumstance that occurred the day before in Hyde Park, it was generally considered that such a coincidence must have been the result of an organized plan to assassinate his Majesty. On the previous day there was a review of the 1st Battalion of Guards in Hyde Park, in the presence of the King, Lords Chatham, Chesterfield, and a number of distinguished officers, when after the commencement of the evolutions, a gentleman of the name of Ongley, who was about twenty yards from his Majesty, received a musket ball through the upper part of his thigh, and fell. This accident, it was ascertained, proceeded from neglect in one of the soldiers, who had unintentionally left a ball cartridge in his cartouch: but the event of the succeeding evening at the theatre caused the greatest inquietude and alarm among all the well-disposed subjects of his Majesty. On the 26th of June Hatfield was tried for high treason, before Lord Kenyon and three other Judges, at the Court of King's Bench. Mr. Abbott, the present Lord Chief Justice, opened the pleadings: evidence was detailed of the firing at his Majesty, and Hatfield acknowledging the fact, because he was tired of his life. His defence was conducted by the

present Lord Erskine, when after several witnesses were called to prove the insanity of the prisoner, Lord Kenyon interrupted the proceedings, and thought the inquiry should not proceed farther.— A verdict was passed of Not Guilty, and he was ordered to be confined as a maniac in Old Bethlem, where, during his stay, he killed a poor maniac named Benjamin Swain, by a stroke on his head, which tumbled him over a form, and he died instantly.

He contrived to make his escape from Old Bethlem, but was apprehended at Dover; and for his better security, was sent to Newgate, where he remained until the 8th of November 1816, whence he was brought here, and has since remained.

The first symptoms of this man's insanity are thus reported. He was one day, shortly previous to the attempt on his late Majesty, in White-Conduit Fields, when he was accosted by a religious fanatic named Bannister Truelock (now confined in Bethlem), and after both had conversed for some time on religious topics, Truelock told him, "that a great change of things in this world was about to take place; that the Messiah was to come out of his mouth, and that if the King was removed, all obstacles to the completion of their wishes would be removed also."

By ravings of this sort he so completely influenced the mind of Hatfield, that the desperate

attempt was resolved, and the day fixed for its perpetration.

Truelock was apprehended, and, upon examination, was found to be deranged in his mind: he was sent to Old Bethlem, whence he was removed hither.

Hatfield has made from time to time several applications to be removed, or allowed farther indulgences. He petitioned the House of Commons for the purpose, in the last session of Parliament, and his petition was presented by one of the Governors, Mr. Williams, and ordered to lie on the table. Although for a long time past this man has evinced no symptoms of actual insanity, yet his impatience of confinement sours his temper, in spite of all the indulgences allowed him. He is ever grumbling and discontented without cause, and finds fault with every thing. Though his manners and language are those of a vulgar, low-bred fellow, he is cleanly in his person and regular in his habits; knacky and ingenious in his amusements. He makes handsome straw baskets, which he is permitted to sell to visitors, and for which he obtains from 8s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. each. He receives a pension from Government of 6d. per day, in consideration of his former military services.

BANNISTER TRUELOCK,

Aged fifty-two; admitted into Old Bethlem the 18th December 1800, and removed here, with the other patients, in 1815: he had been seven months in the House of Correction previously.

This man is noted as being suspected of causing James Hatfield to attempt the late King's life, at Drury Lane Theatre; he met Hatfield by accident in White-Conduit Fields, and talked the unfortunate fellow into a persuasion, that the first step to the commencement of his doctrines, and to its fulfilment in a happy change of things throughout the world, would be the death of the Sovereign; with this view, Hatfield set out as the supposed chosen instrument for the accomplishment of the great design. Hatfield, in his examination, mentioned this man's name; he was accordingly apprehended the next day, underwent several examinations, and was committed to prison; but from his incoherent manner, his answers, and the evidence of his mother, he was found to be deranged, and was sent ultimately to Old Bethlem.

He is a most singular and curious character, and in his ordinary conversations of life, betrays not the smallest symptoms of a disordered intellect; is cool, steady, and deliberate in all his actions, cleanly in his person, and regular and decent in his apartment. His conversations are

not long, in a general way, before he contrives to make some allusion to his case, and immediately strikes out upon his darling subject of religion.

He has an apartment at the top of the house, which has a good prospect, southward, commanding a view of the Surry hills; he has coal, candle, and every convenience for his use; his provisions are regularly brought to him, and in fine weather he is permitted to walk in the garden allotted to the superintendant, steward, &c. two hours each day, when he chooses; he has the privilege of mending the shoes for the servants and patients, as he was bred a shoemaker, for which work he is regularly paid his own price. He is also permitted to breed birds, and allowed to sell them; he has a great number of canaries and other singing birds, in places neatly fitted up, which he keeps in great order; and, in fact, has less reason to complain of his confinement than perhaps any other man in a similar situation. Notwithstanding the exclusive privileges he enjoys beyond other irrecoverable patients, he is extremely dissatisfied. Nothing pleases him: he is continually finding fault without reason, and stating grievances that never had existence; complaining to the governors; dissatisfied with the physician, superintendant, steward, keepers, in fact with all persons concerned in the business of the house. He is kept entirely apart from all the other patients, for very

substantial reasons: 1st. The propagation of his new religion to weak minds might do much harm, in the forcible, pointed, and positive manner he has of impressing his tenets, and would very shortly bring the unfortunate patients, already sufficiently deluded, to become converts to the Truelock principles, and they would forget every thing else that tended to the restoration of reason.—2dly. Being a discontented and uneasy subject, he might soon excite contentions and dissatisfaction amongst all the patients; for the best of them, at certain periods of their disorder, are liable to catch at any trifle to complain of; and when they feel their confinement sit uneasy, particularly if a man of such apparent consequence as Truelock was to pronounce a patient perfectly sane, and say to him that his confinement was arbitrary and oppressive; that his separation from friends, relations, business, and his home, was in opposition to sound sense and reason; that it was unjust and cruel: such convictions of seeming truth, a poor deluded maniac would readily grasp at; a general mutiny might be the consequence, which would, perhaps, be difficult to suppress. Besides this, he would create a general murmur as to the quality and quantity of their provisions, such as he feels himself; for if he had in the greatest abundance all the luxuries and delicacies of life, he would still find some deficiency, and some cause of complaint;

and he still continues the same radical malcontent. But his religious opinions explode at once every idea of his sanity. He believes that the true and real Messiah is to be born of himself, and is to come into the world from out of his mouth; he declares himself to be with child for upwards of twenty-five years; he calls the Bible a vulgar and indecent history, not to contain one solid or sensible argument. The New Testament he regards as mere falsehood and deception, which he seldom takes notice of, he says, unless for its absurdity.

He has written seventy-eight *signs*, with comments on each; which are to be the sum and substance of bringing all persons to the true light. "In your History," says he (alluding to the Bible), "it is mentioned that a prophet will arise. Now I am that identical prophet spoken of; the Messiah is to be produced from my mouth, in spirit, not in fleshy substance, as was the case with Christ."

He then proceeds with a confession of faith, embracing all the prophane and anti-christian tenets of the Carfilean-school of theology, which it would be impious to repeat.

The signs that he has written are, as he says, seventy-eight: but on these he has remarks and comments in abundance. He continues to write more, occasionally. The whole of these signs are merely repetitions of the same things; but some-

times inverted, twisted, and transposed; the whole being a medley of the most unintelligible nonsense that perhaps ever entered the bewildered imagination of a wretched maniac, occasionally interlarded with, "Mount Zion, the two-edged sword, the flaming lions, the gates, the angels, the word, the prophet, and the devil."

"The time," he says, "is fast approaching when all things are to be fulfilled," and the whole world, of course, to believe and be converted to his doctrines. He has had these opinions for many years: but hope bears him on, from a consciousness of their ultimate fulfilment. Of this he is positive; no power on earth can prevent it. "They may confine me, to be sure," says he, "but it must come to pass."

This prophet, in addition to his other privileges, formerly had permission to go abroad, accompanied by the porter, for a day, to purchase leather, and other things necessary for his use and convenience, when he wanted, by leave of the committee; but, like many other cases in the world, good-nature and indulgence made him proud, and he abused the confidence reposed in him.

Having a great desire to have his new tenets published, and his signs made manifest, as necessary to the fulfilment of his "divine mission," one evening (8th December 1821), when he had

been walking in the garden, he contrived suddenly to disappear; but by what means is still a mystery. He was missed in a moment, and all possible search made about the house: but to no purpose, for the prophet had fled. Despatches were sent to all the haunts he frequented, when out on business; but no success:—he was invisible.

It appears since that he went to Mr. Hone, the bookseller, of Ludgate-hill, as a likely man to publish his new doctrines. Mr. Hone treated him very civilly. He explained his subject and his wish; but he was told that the publication of a sufficient number of pamphlets would cost £100. This the prophet was unable to advance. Mr. Hone would not trust to the chance of the work for payment, if even he were inclined to publish such nonsense. However, the prophet had humility enough to ask for a bed. Mr. Hone could not accommodate him in his house, and recommended him to a likely place: but it was strongly suspected that he spent his night in very unprophet-like company, contrary to his piety, his morality, and the divine mission in which he pretended to be employed.

A vulgar, Billingsgate, and apparently abandoned woman comes frequently to see him at the hospital, and is supposed to have been his com-

panion on the night in question. Failing, however, in his application for "giving light" to the world, he came home next evening (5th December, 1821), at dusk, of his own accord, much fatigued, and no doubt much disappointed, with his signs under his arm.

These signs and comments, &c. he has enclosed in a neat leathern case, which he carries with him, at all times and on all occasions—to bed, to the garden, in fact every where the prophet goes. It would be easier to get sight of the original Alcoran, or unfold and make legible the Herculean manuscripts, than obtain a perusal of the signs without his consent, or resorting to force. He is a very bad orthographer, and it is difficult in some places to English his signs.

The following placard is pasted up in his room, which visitors naturally read, and possibly inquire their meaning; which affords a good opportunity for Truelock's explanations.

"Three hundred years ago a philosopher sayed, the Stars give the day-light.

"One hundred years ago, a philosopher proves to the publick that the Sun give the day-light, and without the Rise of the sun there was no day-light.

"One thousand eight hundred and nineteen years ago, the prophits rote the Law, which was

the Gospel, and said, that Christ was born of the Virgin Mary, and walked on the face of the earth, that grows wheat, oats, beans, and barley.

"Now a Prophet rises, and says, he will prove to the publick that Christ will appear out of the dark soul of the prophet, ware in he stands, to give light, and be delivered out of the prophet's mouth.

"The same is the two-edged sword, which is Christ; the same is the Son of God, the same is the spirit of truth, the same is a new docterin, the same is a new revelation, for all the world, the same is Christ, and his true and living prophet Saturn, in him, whom Christ is well pleased;

"BANNISTER TRULOCK,

"Mad man."*

Another paper is pasted beside the foregoing, to the following effect:

"Do you know what we most admire in you? it is not your dress, we could make a beast fine with trappings. What we admire, and what we ought to admire in man, is that collection of fine feelings, which makes him a human creature, to God and man.

"To know that the most distinguished ge-

* This title of madman is ironically meant.

nurses are liable to egregious, and most reprehensible feelings.

"The antient Pagans declared, in express terms, that there was wanting some universal method of delivering men's souls, which no sect of philosophy had ever yet found out.

"No man is obliged to speak against the religion of a country, though a false one, unless he has power of working miracles from Jesus Christ.

"BANNISTER TRUELOCK,

"Mad man."

THOMAS LLOYD,

Admitted in 1817. He was formerly a corn-factor of Mark Lane.

The annals of Bedlam, or probably of any other asylum for insanity, scarcely afford any parallel to this heterogeneous compound of cunning, pride, wit, impudence, boasting, lies, filth, and frenzy; and if so many conflicting ingredients entered his system when sane and in society, his ultimate distraction must be only a very natural result. A whole volume could scarcely detail a tenth of his characteristic operations from day to day.

In the morning when he rises from bed (which he always leaves in no very seemly state), he pro-

ceeds to the decoration of his person, which he begins by adorning his legs with all the rags and pieces of old stockings he can collect; and then bandages them on with a strip torn from his blanket. His trowsers are then put on; which (having no fashionable stays) he binds round his waist as tight as a packing-case corded for exportation. Next comes his waistcoat and jacket, both well fastened at bottom, to prevent the escape of such treasures as he can collect in the course of the day, and which he puts in at top. Afterwards he ties round his neck a sort of composite cravat, formed from pieces of blue, black, yellow, white, red and chequered handkerchiefs, and tied so extremely tight as frequently to render him black in the face. He then proceeds to collect his personal property, consisting of stones, bones, woollen and linen rags, pieces of glass, paper, pens, pencils, snuff-boxes, wood, bread, tobacco, cheese, butter, apples, cold potatoes, pieces of coal, parts of old shoes, and in fact every thing portable which comes within his reach, all blended in happy confusion, the cheese in the snuff-box, the butter amongst the tobacco; and, thus equipped, he sallies forth slip-shod with an air of imagined dignity.

The first patient he meets in the gallery he commands with high authority "to pull up the heels of his shoes." He puts on the first hat he meets,

his own or another's, which he usually crams with slips of blankets, rags, or straw, to sustain its crown. He then, with apparent condescension, bids good-morning to the keeper, and a few others whom he deigns to notice, and then marches majestically into the airing-ground, of which he considers himself lord paramount, sovereign ruler, grand seignor, governor, high admiral, captain of the gang, or any other pitch of dignified authority he chooses to assume for the moment. His first, and indeed general occupation there, is digging holes with his feet in the ground; which if wet and soft he likes the better, as it is more manageable, and works to advantage. This he calls levelling; and supposes he is rendering great service to the establishment. He then proceeds to the gutters, in which he kicks about until breakfast-time, when his feet are generally soaked in mire, his shoes being seldom whole, for a new pair will not last him a week.

His memory, shattered as it is, seems charged with a general recollection of most of the respectable houses of trade in London; and he pretends to an intimate knowledge of all the respectable merchants and traders, old and young. He remembers them, as he says, when they were children, and knew all their fathers and connexions perfectly well; salutes all occasional visitants to the

hospital in this way, as old acquaintances ; tells them they must surely know him, Captain Lloyd, of Mark-lane, corn-factor ; and, ultimately, he never forgets to ask them for some money, "just to buy snuff and tobacco for the poor unfortunate patients who have no cash ; not for himself by any means, oh, no ; he would scorn to beg ; he asks purely for those poor patients who have neither money nor friends." But whatever he thus obtains he applies to his own use, quite regardless of those for whom he pretends to solicit. He is a most assiduous mendicant, and no visitor to the establishment eludes his importunities.

Some short time since, Mr. Ex-Sheriff Parkins came to make some inquiries respecting the case of a criminal patient ; and, on his return from that wing of the building, he was addressed by the importunities of Captain Lloyd, with the usual "how do you do, Sir ? I remember you perfectly well—your face is quite familiar to me ; I remember you in trade, and knew your father exceedingly well."—"Did you, indeed ?" answered Mr. Parkins ; and, turning aside, in a low tone continued—"faith, that is more than I did myself." Lloyd, who overheard him, but could make no impression on his purse, took a sudden opportunity of exercising his satirical talents in a severe and abusive epigram on his municipal acquaintance.

When he gets sublimely high, he styles himself

"The righteous God;" assumes the command of the weather, can render it foul or fair when he pleases, and deal out any wind, from a hurricane to a zephyr; and as to lightning, thunder, and earthquakes, they are quite at his command.

In the universality of his genius, he considers himself the most sublime poet that ever courted the muses, and whenever he can procure a scrap of paper, he proceeds to compose verses; but as those extemporaneous productions do not usually please his critic fancy, he converts them to ingredients in his gruel at breakfast, probably to enrich the soil of his genius for a new crop of heroics. This gruel is the common receptacle for a much greater variety of articles than usually go to the composition of turtle soup. He puts all his verses into it to cleanse them, as he says; and with a selection from the before-mentioned articles from his bosom, cheese from his snuff-box, butter from his tobacco-box, the exhausted quids from his mouth, sometimes the portion of another article that shall be nameless, bits of leather, small stones, pieces of bone, coals, &c.; thus this *épécure* makes up for himself a relishing mess, somewhat a-kin to the hell-broth of Macbeth's wizards, and setting all German cookery at defiance. In this filthy system of culinary composition, however, he affects to proceed on scientific principles. Leather clarifies it; stones purify it; coals mineralize it; one ar-

ticle acidulates it; another gives it an alkaline virtue; a third, a high flavour. This mollifies it, that dalcifies it; the whole together makes it a delicious mess, and he swallows it with the *gout* of an Apicius. Sometimes his beer is enriched with part of the same ingredients; and though such is his daily practice, his health is not injured by it.

About two years since he was laid up with erysipelas; and on examination by the attending physician, it was found that his ears, nose, mouth, and another part, were crammed with cut tobacco.

He seldom takes the trouble to visit the water-closet, and the result is always obvious; nothing can equal his general propensity to filth, nor can all the endeavours of the attendants keep him clean. In addition to his other high talents, he professes an universal acquaintance with ancient and modern languages, sciences, history, music, fencing, drawing, dancing, and the fine arts. He says, "his only fault in life was an ardent attachment to the fair sex; and, with the exception of that, he is the most perfect man that ever trod the world's wide stage." Sometimes he is a dramatist, and asks the visitors if they wish for a specimen of *Madame Catalani*? and then begins to warble an Italian opera air of his own composition, in a style perfectly unique, and tones like any thing but music. He often proposes to give a specimen of

his dancing, in order to obtain money, and glides off with much grace, in a few movements of the *Minuet de la Cour*, and then he begins a song—“The British lion is my sign,”—“My name is “Mistress Casey;” dancing to the music of his own voice.

As a specimen of his skill in the languages, he one day addressed a French gentleman who visited the hospital, with his usual “how do you do, Sir? &c.” in miserable French. One of the physicians offered him sixpence if he would ask the gentleman for one in French. “Oh! doctor,” answered he, “I was never taught to beg in French.” This little sally, however, obtained the reward. He has occasional gleams of wild wit, and will sport some well-applied puns on the names of all the commodities and attributes of the Corn Exchange. “He has no *tick* with his banker, but he does not care a *bean* for that—no man dares to say *pease* to him. These damned doctors and keepers *grind* him to dust, but he will *mill* them to powder. He is the *flour* of the *grist*, and will *bolt* out as soon as he can, and *thrash* any man that opposes him; he will be no longer *weedy-mouthed*, but will tell those damned doctors and keepers his mind, because they measure his *corn* by their own *bushels*, but they all deserve to get the *sack*.”

The following is a specimen of his poetical composition :

New Bethlem reared, at an immense expense,
 To contain maniacs, but men renown'd for sense,
 Immured within its dreary gates and walls,
 From which the philanthropic heart recoils ;
 The polish'd gentleman, born, bred, and taught,
 By parents nurtur'd fondly, as he ought,
 Admired by all, who have the sense to judge,
 Appreciate worth from worthless, not prejudice,
 As some abroad, demagogues, self-witty,
 In simile to those who call themselves Committee,*
 Who dare presume such men to here admit,
 They shall, they must, by God, all pay for it.
 The polish'd gentleman, the classic scholar,
 Complete in arts and science, are crammed in here,
 The hoary-headed hero—the veteran,
 Who conquer'd armies, through France and Spain,
 Then scour'd the ocean, captured combined fleets,
 Return'd to happy Albion, to taste the sweets
 Of Britain's gratitude : oh, Britons blush,
 Or stones will rise in rage—no tongue shall hush,
 Sole Monarch of this Bastile, in Albion,†
 This the fifth anniversary of his reign,
 With straw crown and sceptre, struts around the throne,
 And renovates his partizans, or knocks them down.
 " *Nox olentis*"—can dare come in his way,
 All must be parasites, or they are turn'd astray.
 Here we have two conjurers called physicians,‡
 Who study the black art, on conditions
 Of remuneration, for unfolding
 Their dark hid mysteries, which, beholding

* The Governors, who sit in Committee every Thursday.

† George the Fourth, whom he dislikes much.

‡ Sir George Tothill and Dr. Moore.

Patients one by one, two times a week,
Keepers and collectors, or those who herd the sheep;
They would rather pass you by than find you out,
Knowing that *I* am there, their mystery to scout,
Would quickly catch, and judge their cunning,
And by my art, would ridicule their punning;
The system which, they know, I will expose,
And all their hidden nonsense will disclose.
When disappointment knows the bleeding hearts,
And mad resentment hurls her venom'd darts;
When angry noise, disgust, and uproar rade,
Damnation urge, and every hope exclude;
These, dreadful though they are, can't quite repel
The aspiring mind, that bids the man excel.
His rules alone would yield a harren fame,
Such praise, as rules can merit, he may claim.
No change of scene denotes a changed abode,
But all is a sad, dreary, loathsome, weary road.
To brighter mansions let us hope to pass,
And all our pains and torments end. Alas!
That fearful bourne, we seldom wish to try,
We *hate* to live, and still we *fear* to die.
If nurtur'd not by dews, and heaven-born fire,
The half-blown bud of hope, and plant, must soon expire.
Here we have statesmen, doctors, lawyers rise,*
Who all the schools of antiquity despise,
Their own wild notions for the moment please,
And fill'd with false imagination, ease
Their really troubled souls and worn-out frame,
Return to reason, find themselves the same.

* This alludes to various patients, who have imagined themselves Statesmen and others, who have been lawyers and surgeons by profession.

One lately dubb'd a knight, of the elastic brush,*
 For his ready compliance to the Fourth George's wish.
 For attending all the mobility crew,
 Whether mad or not, Turk, Heathen, Jew,
 It matters not, for if they're troublesome,
 Sir George thinks it his duty, to find a home
 To spend their dreary night, as well as days,
 Not in the Commons House of means and ways;
 And prove to all, if others be not mad,
 I, Lloyd must be alone, make all hearts glad.†
 Sing, O be joyful, Josephus is at last,‡
 "Nem con," declared a madman, all that's past
 Appears as visionary. "I thought him so,"
 Says the sarcastic knight, likewise Monroe;
 Therefore I'm double damn'd by real judges,
 I'm just as safe as bugs in rugs—fudges,
 I'm braggadocio, what I write is stuff,
 They have heard too often, and I've wrote enough.
 "We have him fast in limbo, safe and sound,
 Lock'd in, and in, the garden walking round;
 And safely him we'll keep, he shan't get out,
 Till dead as door nail, in a wooden shirt."
 Then songs of mirth, as solemn dirge were wont
 To chaunted be by "Papist crew," when he a saint.
 Vile sinner of holy tribe, so 'tis now,
 Only vice versa, when and where, I know.
 "Here lies interred an impious Cardinal,
 Whose life was one continued madrigal.
 Invoke the saints, implore the God of heaven,
 To receive his tainted soul, and sins forgiven.

* Sir George Tuthill, knight.

† He cannot bear the idea of being considered a madman.

‡ This Josephus, Augustus, Gustavus, Syttalish, is himself.

His life so pure, he pardoned thousands living,
For such good deeds he's sure to go to heaven.
" *Pro bono publico*," I write what's true,
Nor care what others think, or say, or do.
Three-score long years' experience have I had,
Through thick and thin, and still I am not dead.
My ribs and head, my fingers, legs and toes,
Have oft been broke,—with many a bloody nose.

The unhappy maniac knows no better fate ;
Reflection on times past are now too late.

Shut up in dreary gloom, like convicts are,
In company of murderers!* Oh, wretched fate !
If pity ere extended through the frame,
Or sympathy's sweet cordial touched the heart,
Pity the wretched maniac, who knows no blaine,
Absorbed in sorrow, where darkness, poverty, and every
curse impart.

For when our reason leaves us, in pursuit
Of Madness sinks us down degrees below the brute.
Methinks that still I see a brighter ray,
That bids me live, to see a happier day,
And when my sorrows, and my grief-worn spirit flies,
My Maker tells me—fear not, Lloyd—it never dies.
This cheering hope has long supported me,
I live in hope much happier days to see,
When madness, folly, and frantic nonsense are d-e-a-d.
" THOMAS LLOYD."

* By this word murderers, is meant Patrick Walsh, who killed Dennis Lennard, 30th April 1820; and who since that time is permitted to remain in the same gallery with Lloyd and others: though kept apart, they frequently complain of the classification, when the criminal building is so contiguous.

He will utter the grossest abuse against governors, doctors, and stewards; more especially when he fails to obtain money from them. He treats them all alike. He ranks himself with the highest, and domineers over the silly and quiet patients.

The accumulation of merchandize is another of his favourite objects; and whole cart-loads of rubbish have been taken from him by the keepers, time after time, with a view of keeping him clean, if possible; but to no purpose. All this filth he values above any treasure; and tells them they must have every ounce of it forthcoming in the Court of Chancery; where it is highly probable, Captain Lloyd, with all his chattel interests, would not be a very welcome suitor.

This untameable genius has been in St. Luke's several times, and in different private mad-houses. He describes himself as fourscore and two years old; but his real age is about sixty-one, and he is extremely active for his years.

CHARLES P. TRAILE,

Aged thirty, admitted 1st November 1821. This unfortunate gentleman's case was extremely distressing and lamentable, and is a melancholy instance of the dangerous and alarming pitch of delusion to which the human imagination is liable under a state of derangement.

Mr. Traile had been a Lieutenant in the 95th, or rifle regiment of foot. He had served during the late war, in Spain, and other parts of the Continent: and from the account of his friends, had always conducted himself with honour and reputation as a gentleman and an officer. At the peace he retired on half-pay; but some time afterwards his mind was engloomed, partly by religious enthusiasm, and partly by imaginary apprehensions, and he became deranged. He was affected by a bitter sense of remorse for ideal crimes, a horror of death, and a perpetual suspicion that every person about him intended to assassinate or poison him. For a long time he took his food with the greatest caution, his suspicions of poison still increasing. Afterwards he would obstinately refuse the provisions assigned for himself, but exchange them for those given to other patients; and would take none offered him by his keeper. By degrees he got still worse, and at last would

receive neither meat nor drink, in any shape, or from any person whatever, to preserve his existence. All means were tried to dissipate his apprehensions, and induce him to take nourishment, but in vain. At last recourse to the elastic bottle and tube were found absolutely necessary to keep him alive. This bottle was formed of India rubber, with an elastic leathern pipe attached, about twenty inches long. The bottle was filled with rich broth, to which eggs beaten up and some wine were added. The pipe was passed up his nostril, through the palate of his mouth, by which means the nutriment was conveyed to his stomach; and this operation was performed daily for some time, by Surgeon Lawrence, in the presence of Dr. Wright the medical superintendant: both gentlemen treated him with the greatest possible tenderness and humanity. He felt this mode of nutrition with so much abhorrence, that clysters of the like ingredients were adopted; but the horrors of his mind had such an effect on his habit, that although his physical health was sustained his derangement got worse. The horrors of death still rendered him despondent and miserable. He sought every opportunity of getting to the windows, and would cry out in a loud voice: "Neighbours, neighbours! Save me, save me! Help, help!—I am going to be murdered!—Is there no good creature

left in the world to save an unfortunate young man from the most cruel death? Oh, merciful God! oh, just heaven, avert the impending and dreadful doom of the most unfortunate of human beings!"

Previously to the use of the elastic bottle, he was repeatedly intreated, in the kindest and most indulgent manner, to take of himself the refreshments prepared for him, and avoid the disagreeable operation otherwise indispensable. But he answered invariably that "he could not, as from a sense of religious duty he could not voluntarily receive poison; but if it was forced on him, he would not be answerable for his own death." Dr. Wright would say to him: "Dear Traill, you shall now see me eat some of it; and surely if it was poison, as you suppose, you cannot imagine I would take it." But he would answer; "Oh, Dr. Wright, how easy it is for you to obtain an antidote, or any of you: but as to me, miserable wretch! I have not the means."

When the pipe was partly down the passage to his stomach, and perhaps the pain great, he would give his honour that he would take the whole of the nutriment of his own accord. But the moment the pipe was withdrawn he would relapse into his previous refusal, pleading his religious scruples. It was then, of course, given to him in the usual way.

In this state he continued for some time, and every means were used to sustain life, in the hope of abating his disease; until Sunday the 31st of March 1822, when he was again calling loudly at the window: "Neighbours, neighbours! save me, save me!" &c. &c.; and became so refractory that his keeper locked him up in his own room. In about half an hour the keeper, perceiving he was quiet, went to release him; but alas! found him dead, suspended by his neck-kerchief to the wire-guard over his bed-room door. This he accomplished by standing upon two wooden night-bowls; and fastening the corner of his neck-kerchief through the wire-guard in a very curious manner, fixed the other round his neck, and by kicking from under him the bowls, he hung with his feet just touching the floor, as he was found. But the vital spark had too long fled to warrant any hopes of resuscitation; and thus this poor gentleman effected with his own hands the fate he so long dreaded with the greatest horror.

He was a young gentleman well brought-up and accomplished, and maintained the manners and deportment of such even in his derangement. He was most respectably connected, and his father was an old Major in the army. He was generally under restraint when out of the keeper's sight, to prevent any mischief, until the day of this unfortunate occurrence: and he must have had great resolu-

tion and perseverance in his purpose, for in his waistcoat-pocket was found a part of the handkerchief, which was evidently torn off in his attempt, and a rent appeared in another part of the wire where it had been tied before he succeeded.

A coroner's inquest was held on the body, who pronounced a verdict of insanity.

The wire-guards over the doors have been since removed all through the establishment, and wooden fronts substituted, with a perforation at top, to allow free circulation of the air in the rooms, and obviate all future chance of a similar fatality.

JOB HOLLINGE,

From Shropshire, middle-aged, admitted 8th of April 1819. This man, whatever might have been the natural propensity of his mind in his state of sanity, displays in his deranged state a cunning, wily, treacherous and fierce disposition. When first admitted he appeared to be so tame and tranquil, that he was permitted to work in the garden, in order to occupy his attention, and afford him wholesome and active exercise; but he soon betrayed the real ferocity of his character. As he passed one day down the garden, he, without any provocation or apparent cause, suddenly

sprang upon the gardener with the rage of a tiger, knocked him down, and kicked him most unmercifully while down; and would probably have killed him, had he not been suddenly overpowered and secured by the keepers. He has since frequently attacked the keepers themselves, in the most furious and formidable manner. He has a constant smile on his countenance, so that no one within his reach can be secure for a moment, or aware of his intention to pounce on any person who unguardedly approaches him. He is generally very silent, seldom speaks to any one, and when he does it is usually to ask; "Why do you keep I here? You have no business to keep I here." When he seems the most tranquil, he is then the most fierce and dangerous; and no act of kindness can soothe him. When once he commences his attack, he knows no bounds to his malice and fury. He will strike, kick, or bite all indiscriminately, without favour or respect to persons; and no kind action done for him, nor even the giving him snuff, which he is fond of, will secure the donor against his rage: for after receiving the little boon, he will devoutly pray God bless the giver, and then spring upon him with the fury of a lion. Sometimes, previously to one of those outrages, he will calmly ask for a Bible; which, if he gets, he reads about half a chapter, returns the book, and then seems ready

for his work of vengeance. He once attempted to murder his poor wife, previous to coming here, but was most providentially prevented by averting his blow.

In September, 1822, his disorder seemed much abated, and he was liberated for a short time from restraint (always avoided here if possible), in the hope that restraint might no longer be necessary ; but he soon returned to his old practices. Restraint became again requisite, and he is now the only patient in the hospital under strict restraint (the ferocious Patrick Walsh excepted). He wears a belt, with handcuffs attached, and hobbles upon his ancles.

For one good action, however, he deserves credit, by which much mischief was prevented, and the sanguinary Walsh secured. When the latter, after inflicting so many mortal wounds upon a poor patient named Leonard, in April 1820, was menacing destruction to all who approached him, Hollinge came behind, seized him round the neck, and threw him to the ground, when he was secured by the keepers.

Hollinge is a strong healthy man, but has lately become very dirty and negligent of himself.

CHARLES GOLDNEY,

Aged near seventy. This poor old man has been confined at Sir Jonathan Miles's, in Old Bethlem, and here, altogether between thirty and forty years; and was many of those years restrained in irons at Old Bethlem.

But his derangement is not abated. He has the strangest notions imaginable: he believes himself to be a man of immense property; he says he gave his son, in Somersetshire, a fortune of £400,000; but they murdered him, and built monuments, churches, and canals with the money. He has, by his own account, a hundred coaches running in London at this day. As an amusement he has charge of the ducks, and assists, as well as his age permits, the cutter of provisions. He is particularly tender about the ducks and pigs; the ducks, he believes, are of a very high breed, between a cock pheasant and a game hen; some are double high, some treble high cross breed. When a duck is to be killed it must be done without his knowledge: he soon, however, misses it, and exclaims, "Ah! so they have been at their damnable work again, have they? I'll make them pay for it." During the very cold weather in January this year, when the pond was frozen over, all the ducks died but four, and Goldney swore they had all been poisoned. He

is equally exasperated when a pig is killed: he believes ducks and pigs, Bethlehem, and all belonging to it, are his own property, and says they know it, but they want to keep him out of it if they can, but it must come to him after all, when the time comes. A pig was lately killed, which he says he would not take any money for: he bought its mother in France thirty-six years ago, and gave eighteen pounds twenty-eight shillings and fourteen-pence, for her. He says he is but forty-six years old, and has been confined forty-two years, but his present body is the third he has had, the former two bodies were worn out many years ago: the present one is forty-six years old. He chews a quantity of tobacco, and when speaking to any one seriously, he turns his quid, winks his eyes or shuts both, gives you a touch with his elbow, in a sort of knowing way, and says, "all will be well with him very soon, he knows all about it, but he keeps quiet and peaceable: he don't let them know that he knows anything about it, but they can't deceive him." In the last summer he swore that air-pumps were employed to pump fleas into his neck, with a view of devouring him alive: he believes that they (God knows who) would give £500,000,000 of money if he was dead, but they will be deceived, he assures them. He does some trifling jobs about the house, which employ his mind; the

exercise is conducive to his health. His appetite is good, but age creeps on the poor fellow apace: he is perfectly harmless, and may be trusted with safety any where; is punctual and attentive in all his little works, and offensive to no one.

WILLIAM KENDAL.

This old fellow, by a confinement of twenty-seven years as a lunatic, has thus enfranchised himself as a sort of denizen in this corporation; and though he was formerly a seaman in the *Royal Mary*, and had fought in several engagements during the Gallico-American war, particularly in the action with Admiral Rodney, at the time of his victory on the 12th of April 1782, and capture of the Count de Grasse, he seems to have quite forgotten his loyalty, and retains none of his naval accomplishments, but his inveterate habit of swearing, and the coarser part of his fore-castle rhetoric in the dialect of Portsmouth point. His favourite topic is damning the king and his ministers; profaning and cursing the powers of heaven; like a sort of human mule, between a radical and an atheist. He is constantly on foot, and is always ready with a damn, a blow, or a blast for every person or object he passes, which he usually follows up with the most gross and horrid

epithets of abuse and insulting comparison ; but to ladies, and women in general, his language is abominable. He used to wear in his hat an old tuft, such as soldiers wear in their uniform caps, probably as an emblem of his former militant profession : but this has been some time worn bald, and abandoned. He is sometimes employed through the week in whitewashing parts of the hospital ; but Sunday is his holiday, the whole of which he devotes to perpetual damning, swearing, and ranting ; this he calls " working double tides." Any attempt at confinement or coercion renders him much worse : he seems in a perpetual state of irritation, which gives constant stimulus to his profane and abusive tongue ; and his own eyes and limbs are the themes of his imprecation, in the absence of other objects.

WILLIAM KILLINER

Aged near sixty, admitted about six years since. This unfortunate man comes from London, and was convicted of firing a loaded gun indiscriminately amongst a crowd of people, who were assembled around his house. It appeared that he had repeatedly desired them to go away, which they refused to do ; and at length he, in a rage, fired amongst them, but providentially no mischief

was done. He was, however, convicted of the criminal intent, but his derangement at the time of the act was fully proved, and he was sent here. He seems at present perfectly calm, rational, cleanly, and well behaved, and has many respectable friends.

JOHN HORDER.

Aged about forty-five, admitted about six years since, comes from Derbyshire. This man was tried and convicted of the murder of his father-in-law. In a fit of frenzy, he went in pursuit of his wife, who had taken refuge at the house of her father, who interposed for the protection of his daughter against the fury of her husband; upon which the latter instantly shot him dead. Upon his trial for the horrid deed it appeared that he was deranged, and he was sent to this hospital. He is still much disordered in his mind; is constantly talking about making large sums of money, and prophecying what kings will be hereafter; but he appears to have no evil intentions, and in general is quiet and harmless.

NOAH PAGE,

Aged about fifty, admitted here about six years since. This man had been a pauper in a London

workhouse, where he was received as foolish, and incompetent to earn his livelihood: but while there, his conduct developed much more violent symptoms of derangement, and he became so furiously impatient of restraint and discipline, that he one day, in a frantic rage, actually murdered the master of the workhouse, for which he was tried and convicted at the Old Bailey; but his insanity exempted him from capital punishment. He was some years confined in Newgate, from which place he was sent to St. Luke's hospital, whence he was transferred to Sir Jonathan Miles's private madhouse at Hoxton, and from thence he came here about six years since. Though quite an idiot, he is smart and active in his motions, and has a peculiar oddity in his appearance. He believes himself to be a king (for this ambition for monarchy is a very prevalent trait amongst the imaginary potentates of this establishment); but instead of the insignia of royalty, he is quite delighted with a bunch of feathers, a soldier's old tuft, a piece of ribbon or rag, a paper cockade, or any thing of the kind, to adorn his hat with. He is, in general, quiet and harmless, but extremely irritable on the slightest cause, and even dangerous when thus excited. He is left beyond all hopes of recovery.

ANDREW HARVEY,

Aged about forty-five, admitted here about five years since. This is a Cornish man, and comes from Penzance, where his insanity first appeared; and he became so violent and unmanageable, that it was thought necessary to confine him in a detached house, or crib, erected purposely for himself, and in which he was chained like a bull, to a post driven into the ground, and had no range beyond the length of his chain. A woman was in the habit of attending him daily with his food; and one day, when his derangement was at its height, he seized his opportunity and murdered this unfortunate attendant. It has been found by frequent experience that the severities adopted by timid and unskilful keepers, in the provincial madhouses, for the coercion of insane patients, and the irritation thereby excited in the unhappy objects of their care, tend much more to aggravate than to mitigate their disorders.

When this unhappy patient was transmitted hither from Cornwall, he came loaded with half a hundred weight of irons; and the very chain which fastened him to the cart on which he was conveyed, and through the bottom of which it was rivetted, might serve as the anchor chain to a ship of considerable burthen. Even under such

restraint, the keepers who came with him approached him with as much apprehension and terror as if he were a lion or a tiger.

His high paroxysms of insanity are, however, but periodical : but while they prevail they are truly formidable, as he becomes extremely fierce, vicious, and dangerous. Every person and thing that comes in his way is alike the object of his fury ; and man or woman, doors or windows, would alike sustain the storm of his frenzy, if the utmost caution was not exerted to restrain him. In this state he will exclaim, in a grumbling tone of voice, " Oh, blessed Saviour !" but although he calls aloud for forgiveness, during the continuance of his fit, he would destroy at the same instant, if he could, his best friend. He has a powerful voice, and is extremely vociferous on those occasions ; but when his frenzy abates he becomes calm, quiet, and obedient.

Of late he is never permitted to associate amongst the other patients, who, in fact, are all afraid of him. When he walks out alone for exercise in the airing-ground, he is always secured by the iron belt and handcuffs ; and when in the house, he is separated by an iron railing from the others, though he is free from other restraints.

HUGH THIER,

Aged about forty-five, admitted four years since. This patient is a Scotchman; was tried for breaking into a dwelling-house and stealing some wearing apparel; but was found to be insane, and sent hither. He supposes himself to be a very exalted personage, and assumes the rank of " Head General of the whole world." But notwithstanding his military character he is perfectly quiet, harmless and inoffensive.

GEORGE CONNOR,

Aged about thirty. This man is a native of Ireland, and was a seaman. He was tried and found guilty of murdering one of his shipmates; but it was proved to be done in a fit of insanity, and he was sent to this place about six years since.

He still continues in a high state of derangement, is extremely dangerous, and is not to be trusted for a single hour, even under the appearance of temporary tranquillity; for such appearance would only veil in him the wily ferocity of a tiger; as, if he had the means and opportunity to do mischief, he feels the constant propensity to use them for bad purposes. He is therefore amongst the number of those whom it is found necessary to watch with perpetual caution.

GEORGE WATSON,

Aged fifty, admitted about six years since. This man was tried and found guilty of the murder of his mother; but this shocking act was proved to be the result of insanity, and he was sent here.

He appears very much disordered in his mind, highly irritable, and will strike furiously at any one on the slightest offence. He speaks very seldom, and is in general quiet and inoffensive.

THOMAS FISHER,

Aged above seventy, of London, admitted six years since. This man was tried and convicted at the Old Bailey for shooting his wife: but on his trial was proved to be deranged at the time, and was sent hither. He shews at present no symptoms of insanity, but is regular, quiet, and cleanly. He was formerly a very regular attendant at chapel, but age and its infirmities now press heavily on him. He has become unable to walk; and is generally confined to his bed through the debility of his aged constitution. He seems to have been a strong, healthy man, but is now reduced almost to ruins.

AARON BYWATER,

Aged about fifty, and confined here upwards of six years. He is a native of Wales, and was tried for the murder of his master; but found to be insane, and consequently doomed to confinement in a mad-house rather than to capital punishment.

There is nothing very remarkable in the conduct of this man, save that he is habitually idle; is a sly, cunning, artful fellow, and appears desirous to conceal his disorder.

JOHN ZORN,

Aged upwards of sixty, admitted here about six years ago, when he was brought from Exeter gaol, where he had been previously confined eight years.

This man exhibits in his person the remains of a fine, portly, athletic fellow, and is still straight, erect, and above six feet high. He was a coach-maker; and the cause of his first confinement commenced at a public-house in Devonshire, where he had been drinking; and in consequence of some dispute about the reckoning, he refused to pay his part of the score. An officer was sent for to enforce the payment; very irritating words arose, and Zorn, in his rage, uttered some sedi-

tious expressions, for which he was apprehended, tried, and convicted; and in the course of his term of imprisonment arose those symptoms of insanity which led to his subsequent detention.

The violence of his disease has, however, considerably yielded to long confinement and advanced age, and the only prominent symptoms of insanity now apparent is his constant anxiety to get out from here. His persuasion is that he is only detained through the caprice and cruelty of the keepers; who, he is sure, could let him go whenever they chuse; and he is perpetually teasing and intreating, not only them, but all the governors, physicians, and visitors that come near him, to let him out to his business.

In all other respects he appears quite rational and collected, and is cleanly, well-behaved, and harmless.

JAMES M'INTIRE,

Aged 30, admitted about six years since. This man was a Scotch pedlar, and was convicted of cutting and maiming an officer in the execution of his duty. This officer demanded to search his pack, on suspicion that it contained smuggled goods; but M'Intire contended it was to rob him of part of its contents (whether contraband or stolen is

not known). M'Intire resisted: a conflict ensued, and the consequence was the cutting and maiming, for which he was indicted. He was sent to the Halls, where he became insane, and from whence he came hither.

He is much troubled with epileptic fits, but he is generally quiet and harmless.

ANDREW M'KENNOT.

Aged about forty, admitted November 8th 1816. This man formerly moved in a very respectable rank of life: having however committed a forgery for a very considerable amount, he was tried capitally at the Old Bailey; but found to be disordered in his intellects, and he was sent hither from Newgate on the day above named.

This man assumes a very important and consequential character. He is said to have been a man of great cleverness, and a good scholar, versed in learned languages, and well acquainted with general business. He is very suspicious, watchful as a lynx, meddling, obtrusive, and continually writing upon every thing inscribable he can get; all kinds of paper, book-covers, old letter-backs, &c. &c.; and no transaction, whether trivial or important, passes his observation without a written note. Perhaps, from his admission to the

present hour, not the minutest circumstance has escaped his pen. He seems to consider himself a sort of secret inspector-general: nothing eludes his prying observation; he abounds with complaints; has written numerous letters to the Committee of Governors, and other persons in authority, on various subjects of pretended grievance. Amongst others he addressed a letter to the late Sheriff Parkins, which brought that municipal gentleman here to inquire into the case complained of; and he afterwards waited on Lord Sidmouth, then Secretary of State for the Home Department, to make a representation; but nothing farther has been since heard on the subject.

Though so extremely vigilant and attentive to all matters not concerning him, his memory seems quite void of recollection as to the cause that brought him here, or the footing on which he is allowed to remain; and the indulgence he has enjoyed teaches him to consider his confinement as a business of mere temporary sojournment, and that he is entitled to peculiar attentions and deference. His keeper he affects to consider as a kind of *vakt de place*, quite at his disposal; tells him "he is not the sort of servant he wanted; that his predecessor was as good a servant as he would wish to have, but that the present keeper was not civil nor attentive enough for

him, and he would certainly have him removed unless he altered his conduct much for the better, and that very soon."

In fact, the only ostensible symptoms of this man's insanity, if such they may be considered, that now appear, are his addiction to prying and meddling; his *avocars scribendi*, which keeps his fingers in constant occupation, and the nonsensical tenour of his notes; otherwise, he appears cool and collected, and well aware of what he does and says.

JOHN ROBERTS,

Of London, aged forty-three, admitted here November the 8th, 1816. This man is a remarkably fine looking, manly fellow, and is the person who was tried at the Old Bailey about the above-named period, for firing off a loaded pistol at the groom of Lord Rivers; but as he was found by the Jury to be insane, he was sent hither on the day stated. This man's malady exalts his notions of his own quality to a very high pitch of eminence and grandeur; for, according to his own account, he is Julius Cæsar, an Emperor, and God of war. Big with this notion, he, of course, assumes the most consequential air of importance; has no equal on this side the moon, and is extremely

talkative and busy, but by no means mischievous or dangerous.

JOHN WILLIAMS,

Aged about forty-five, admitted November 8th, 1816. This man is an American: he was tried and convicted for horse-stealing near London; but was found to be deranged, and was sent hither from Newgate on the day above-mentioned. Williams is only remarkable for being extremely irritable and passionate; but he has not done nor attempted any thing mischievous here. Tobacco is the idol of his worship, for which he would sacrifice all the horses in the king's stud; and which he seems to devour with peculiar extacy. Indeed, this fascinating weed is a very general favourite with the male inmates of this mansion.

RICHARD WRIGHT,

Aged about forty-four, admitted here about six years since, from Devonshire. He was previously confined six or seven years in the gaol of Exeter, where he was tried for murdering an old lady in her bed; but on his trial was found to be de-

ranged in his mind, and detained in the gaol on that account. He is at times in a very high state of disorder, but in his more lucid intervals he is religious, calm, and well behaved.

JOHN BUTLAND,

Aged about fifty-five, admitted about six years since. This patient is a Devonshire man : he was tried at Exeter on a capital charge of making copper-plate engravings for forging bank-notes, and convicted ; but his insanity was proved. He was sent hither from Exeter gaol. His powers of intellect seem completely lost ; he knows nothing of what is said to him, is insensible to every thing that passes around him, and is completely an idiot. His general health is good, but he is always sunk in melancholy abstraction, and every spark of reason extinct. He is, of course, quiet and harmless.

ANTHONY ABEL,

Aged about thirty, is from Norwich. This man was found guilty of the wilful murder of his uncle ; but it was proved to be the result of insanity. He has been confined upwards of six

years in the criminal wing of this establishment; and though, at lucid intervals, he appears calm and collected, he is at other times violent and dangerous; insomuch that, at one period, the iron belt, with handcuffs, were found necessary for his restraint. But this he contrived to slip over his hips, and with great ferocity attacked his keeper, and gave him a severe wound, the mark of which he still bears in his face. This man's disease shews no symptoms of abatement, and he cannot be trusted out of strict vigilance.

WILLIAM PINNOCK.

Aged forty-four, from Essex. This man was convicted of having set fire to some hay-stacks; but was found to be insane, and sent here, where he has been confined about six years. At present he is very quiet and well behaved, and evinces no insane symptoms, excepting frequent soliloquies, which seem as much the result of habit as of any other cause.

JONATHAN MORLEY.

Aged about forty-five: admitted about six years since. This is a Norfolk man, and has been many years in a state of insanity: he was a patient, for

a considerable time, in the Norwich Lunatic Asylum, where, having conceived an antipathy to the steward for some imaginary cause, he one day by some means got possession of a scythe, and actually murdered him. How such a man, in an asylum for lunatics, should so far elude the vigilance of his keepers as to get possession of so large and desperate a weapon is passing strange; but his insanity, of course, exempted him from responsibility to law for the deed, and he was sent hither as his ultimate destination.

But although his intellect be gone past all hope of restoration, his bodily faculties seem to have sustained no deterioration. He is a strong, healthy, active fellow, alert and supple in every species of agility. He can wrestle, tumble, dance, throw somersets, walk on his hands with his feet uppermost, and perform many other feats of the like kind. He sings, and always appears cheerful, happy, exempt from care, sorrow and reflection.

GEORGE BARNETT.

Aged thirty-two, admitted November 8th, 1816. This man, it will be recollected, fired a pistol at Miss Frances Kelly, at Drury-lane Theatre, while performing the part of *Nas* in the farce of *Modern Antiques*, on the night of Saturday, February

16th, 1816, with intent to kill her, but most providentially she escaped his desperate purpose: for which he was afterwards tried on a capital indictment at the Old Bailey, under Lord Ellenborough's Act, but acquitted on the proof of insanity, and consigned to this institution.

It may not be uninteresting to state the leading circumstances connected with this desperate transaction, as related in the journals of that day.

While Miss Kelly was performing her part with her wonted vivacity, the audience were thrown into great alarm and consternation by the report of a pistol, fired from the front of the pit at the lady; and George Barnett, who sat in the front row, was immediately pointed out as the person who fired it. He was instantly secured; and, on being searched, the pistol, and some gunpowder and shot, were found in his possession.

He avowed himself to be the person who had fired the shot at Miss Kelly; and said that his object was only to frighten her. Miss Kelly had retired, in the greatest fright and alarm, and the whole audience were in the utmost solicitude and agitation, until Mr. Roe, who was then stage-manager, came forward and assured the house that the lady was unhurt, and the performance was resumed without further interruption.

When Miss Kelly was informed of the desperado's name she immediately recollected him to be

the person who had addressed to her several love-epistles, which she had treated with silent contempt.

When he was taken to Bow-street for examination he declined answering any questions, and was quite stupified.

It appeared, however, upon minute inquiry, that this desperate admirer was an attorney's clerk; and that his rash attempt was the result of disappointment in the tender passion he had indulged, by his own consent, for the lady: but finding it impossible to excite in her bosom a reciprocal flame, even by all the genial influence of his amatory epistles, sonnets, acrostics, and other professions of his tender devotion (which were always rejected by the lady with apathy and scorn), he took the tragical resolution of immolating to his slighted love the object of his affections, upon the very altar where her charms first kindled his ardent flame; and that if he was to be debarred the possession of her, she should never become the prize of a happier rival.

His trial for this fact took place at the Old Bailey on the 9th of April following, before Baron Wood. Miss Kelly, of course, attended as a principal witness; and notwithstanding her habits of appearing before a crowded audience without the least embarrassment in another theatre, the solemn novelty of her *débüt* in this place, in a part so

perfectly new, overcame her feelings ; and she was with difficulty sustained through the performance.

Two letters of the prisoner to the lady were read on the trial, one of which is as follows, and may furnish a curious specimen of his style and devotion. It was written evidently after his suit became hopeless.

“ Madam :

“ I received a letter yesterday evening, which, from its apparent rusticity, I believe to be yours. You would act wiser if you was to add your name, as I am not sufficiently acquainted with your hand-writing ; and, as I hinted in my last letter, not to subject others to be answerable for your forwardness. If the terms specified in my letter were not to your satisfaction, why not express yourself as one becoming your profession ; why suffer your temper to over-rule your reason ?

“ I love the sex, and once esteemed you as an ornament to it, until you roused my indignation by your impertinence and scandalous abuses. You are very partial to a disguised male dress, but let me not experience any more of your folly ; for if you do, I’d secure you as an impostor, and punish you for your temerity. I am, Madam,

“ Your well-wisher,

“ GEORGE BARNETT.”

About two years since he composed an Ode to Miss Kelly, sufficiently odious and nonsensical. In fact, he would be thought an amatory poet, ready on all occasions to volunteer his talents in addressing any and every young lady whose name and address he can discover, though perfectly ignorant of her person and accomplishments. His effusions on these occasions are in unison with his talents, and well suited to the classic taste of the company he now moves in.

The Jury, however, acquitted the prisoner on the ground of insanity, and he was sent hither from Newgate immediately afterwards.

This gallant Lothario bears at present no symptoms of frenzy in his manners or conversation; but is probably in as sound a state of mind as ever he had, which is that of a foolish, frivolous simpleton; of mean and pitiful appearance, and by no means calculated to inspire the tender passion.

WILLIAM HOLWOOD.

From Limehouse, commonly called "Jack," admitted 6th August 1818. This poor fellow has gone through a great variety of adventures in the course of his life. He has been a seaman in the Royal Navy, and served successively on board the *Colossus*, *Canada*, *Magnanime*, and various other

ships of war; and was afterwards a private in the West-Kent militia. His mind seems so charged with notions of naval and military glory, and valiant exploits, and he is so full of detail on these subjects, that it would be impossible to follow him through the history of himself and his deeds of prowess. According to his story, he has fought, performed prodigies of valour, and achieved glory in every quarter of the world. He gained victories and honours at the Nile, at Trafalgar, at Cadiz, at Rochfort, and various scenes of heroism. He has won the golden crown, and has, with his own hands, broken many thousand muskets into pieces, and daily continues to do so, in his own imagination. He performs these ideal feats of strength and dexterity by stooping to the ground, seizing an imaginary musket by the breech and muzzle, raising it above his head, giving it a violent twist, and thus he thinks he has shivered it to pieces. This operation he will repeat twenty times a day, to illustrate the tales of his own strength.

As he is easily excited, he is ever prompt for war, and constantly in some scrape with one or other of his fellow-inmates. Many of those who are convalescent, sport with him for mere fun; but as soon as he gets angry, off go his jacket and waistcoat, and he assumes an attitude of fight, and challenges some one or other to come out and

meet him. "Come on, you rascal! I will fight you for fifteen guineas in the Isle of Man: come on, you puppy! I'll let you know who I am; my name is Sir William Price Holwood; I am the King, I am the Pope, I am General Holwood, sir; this house is mine, sir; I'll fight you for a perpendicular guinea. Mind who you talk to, sir! I'll let you know I am your master, sir! I am a dog, sir! my name is Rover;" with a hundred other wild incoherences. He generally carries about half a peck of gravel-stones in his shirt, which he calls twist-tobacco. He is scarcely pacified a moment from one wrangle before he commences another; and what between this kind of amusement, and singing, chewing or smoking tobacco, he spends his days. His nights are equally noisy; his manner nearly the same through both. He rests but little, and yet it is astonishing how he has sustained so much exertion for so many years. He never seems exhausted, but is ever ready to begin a new freak. His mode of rousing his courage, when he challenges an enemy to combat, is something like that of the lion, who is said to sharpen his rage by lashing his sides with his tail. Thus the furious Jack deals to himself, in these fits of defiance, such tremendous blows on his breast, as would knock down any ordinary man, yet without seeming to feel them. He never knows what illness is, but seems in robust health

at all times; and although his blustering manners and fierce aspect intimidate all visitants to the establishment, still he is one of the most harmless patients in the hospital, and kind and tender-hearted to a very great degree. He would nurse and protect even a poor worm, and if any one should attempt to injure it, off goes his jacket in an instant, and he is ready for action to protect it.

Nothing affects him so deeply as to see any patient cupped, bled, leeches, or blistered; or indeed submitted to any necessary operation that gives pain. He invariably remonstrates, in his way, against such things; and afterwards condoles and sympathizes with the poor infant, as he calls the patient. "They should not serve you so," says he, "'tis cruel; and I am sure you did not deserve it;" for he always imagines that such operations are inflicted as punishments, and he cannot be induced to think them of any benefit.

Sometimes he will run on in a vein of soliloquies, or imaginary conversations with his old friends and intimates; Lady William Price Holwood, Nancy Brien, Tom Hineks, Bill Brown, Young Forrester, of the *Magnanime*, &c. &c. He sings a number of sea songs; and many of his own composition, equally exempt from rhyme and reason. They run generally thus, in a sort of recitative: "From Spithhead we set sail, my name it is Bill Holwood; I'd have you all to know that I fought and con-

quered—at Egypt, and likewise with renown in many places more. I am a light handsome fellow, as I will let you know; I gained the honour and victory, as Walsh will let you see.”

The poor fellow seems either wholly forgotten by his friends or relatives, or he has none: for none ever come to visit him. He is extremely thankful for any little gift from the visitors; but tobacco is his delight, and much the most acceptable present that can be offered him.

The marine poet, Dibdin, in describing a British tar, says:

“ A seaman should be, every inch, d’ye see,
All as one as a piece of the ship.”

And this poor distracted “Heart of Oak” seems to consider himself a piece of every battle and victory in which he bore his part, and entitled to a prize share in all the glories he helped to win for his country. He was a patient in Old Bethlem, and time and care have effected no abatement of his disorder.

GIDEON HANSON.

Aged about twenty-five, comes from Warwickshire; admitted about four years since. This man was convicted on an indictment under the cutting and maiming act; but his insanity pro-

cured his transmission hither. He exhibits at present no very prominent symptoms of derangement, unless excessive pride and haughtiness can be so deemed. He is a finical, effeminate dandy, and has a very exalted notion of his own dignity; but is regular, cleanly, and harmless.

DAVID DAVIS.

Aged about thirty, admitted April 11th, 1818. This unfortunate gentleman had served as a Lieutenant in the 62d regiment of foot, and is still on the half-pay establishment. His first overt act of palpable insanity was his memorable attempt to assassinate Lord Palmerston, the Secretary at War, above five years since; from which attempt his Lordship very narrowly escaped with life, but received a severe wound in his side.

Lieutenant Davis had formerly filled the same rank in the West-Middlesex militia, and was one of those officers who volunteered to join Lord Wellington, in 1814; and was then appointed to a Lieutenancy in the 62d foot, with which regiment he served for some time in Canada; from whence he returned a short time previous to the attack on Lord Palmerston, and was placed on half-pay.

Under imaginary notions of professional grie-

vances, he wrote several letters to Lord Palmerston, recapitulating his important services, and urgently soliciting a pension. But failing in these solicitations, he attempted to destroy himself, and inflicted a severe wound in that attempt. He still persevered in his solicitations to Lord Palmerston; but his letters were couched in terms not indicative of a sane mind. Imputing his failure entirely to the noble Secretary at War, he determined on personal vengeance; and, with that view, proceeded to the War Office and inquired for his Lordship, who had not then come. He, however, waited on the stairs until Lord Palmerston was passing up towards his office, when he drew a loaded pistol from his bosom, fired at his Lordship, and then ran down stairs, exclaiming in triumph, "I have done for him!"

He was instantly secured and taken to Queen Square Police Office, whence he was committed for trial.

Lord Palmerston had his side lacerated by the ball; but his wound was declared, by Sir Ashley Cooper, not dangerous.

Lieutenant Davis was capitally indicted and tried for this act; but was found by the Jury to be insane, and sent here on the 11th of April 1818.

He is a native of Wales; his father is a

military officer, and his brother is in the Royal Navy.

He appears to conduct himself rationally, and never displays any symptoms of frenzy. He seldom converses with any of the other patients, but maintains towards all the most haughty reserve. He frequently bursts out in laughter without any obvious cause; but is regular, cleanly, and harmless. He receives his half-pay, about seventy pounds a year, which he spends chiefly in trifles, apple-pies, and various kinds of pastry.

WILLIAM GAMMAGE,

Aged forty, admitted July 18th 1818. This patient had been a seaman, and comes from the workhouse at Ipswich, where he was confined as insane; and where, in his frenzy, he murdered two persons. He came here loaded with irons. His intellects are lost beyond all hopes of restoration; and though freed from personal restraint, he is under strict vigilance, to prevent mischief from any sudden paroxysm of that dreadful mania, to which two unfortunate persons have already fallen victims in his former place of confinement.

FRANCIS WILKES,

A Welchman, aged twenty-seven, admitted about five years since. He was before a patient in Old Bethlem when a boy, and was discharged cured: but at more advanced years he became again deranged; and having in a paroxysm of frenzy murdered his mother, was sent here, where he is constantly confined in the criminal wing.

He is extremely vicious and dangerous while the paroxysms of his disorder continue (which do not very frequently occur), and then he would murder indiscriminately all he met, friends or strangers; but in his tranquil intervals he is generally quiet and well-conducted. He is handy and industrious, and can make and mend the clothes of the other patients, for which he is regularly paid.

JOHN WILLIAMS,

Aged forty-four, admitted about four years since. This is another Welchman. He was found guilty of murder, by killing a young woman with a mattock. But this shocking act was considered to be the result of insanity, and he was sent to this hospital.

This Cambro-Briton stands very high in the list

of his own admirers; and brags much of his ancient and illustrious descent from the Ap-Shenkins, Ap-Morgans, Ap-Maddocs, Ap-Jones's, Ap-Gwillin's, and all the other Aps up to the first trunk, the aboriginal tree of Welch genealogy. He speaks very bad English: a sort of piebald mixture, half Welch and half Lancashire. But this he will not believe, and insists that he speaks as well as any man in London; to prove which, his tongue is everlastingly on the move, with due rapidity, and the true Shiboleth of Glamorganshire. He is, however, generally quiet and harmless; and, with his flat face, high cheek-bones, and dingy complexion, bears a strong resemblance to a North-American Squaux.

His high blood, however, does not raise his notions above the humble avocations of commerce; for he is the principal tobacco-merchant here, and drives a brisk traffic in that article amongst his fellow-patients. Although the sale of tobacco is discountenanced and forbidden by the Board, yet, even with the utmost vigilance, it cannot be wholly prevented, for there are constantly so many schemes on foot, so much artifice used, and so many plans and contrivances in operation to obtain it, as to baffle all exertions to put a stop to the trade.

There can be no question that the forbidding this article is founded upon the best intentions;

but there are many of the patients here who, from habits of ten, twenty, thirty, and even forty years' use of tobacco, in some shape or other, have contracted such an insuperable attachment to it, that they would much rather go without dinners than their beloved quid. Others prefer snuff, and those patients who have been long used to it are always discontented, fretful, and peevish, if debarred this comfort, either through the want of money to purchase, or the neglect of their friends to supply them with it. There seems to exist in the use of tobacco, as well as in madness, a pleasure which none but the infatuated know: and, trifling as the privation of these little enjoyments seems, it revives in the memory of the patients a sense of former grievances, gives them an idea that they are quite forsaken, renders them irritable, and has sometimes very injurious effects.

A trifling neglect will sometimes prey upon the weak sensibilities even of convalescents; and when this original distraction is rapidly subiding, the privation of these little enjoyments will obviously renew it; when perhaps a timely recourse to the tobacco or snuff-box would divert the mind, and obviate such reflexions all together.

But it is not in the minds of the insane only that these habits take root, and become secondary wants of nature. All habits, long indulged, become inveterate, and are extremely difficult effectually to

conquer, even in the best-bred classes of life, as all must have felt: and such particularly is the fascination of that nauseous and narcotic herb, tobacco, on persons in the constant habit of using it in any given form, that they become uneasy and fretful in the want of it. This is a fact more intimately known to every observant person conversant in the military and naval service, and who must have frequently seen that both soldiers and seamen, on the hardest service, would sell the shirts from their backs, or, what they value much more, their allowances of grog or wine, to obtain a little tobacco or snuff, whichever their habits led them to prefer. If such be the influence of those habits on men in robust health and of sane mind, what must be the case with those wretched maniacs, who have nothing to occupy or amuse them; and with whom a quid of tobacco, a pinch of snuff, or the smoking of a pipe will do more to tranquilize and assuage irritation, than twenty-four hours of the most judicious reasoning or soothing advice?

Hence it is that the Virginian commissary, John Ap. Williams, is a much more favourite resident in this lunatic republic, than would be an imperial ambassador without this favourite commodity.

JOSEPH PANTER.

From Wallingford, Berks, admitted 16th March 1820. This poor fellow gives a curious account of his origin and progress. According to him, he is a child of Apollo; for he was engendered by the sun shining upon a dunghill, near his father's door. He received his first existence in the form of a flea; and in about two hours afterwards he was transformed to a fine boy, of nine years old. He grew up, and was apprenticed to a shoemaker; and after his time was served, he married a beautiful wife, by whom he had two children; but she proved unfaithful. Business became bad; distress followed; and it was necessary that both should seek employment in London. A place was supposed to be obtained for her: but alas! her infidelity to him soon appeared; for the very stage-coachman who drove her to town, to her supposed service, was now her lord and master, for she has been living with him ever since; and poor Joe has been deserted and deranged from that time. His poor dear infants, he says, are, with his father and himself, placed here at the parish expense. Since he came in here he has imagined himself to be the only true and real Son of God, both spiritually and bodily. He clearly remembers having suffered on the cross. He remembers the countenances of all present at the

time, what was said to him, how he was treated in his sufferings, and every circumstance of his bodily pain. He has power to condemn all whom he pleases, and of saving and rendering happy such as he thinks fit; and, in virtue of his power, he will, for the most trivial offence, consign any offender to the bottomless pit of fire and brimstone. He assigns a name of his own to every individual around him. One is Judas, who betrayed him; another is one of the thieves, who suffered with him at his crucifixion; a third is Peter, who thrice denied him; a fourth is Thomas, who disbelieved him; a fifth the Virgin Mary; one he saw hanged at Newgate for horse-stealing, another at Exeter for some other crime; another is Bonaparte himself; another is a common swindler, whom he knew very well, and who cheated him of vast property; and so on in an hundred instances. He would affect to know every body; and to every one (except his brother) he assigns some new name or character: one is a shoe-black, another a stocking-weaver, a waiter, a butcher, &c. &c.

He is himself a Pythagorean philosopher; firmly believes in the Metempsychosis, and that the soul of man after his death descends into a brute, and afterwards reverts into a man. Some months ago he described the butcher's horse that brings meat to the hospital as an old friend of his

named Thomas Holloway, who being hanged for coining, was afterwards transformed into this horse. He knows the secrets of all hearts, and cannot be deceived by any one.

In the summer he is employed in white-washing the house, for which he is paid; generally conducts himself pretty quietly, and has committed no violence, except now and then breaking a window, and occasionally tearing his clothes, which he says he is obliged to do, "the time being now come." But he is extremely passionate, easily excited, and in that state is terribly abusive: his tongue, however, is the only ill weapon he uses.

PHILIP PACE.

Aged about thirty-five, from Westminster, admitted about five years since. This man was tried and convicted of violently assaulting and cruelly beating a youth: but he was found to be insane at the time, and was sent to this hospital. He is very sullen, and seldom converses with any one; but whenever he feels occasion to speak, he is extremely insolent and abusive, uses the very vilest language imaginable, and is proud and haughty, although evidently of the lowest order of the *cowards*.

THOMAS JONES.

From London, admitted November 26th, 1818. This extraordinary maniac was formerly engaged in the silk trade; and though almost the wildest of the wild, in this or any similar institution, he thinks himself perfectly sound in mind as well as body, although the regions of fancy scarcely afford limits to his conceptions, and his frenzy is only equalled by his arguments to disprove it. From the airs of consequence he assumes, he would seem to soar above the ranks of nobility. The knowledge of his importance, he imagines, has rendered all the great his enemies, and that all personages of rank in England are leagued in a conspiracy for the sole purpose of keeping him in this "*Bastille*," as he calls it; and which is to him the source of intolerable anguish. "Here," he exclaims, "is a piece of complicated villainy, to detain me, a man of my rank and importance; and, what is still worse, contriving by *galvanic* and *electrical* machines to ruin my health, to waste my person, and to destroy my faculties; to feed me like a dog, to put me to bed like a pig, and, in fact, to make a laughing-stock of me, to gratify and amuse the authors of this case of villainy and cruelty."

His head is bald, which he takes every oppor-

tunity of exhibiting to all visitors, by taking off his hat with an air of dignified politeness, and then addressing them with "How do you do, ladies, or gentlemen? My name is Thomas Jones, a liveryman of the City of London, and alderman and Lord Mayor Apparent. Pray have you any knowledge of the Effingham family? Do you know Lady Effingham? Have you any interest in getting me out of this place? You see what a state I am brought to (rubbing his bald head). You perceive, I suppose, that my confinement has deprived me of my hair? Do you not conceive it a shameful transaction, to deprive an Englishman of his liberty thus, in a land of boasted freedom, too? You will oblige me very much to try what you can do towards my removal. My dear Sir George Tuthill will not define the nature of insanity; and because it seems he cannot, I am to be the sufferer, and imprisoned here."

He is ambitious to prove himself, in his own way, a man of highly scientific character; and pretends to have discovered that all the royal palaces, Westminster Hall, Westminster Abbey, White Hall, the theatres, all the fire-insurance, and other public offices and great public buildings, have each established within them electrical, galvanic, and magnetic machines, erected expressly for the purpose of combining their influential powers to annoy him. That they are in continual

operation for this purpose; and that their several pipes and conductors are united to form one grand power, by which their collective effects are propelled to a junction with all the gas and water pipes, along which they run from one iron conductor to another, until they arrive at Bethlem; when their forces ascend to the iron roof of the building, whence they run along the iron ceiling of his gallery, and then descend upon him by night in a combined focus, which produces effects highly injurious to his health.

In addressing himself to persons of rank who occasionally visit the hospital, he maintains a high dogmatical manner, styles himself Thomas Jones Dashwood Howard, of Effingham, Esq., and represents his confinement here as tyrannical, despotic, cruel, vindictive, and villainous; and he declaims, rants, abuses, and hectors over all. But when his physician appears, he assumes a consequential tone of remonstrance:—"Well, Sir George Tuthill, what have you done about getting me out of this place? You perceive I am losing time and wasting the best of my days." Then, taking off his hat and displaying his baldness, he adds, "I believe here is a sufficient proof of the consequence of my imprisonment."

Sir George, with great patience and humanity, attends to his speech, and to pacify him promises

he will do all he can for him. But the Hon. Thomas Jones Dashwood Howard, of Edtingham, must have more decisive proofs of his intentions: "he will be liberated."—"If," says he, "you have had an interest in detaining me here, after all that I have suffered, you might, I think, have been satisfied by this time, therefore let me go out."

Sir George then promises to do for him every thing more in his power. But this will not do: and after a good deal of his usual logic, he goes on: "then I will not mince matters with you any longer, but tell you that you are a damned ——" (every abusive epithet he can think of); and the matter necessarily ends in his removal under the charge of his keeper.

He suspects every person of respectable appearance who visits the hospital as concerned in his detention. But if any nobleman, particular gentleman, merchant, or foreigner comes, he will say, "Oh! perhaps, I shall have something from him. I suspect he has some hand in my business: I don't know positively, but I think it very likely." And in this way he has gone on till very lately.

The first symptoms of his malady were discovered by a love fit. He formed a violent attachment to a young lady of Skinner-street, and, without consulting her inclinations, went to his brother,

who is a goldsmith, and obtained a number of different sized wedding rings. Without further ceremony he waited on the lady, then a few miles from town, made a gallant tender of his heart and hand, presented the rings for her choice of one, and ardently pressed her to accompany him to the altar immediately. But his proposal was rejected, and the disconsolate Thomas Jones Dashwood Howard, of Effingham, was ultimately consigned to this mansion by his friends.

He has of late fallen again into the tender passion, with a young lady whom he never saw but at her own window in this neighbourhood, about two hundred yards distant from the hospital; and this new passion has supplanted his former flame. He has been in the habit of standing for hours together, at a window at the east end of the gallery where he is lodged, contemplating the distant charms of his new adorable Dulcinea, as she accidentally appears at her back chamber window, wholly insensible to the ardour of his devotions; and though he is separated from her by seven walls and a garden, still he considers his soft whispers as conveyed to her ear. He tells her his high quality and noble alliance; imagines she hears him, treats his tender tale with coyness, and he continues, "Now, my dearest love, you should not, you should not do so. You know your mother's temper and mine: that I esteem you

more than life, which I would sacrifice for a moment's pleasure to your dear self. I have purchased a house and carriage, and every thing necessary for us to move in the first circles of fashion." He then waits for the fair one's imaginary answer: and no sooner does it reach his fancy's ear, than all is immediately reconciled; and he resumes his tender tales of love with as much ardour as if he were really at the fair one's feet: and notwithstanding this ideal courtship has lasted three months, he knows not the lady's name or address, nor any thing about her, although the surrounding walls daily echo his ardent protestations, while his *Dulcinea del Toboso* is quite unconscious of his pain.

The following is one of his letters to the fair *incognita*, whom he addresses as his wife:

" *Bethlem Hospital, July 16, 1822.*

" MY DEAR WIFE:

" I AM SORRY I have not the pleasure of seeing or viewing your person, although prevented by my situation from your pleasant conversation.

" I wish you had furnished me with paper, India ink, pencils, &c., and during your enjoyments away from home I might have drawn something, though not of the best style, to have amused me and met your view of judgment upon return. I

should have been most happy to have been with you at the present, and hope you will not allow me to remain under restraint of liberty, but apply, or instruct some professional character, or some one, for my release. I hope your mother is well, and desire my duty to her. Upon return you will be able to give me particulars, or shall be most happy to hear from you enjoying good health, with pleasant society, and all the scenes of innocence for amusements. My brother Charles, with your brother Capt. Dashwood, I think might do something in getting me away, or what their views may be I know not, as to any intentions respecting me; my former letter to you, &c. in support with the annexed side might do much for the families—However I do not wish to trouble myself more than may be satisfactory to you and perfectly to your pleasure and satisfaction—Your aunt does not appear to have drawn any public painting, and that which I first formed may now stand without any madness being attached thereto—and those that acknowledged piracies and slavery were now, as by the statement, freedom and liberty, *par et libertas*, St. Domingo, Hispaniola, America et Mexico, et Africa—and this motto as to the drawing.

“ On July 10, 1822, I see, the meeting of the Company at the City of London Tavern—for to ac-

knowledge the independency of Columbia — now no one need be afraid of their sentiments, and will prove mine in conformity of that drawing you're acquainted with.

Hail, Columbia ! happy land,
This is the day in which must stand
And united be —
Law, justice, free
From the chains of slavery —
Peace, freedom, and liberty

“ And am,

“ Your sincere and loving husband,

“ THOMAS JONES.

“ You must excuse my writing, as my ink was bad, and partly written in the dark.”

There is no such person as the lady described, no such name in the neighbourhood, nor has he any knowledge of her, except by sight, and can merely see the back of the house she inhabits from the hospital. He has, however, furnished the lady with a name, and given her an address quite remote from the view of the hospital. So much for the consistency of poor Thomas Howard Dashwood Effingham Jones.

JOHN PALING,

Aged about forty-five. This man was tried and convicted of the wilful murder of a young woman who was his sweetheart, and a suspicion of her inconstancy was said to have prompted him to the horrid act. But he was found to be insane in his intellects, and was sent here upwards of five years since. He is of a sullen and morose disposition, and it requires, of course, much caution to avoid offending him; but in general he is tolerably well-behaved, and evinces no obvious symptoms of insanity.

RICHARD POCOCK,

From Guilford, Surry, admitted in March 1818. This poor fellow had been formerly a servant to a gentleman, a banker at Guilford, of whom, even in his present state of derangement, he still speaks in the strongest terms of respect, gratitude, and attachment. In this gentleman's service he bore the character of a faithful, active, cleanly, and attentive domestic. But his manners in these respects are now, like his mind, totally changed. He was afterwards servant with another gentleman, a contractor in the Island of Jersey; and next enlisted as a soldier, and served in Spain,

Portugal, and North America. He was discharged at the termination of the war, and returned to Guilford, where he was first taken ill, and was sent to the workhouse. According to his own statement, his illness at that time was only bodily; but as he got better, being one day hungry, he tore up his shirt, "to make the most of it," as he says, and sent it out by a boy to sell as old rags; in return for which the boy brought him a two-penny loaf and twopence-worth of tobacco. From the circumstance of thus disposing of his shirt, the overseers deemed him mad, and ordered him to be secured in a straight-waistcoat. This set him mad in earnest: he became violent, and was ultimately sent to this hospital, where he is now deemed incurable.

Though he has some lucid intervals, his time from morning to night is usually spent in lamenting his misfortunes. The principal object of his anxiety and affection is a daughter, whom, he says, he had formerly by a young woman at Guilford. He describes her as a beautiful girl of twenty; and says that she supposes her father dead. It was after her birth that he went to Jersey, which led to all his misfortunes.

From these distracting reflections he will suddenly start off into the most wild and heterogeneous flights of fancy and incoherent nonsense; more especially after he uses much tobacco, of

which he is inordinately fond, and which intoxicates and excites him like opium or spirits. Sometimes he supposes the world not thicker than a half-crown, and expects every moment that all things will perish. He imagines that whatever he thinks of is immediately destroyed: or, as he terms it, "thrown up." In this notion he will often say "he has, by thinking of it, destroyed America, and has just thrown up Jersey, and France, and Spain, and Portugal, and all the monkeys at Gibraltar, and Plymouth-Dock, and Battle in Sussex and Hastings; that he has cut up Mrs. Such-an-one's hen-roost, and Mr. Such-an-one's pig-stye at Guilford; and that his poor, dear Guilford, where his good and worthy friends Mr. H—— and his family lived, is now no more." But he declares he cannot help all this destruction, for, in spite of all he can do, whatever he thinks of is instantly destroyed.

The next day he will try to remedy the mischief and misery he has produced by thinking; and with his eyes closed, his body bent double, and his hands and arms extended in front, like one groping in the dark, he will exclaim: "I never thought of America, nor Jersey, nor France, nor Spain, nor Portugal, nor Plymouth-Dock. I never thought of a pig-stye, nor of Guilford. Oh, poor Guilford! and poor, good Mr. H—— (his former master). I never thought of a plough-

share, nor yet of a knapsack, nor yet of a summer-house, nor a spocket and fosset, nor a monkey's-beard, nor a hen's-foot, nor a finger-organ, nor a bear's-bristle: I never thought of a parson, nor yet of a hedge-hog, nor of a flying-squirrel in America; nor yet of a monkey shaving himself, nor of the hinges of Mr. H — 's cellar-door, nor of the river of Polinnæ, in France, where I sailed from;" with innumerable other topics equally wild. But when his poor, distracted mind is quite tired out with such exertions, he usually concludes the day by more calm, but pathetic reflexions on his beloved daughter. " Ah! my poor, dear girl! could I but once see you, I should then die contented!" and instantly bursts into tears. After he retires to bed, the first two hours are generally devoted to curses and execrations " on the authors of his confinement; and of his separation from his dear, delightful daughter, his home, and his every comfort and happiness."

What a task would it be for the metaphysician to analyze the structure of such a mind, or disentangle the confusion of its ideas!

Though he has been sometimes violent in the paroxysms of his disorders, he is in general perfectly harmless.

JOHN READ,

From Lancashire, middle-aged, admitted August 6th 1818. This is a sullen rancorous fellow; he has been a seaman, and formerly in Old Bethlem, and in a madhouse at Hoxton. He never speaks to any one but in a manner quite unintelligible. He sometimes writes with chalk on the walls, in a sort of hieroglyphic quite as obscure as his conversation: such as, "27th Lancashire, mind 1 No. 8. Old clothes. No. 3.—Alepass. Ireland—his own—thro No. 1879. 4th Bridge."

This man seems by nature savage, and is extremely furious and dangerous. For the smallest imagined offence he will knock down a fellow-patient, and beat and kick him most unmercifully. Indeed he will sometimes do so without any cause, real or fanciful. He has been, therefore, put under restraint; which renders him still worse, and more vicious; and therefore he is sometimes locked up in his room, but has now for a considerable time been under no strict restraint.

The most trivial quarrel or falling-out with another he will remember for years: nay, he will never forget or forgive it. In his general behaviour he is pretty regular, and cleanly in his person; but so vicious and treacherous, that he cannot be trusted. In October 1822 he attacked

one of the keepers, tore the waistcoat and shirt off his back, and would have done him much personal mischief, had not assistance immediately arrived. He is a powerful fellow, apparently in robust health. He likes to be alone, and never takes his meals with the other patients, but by himself. At one time he took a liking to the privy as his favourite residence, and used to carry his meals to that place or to the airing ground, if he could get there. While lord of the privy, it was extremely unsafe for any one obnoxious to him to approach it. He would fiercely spring out upon them, like a tiger; and by furious blows or kicks drive them away. But after some time he was induced to abandon this delicate dining-room, and transfer his refectory to the airing-ground, except when the weather was rainy.

JOSEPH COATES,

An old North-countryman, admitted on the 6th of August 1818. This poor fellow was formerly an inmate of Old Bethlem, and was also at a private madhouse at Hoxton. He had been a seafaring-man, and is much deranged. He has at times lucid, or at least quiet intervals, and is then remarkably composed; and when spoken to merely answers, yes or no. But when his malady

returns with some force, and the fit is high, he is a loud ranter, and sometimes believes himself to be Moses: "The only true Moses." He is extremely abusive to every one he sees; suspects all of robbing him, and is extremely addicted to chewing tobacco; in the place of which he will chew rags, grass, or any thing else he can get. Sometimes he will exclaim, "I am God; I will hang that rascal;" pointing to somebody, "he has robbed me of five hundred johannas" (gold or silver, as his fancy dictates). He considers all yellow metal-buttons gold, and all white ones silver: and such is his avidity to accumulate riches of this kind, while his delirium lasts (which is generally about a week at a time), that he picks up, wherever he can find them, pieces of glass, or scraps of tin, with which he contrives to cut off all the buttons from his own coat, waistcoat, and breeches, and from those of all the melancholy and stupid fellow-patients (never attempting this with those of other descriptions); and the buttons thus obtained he grinds upon the first convenient stone he meets, until they are flat and smooth on both sides; and by virtue of this mintage they become, in his estimation, "lawful money, gold or silver johannas." The total defect of buttons on his own clothes he supplies by various strings torn from the rug on his bed, his blue handkerchief, or any other rag. Those

who give him tobacco, at once obtain his friendship; but he will sell it to any one on any other terms.

He constantly talks of "his ships, of his great losses and misfortunes, and the manner in which he will punish those who robbed him;" which description includes every body he sees. He imagines himself to be a consummate judge of the weather, and director of the winds. Sometimes he changes from a mariner and ship-owner to a builder and mason, and imagines he has a great deal of work to do.

He has never done any remarkable mischief; although, when in his high fits, if he could find a weapon he would become dangerous, and therefore cannot be trusted.

RICHARD JENKINS,

Aged forty-seven, admitted August 6th, 1818. This curious Cambro-Briton is a native of Cardiff, in Wales. He was formerly confined in Old Bethlem, and also in a private mad-house at Hoxton; and altogether, including his residence here, for a period of ten years.

He was originally a labouring-man, but was impressed into the navy. He was last on board the *Salvador del Mundo* guard-ship, at Plymouth;

where his insanity first became apparent, and thence was sent to a mad-house.

He labours under a thorough conviction that he was first confined with a view to murder him; that both his father and mother were murdered; and that his sisters were also murdered by the present King, when he was Prince of Wales. He feels an implacable hostility towards Admiral Young and General England, who, he says, have conspired against him, and employed people to kill him. That they told him if he would change his religion he should become a great man; but that he rejected their offer, told them that he was brought up by his parents in the fear of God, and taught to say the Lord's Prayer in Welsh, and he would "stand by the Old Books:" (this sage polemic can neither read nor write).

He says, that when he engaged with Admiral Young and General England to enter the service, he agreed for honest dealing, Christian usage, kind treatment, and fair play: but he complains that they broke their agreement with him; and knowing well "that their heads must come off for it, they have tried to murder him, in order to get him out of the way." That he knows to a certainty Government is concerned, and would readily give him any sum of money he chose to ask, and his release to boot, if he would only consent to hold his tongue. But no, no: this he

cannot do; for if he did he would sell his soul. He must be a Shylock: but no, no, that won't do with him: the two heads! the two heads! they must come off, and nothing else will satisfy him. "I know," says he, with a sly wink, and a cunning leer, "I shall not be here much longer." When he goes hence he knows he will be sent to another place of confinement, but that will be only for a short time; and after that his business is to be settled. "The two heads! you know, the two heads! they must come off." Government, he says, would give him twenty millions of money to have done with him, and prevent the exposure of some grand secret which he has conjured up in his own fancy, and looks extremely knowing and mysterious when he alludes to them. When pressed to divulge those secrets in great confidence, he explains one of them to be, that officers of high rank in the navy get their sons and relatives rated on the ships' books as midshipmen, as soon as they are born; that their promotions go regularly on from that time; and that they may become lieutenants, captains, and even admirals, without ever joining or seeing the ships on which they are rated.

The other budget of secrets is that unfair practice by which the officers of the Navy should be appointed to try each other by court-martial; when it can never be supposed that they, who

mess together, would be hard upon each other. If this is to be, he insists that the sailors, too, should be tried by their own messmates, instead of their officers. But, as things go on now, "there is no law, justice, civil treatment, Christian usage, or fair play, which it was his agreement to have."

Another of his secrets applies to the alleged abuses in the misapplication of provisions, which he will be bound to prove; and so far from his having any intentions to compromise the business with them, he would sooner lose his life. "Don't let them think," says the incorruptible Richard, "that they shall stop my mouth for a paltry bribe of twenty millions!" (then comes a hurricane of blasts, and damns upon eyes, limbs, and timbers, with appellations not the most delicate for the objects of his vengeance.) "No," continues he, "if they were to give me ten thousand of money I would not make it up with them: for law and justice I will have, from William Young, and that fellow they call General England."

On being told that Admiral Young was dead: "It don't signify about that," continued he, "he must be up and answer for himself; and I will have his head off."

His religious notions are of a piece with his other vagaries; for although he declares his deter-

mination "to stand by the Old Books," he has never explained the points of doctrine they contain. He has, however, fixed on Wednesday as his Sabbath, which he keeps with great strictness. He has seen very little of the world beyond his native village, and the ship he was on board of; but he believes his own home in Wales to be the garden of the world; and that at the last day God Almighty will come to Cardiff, to try all souls for their deeds: and when he goes to the Town-hall, he will tell him that he is not particularly obliged to him for his mercy, because he has promised to be merciful to all men; and why should one man in particular thank him? He says his prayers every night in Welsh and English; and though his dialect in the latter is as bad as Briton can utter, he fancies that no man can excel him in the language.

He partakes a good deal in the fanciful transmutation of persons so frequent with others; and by a sort of second sight, conceives that he sees persons totally different from those he looks at.

He says, "that Sir George Tuthill, the physician, was a Jew dealer in watches, jewellery, and trinkets at Plymouth, and that his name was Johnson;" by which name he always calls him. He says that "Mr. Burgess," one of the governors, "is no other than Buggy Burgess, who was

a parson's son at Cardiff, but ran away, and turned pirate in a privateer; obtained a large sum of money, and is now turned fine gentleman;" and in like manner of several others; probably substituting some faint traces of personal similitude in his memory for supposed reality.

With all his vagaries, he is ingenious and industrious. He knits gloves, stockings, and his own jackets and trousers, of worsted; and is constantly employed, either in this occupation, or in amusing himself with smoking or playing at hand-ball, which seems in a great measure to divert and relieve his mind.

A favourite ornament of his person is his long pigtail cue, which he attends to as scrupulously as to his Wednesday-Sabbath. His supposed grievances and imprisonment, as he terms it, form a source of much occasional discontent; and on those occasions he is for addressing petitions to the Lords of the Admiralty: but as he cannot write himself, Dashwood Jones Effingham, or some other man of genius, acts as his secretary.

A copy of one of these petitions is subjoined as a specimen:

“ The Right Honourable the Lords of Admiralty.

“ My Lords: I am very sorry I cannot honour your Lordships with pleasure, but I am obliged to honour your Lordships with torments.

“ I beg to inform your Lordships I have been confined in New Bethlem upwards of four years. After repeated applications to the physician, Sir George Tuthil, he has invariably replied, in answer to me, he did not consider me either sick or mad: I then inquired of Sir George why I was detained; in reply thereto, he said he was not the cause of my detention; on the contrary, he should have a pleasure in discharging me. I asked him to inform me who was the cause of my being detained: he said your Lordships.

“ Permit me to inform your Lordships, being at a loss how I could make appeal to your Lordships, being under confinement, where I could only look at high walls and bars of iron; I was induced to write several letters to the Governors of this house, who sit in Committee every Thursday, to none of which have I received any reply; yet I have reason to think they have been forwarded to your Lordships. The last letter laid before them, last Thursday, when two of the gentlemen of the Committee came round the house, I inquired if they had read my letter: they answered in the affirmative; I then asked

what answer they could give me : they said I must make application to the Lords of Admiralty, which is the cause of the present trouble to your Lordships.

" I deem it necessary to inform your Lordships, I cannot write myself. I should feel great satisfaction in receiving a reply to this; when I should be better enabled to write farther to your Lordships, as my sufferings have been upwards of eleven years' duration, consequently it is impossible to give your Lordships a particular statement of my hardships in this letter.

" I beg permission also to inform your Lordships I was a pressed man to his late Majesty's sea-service, and would wish my Admiral,* Captain, and Officers to come before me, to make their complaints, if any, against me; and it is also reasonable I should have justice so far done me, as to be informed why and for what cause I have been so long detained in several places of confinement.

" It is equally just and right the Governor of His Majesty's Royal Hospital at Stonehouse, together with all the officers under him should appear, and make what complaints, if any, they have against me.

* Jenkins knows of the death of Admiral Young.

"Likewise I judge it needful the Commissioner of His Majesty's Dock-Yard, Dock at Hamoaze, the Master of Tenders, also the man who came with him in a boat on board His Majesty's ship the *St. Salvadore del Munda*, by night, when lying at anchor at Hamoaze. My agreement with the Admiral, Captain, and all the Officers concerned with me from commencement of my ill-usage, was that I should have law and justice, Christian usage, and honourable terms; yet I can with truth affirm, I have experienced no other than barbarity and cruelty."

N.B. This letter was written in July 1822; but he would allow it to bear no date, as "that, he supposed, would injure his cause;" nor would he allow his name to be put to it, as "that would ruin him for ever:" so the Lords of the Admiralty were left to find out by their own learning who it came from. Lloyd was the writer; great cunning was used in getting it up, and several sheets of paper written over, before a perfect letter could be completed; but to none of those petitions will he allow his name to be annexed; for he says "that is all they want, and he will never indulge them."

This man is reported to have been in other places of confinement a dangerous maniac, and

was almost constantly in irons ; but he has been here under no restraint whatever, nor has he ever done any mischief. He is noisy at times, and sings a good deal, in his way ; but when the idea of his ill-usages gets uppermost, he then begins an extempore sea song, in a cramp and resentful manner. The following favourite verse may serve as a specimen of his lyric poetry :

" There is one thing more that I do care,
That his body may never lay in the grave :
May he be damned, and overboard be thrown,
The sharks have his body and the devil have his soul ;
The sharks have his body and the devil have his soul."

The last, a chorus line, he roars with a stentorian voice that makes the whole building echo ; while his eyes roll, with a mixed expression of resentment and self-complacency.

His conduct in general is very quiet and regular : but no man so mad ever seemed less conscious of derangement.

RICHARD TURNER,

Aged fifty, admitted here about four years since. This man is another transmit from the Hulks. He was tried in Bedfordshire for robbing a house of forty pounds in cash, found guilty, and sent to the Hulks, where he became insane, and was thence transmitted here.

Whatever might have been this man's original frame of mind, he has here distinguished himself only as a capricious, ill-tempered, disagreeable fellow. He changes his humours every ten minutes throughout the day, is always sulky, peevish, haughty, insolent, and abusive. He is what is called a *snarky* man, and is employed in several little operations about the hospital, particularly in repairing the patient's clothes, for which he is regularly paid: but although this privilege supplies him with many little comforts in his confinement which do not fall to the lot of others, he thanks no one for the indulgence, takes the little jobs with reluctance, snatches them roughly from the hands of those who bring them, and dashes them violently into a corner of his room; insults all who approach him in some way, and scarcely any one escapes the vulgar abuse of his bitter and virulent tongue. He is always discontented, unsettled, and obstinate; and, what renders this

conduct the more unsufferable is, that he appears to know very well what he says and does: that his brutal rudeness is not the mere result of insanity, but of his abominable temper, which he will not try to controul; and which is, at all times, so unsufferable, that it frequently becomes necessary to lock him up in his room. He is, however, remarkably clean and regular in his person and in his apartment, which he always keeps in the nicest order.

DAVID LITTLE,

Aged about thirty, admitted about three years since. This patient comes from Surrey, where he was tried at the Assizes and found guilty of cutting and maiming a female; but his insanity was satisfactorily proved, and he was sent here. He is perfectly harmless, and rather silly than frantic.

JOHN JONES,

Aged about fifty-five, admitted about four years since. This is another Welshman, a plasterer by trade, and convicted of a desperate assault on a man and threatening his life; but he was found to be deranged, and was in consequence sent here. He is constantly complaining of the hardship of being detained in confinement, and prevented from following his business. But he is too irrational and unsettled a character to be allowed to go free.

ELI DAWES,

Aged forty, admitted here about three years since. This man stole a horse at Birmingham, which he brought to Smithfield, London, and sold. He was apprehended, tried, and convicted for the fact, at the Old Bailey; but was found to be deranged, and was transmitted to this hospital. The symptoms of his disorder very rarely rise above idiocy, but he is ever fretful, peevish, and discontented.

REV. FRANCIS MARDIN,

Of London, aged thirty-seven years, a minister of the Gospel, originally admitted on the 3d of June 1819. This unfortunate clergyman, towards the latter end of the year 1820, appeared to be quite convalescent, and obtained leave of absence for six months, in hopes of his perfect recovery : but after a short time his malady returned, and he was brought back, and has remained here ever since. He is in general perfectly tranquil and harmless, and for a period of three months successively will behave remarkably well. He generally occupies himself in reading and writing compositions of his own. But those occupations appear ultimately to agitate his mind, and he gets quite high and distracted, and so continues for a long time. During this state he has usually a tobacco-pipe in his mouth ; and from his language and conduct none would suppose him ever to have been the pious, meek, charitable, and philanthropic curer of souls, which at other times he wishes to be thought. Sometimes the wildness of fanaticism seizes on his fancy, and then he thinks himself to be Michael the archangel. Dr. Wright, one of the physicians of the house, he styles Pontius Pilate, another he terms Judas, a third the Devil, all in their turns.

He sometimes composes pieces in Latin, and then translates them, both, in a style of incoherency such as might be expected from a scholar so circumstanced. He composed, amongst other specimens of his genius, a poetical address to his present Majesty King George the Fourth, highly inflated, and comparing his Majesty to Augustus Cæsar. This production he thought extremely sublime; and when his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, accompanied by Prince Christian Frederic of Denmark, visited this institution on the 10th of June 1822, the poetic parson begged permission to read his production to those illustrious personages: which being allowed, he proceeded to read with such gestures, intonations, trepidation, and embarrassment, as excited the pity, though it exhausted the patience of his princely hearers. At last his Royal Highness, with great condescension and humanity, told him that what he had already read would do, and requested he would defer the remainder to some future opportunity; with this he seemed satisfied. This poor gentleman was spoken of by his friends as a finished classical scholar: and previously to his unfortunate illness, he was curate of a parish church in London. When his lucid intervals return, he is very cunning and artful in his endeavours to attain his object. He speaks to the physician with all the demureness of a bashful girl: but this is

easily perceived to be acting, for he hopes by assuming that manner to get leave of absence once more.

When he was last out, he tied the sheets and bed-clothes together to let himself down from his window into the street, although the street-door was open for him, and he might have gone out if he pleased.

GEORGE WOODS,

From Lowes, Lincolnshire, admitted November 25th, 1819. This unfortunate young man had been professionally brought up a surgeon, and the cause of his malady appears to have been a persuasion that he had undergone the fate of Abelard: and this notion was the constant source of his lamentation; for his perpetual complaint was, "Oh! what shall I do? what shall I do? They have taken away my —! Gone, all gone! What shall I do? All gone! Gone for ever!" Convinced of this privation, he imagined the loss had caused a contraction of his limbs; and under this idea he had acquired habits of contraction extremely painful to himself, and distressing to all who saw him. His elbows were pressed in as if screwed to his sides; his lower arms projecting outward on a line with his breast, and his hands continually clenched with such

vigour, that they could be opened only by force for the purpose of washing them; and then the palms were found to be so indented by the pressure of his finger ends, that they seemed almost to have grown together. But no sooner was he freed from restraint, than they returned to their former position. He walked invariably on tiptoe, took very little exercise, and would stand for hours together in one spot without setting his heels to the ground, if not roused by the keepers and urged to walk about. At times he was without appetite, and very weakly: at other times his appetite was good, and he would sit down contentedly to dinner without any appearance of pain. But as soon as he had finished his meal he got up to the gallery, and began his usual plaints: "Gone! gone! all gone! what shall I do for my —."

In May, 1820, a party of ladies of rank and distinction came to visit the hospital; and poor Woods was bewailing in his usual vein, "Oh, my —! what shall I do for my —? They are all gone." When one of the ladies, a peeress, asked him what he complained for; but could get no reply but "oh, my —! what shall I do for my —! gone! gone! for ever!" and this with a piteous look of tribulation.

The lady, unable to comprehend his meaning, applied for explanation to the keeper; who, with some discreet presence of mind told her ladyship

that the poor patient was in the habit of collecting a quantity of pebbles, flints, and other rubbish about the airing ground, which he fancied to be emeralds, rubies, diamonds, and other precious gems; that it became necessary to take them away from him, in order to prevent the accumulation of such rubbish in the gallery; and that a recent privation of this sort was now the subject of his lament. "Oh, poor man," said her ladyship, turning to the patient, "never mind them! When his lordship comes here again, he shall bring you some pretty ones which he has got at home; they will be much handsomer than those you have lost: so don't fret about them any more." But poor Woods, not at all satisfied with the promised alternative, answered with much displeasure, "that won't do! I will have none but my own." And thus they separated, each unconscious of the other's meaning.

After remaining here eighteen months, this poor fellow was removed by his friends, who are respectable, to a private mad-house at Battersea, where he died shortly afterwards,

JOHN POOLE.

Aged twenty-one, a young farmer, admitted 25th August 1819. The malady of this young

man was rather idiotcy than frenzy. He was quite harmless, and only remarkable for his quickness in running, for his sly looks, and a constant laughing grin on his countenance. He would run twenty circuits of the airing ground at a time, with the rapid speed of a hare, and laugh and grin for an hour afterwards. He had no vicious propensity, and was a hale, well-looking country youth; but he was discharged, uncured, on the 24th of August 1820.

In the month of May, in the same year, the physician ordered a dozen leeches to be applied to his temples: they were applied accordingly, and soon filled ready to fall off. The keeper, who was attending him, went hastily to answer to the bell which had rung for him, leaving Poole perfectly quiet; but on his return the leeches had vanished, and Poole appeared smeared all over with blood, and was chewing away something with redoubled eagerness, in hopes of finishing his *bow bouche* before the keeper came back. The keeper immediately conjectured that he had eaten the leeches, and caused him immediately to empty his mouth, when he found the masticated remains of the animals reduced to a state just fit for gorging. Upon collecting the mass, he found his ward had swallowed but little, if any part of them; but great part of the blood

they had imbibed certainly had returned to the original system whence it came.

After he was cleaned from the gore which covered him, the keeper asked him what he had been doing? And why he had attempted to eat the leeches? He answered, " Oh! I only ate a few shrimps; give them to me, if you please; I have had no shrimps for a good long time."

He was sometimes employed to fetch coals to the fires; and if, on his way to the coal or dust-hole, he found any pieces of soap, candles, cold potatoes, or any thing capable of being eaten, he had no sort of objection to gratifying his palate with it, regardless of filth, flavour, quantity or quality.

JAMES CHEESBURGH,

Aged twenty-five, admitted about four years since. This young man comes from Yorkshire, where he was tried and convicted of murdering his mother: but being found insane, he was confined for some time in York Castle, from which place he was sent here. This patient is, in general, quiet and harmless, but when disappointed of getting tobacco becomes extremely violent. Notwithstanding his general quietness,

he cannot however at all times be trusted, and is therefore under constant vigilance.

JOSEPH WATERSON,

Aged thirty, admitted about three years since. This is a north-countryman, and was tried and convicted for the wilful murder of his wife, which he effected by strangulation: but on his trial he was found to be insane, and was sent to this hospital. He is very frequently in a high state of derangement, and is at those times extremely fierce and dangerous: but during his lucid intervals is very quiet and harmless.

THOMAS EASTON,

Aged fifty, from London, admitted December 2, 1819. This poor old fellow was formerly a lighterman on the Thames. The ideal immensity of his riches is his favourite topic, and his fancy is as much filled and delighted by this unreal mockery, as if he were the actual possessor of all the wealth he boasts. According to him he is the sole proprietor of all ships, barges, boats, or other craft that float on the River Thames; the

Bank of England belongs exclusively to him, and in short the extent of his property is beyond all reach of calculation in our vulgar way. He says that when his son married, he gave him a fortune of 957,000,000 of money, besides some loose silver he had in his pocket, and four pennyworths of halfpence : but his son was a profligate fellow, and all this money soon went. He has some notion of paying off the national debt, if he understood how things were going on.

He affects to know every visitor who comes to the hospital, but by names and characters quite different from those they now assume. Lord — he knew to be a tinker seven and thirty years ago ; but he robbed a public house, made his fortune, bought his title, and now rolls in riches and grandeur. Lady — was a washerwoman. When he knew her first she lived below bridge ; but she happened to be brought to bed of a carrotty-haired child ; this lord got her to swear the child to a waterman, although it was his lordship's own ; and afterwards, when she threatened to expose the particulars, his lordship married her. Such a gentleman was formerly a coal-porter ; another was a post-boy ; a third was a poor fellow who used to ply about the boats at the waterman's stairs, begging halfpence, with " pray remember poor Jack ; " a fourth he knew as a Jew receiver of stolen goods at Ratchiff Highway ;

a fifth was arrested for cheating two keepers who once lived here, and was transported. He knows all this: cannot be mistaken. "Lord bless you," he will exclaim, "do you think I don't know? What, me not know? it's all stuff; I know every thing, both here and hereafter; you can't deceive me; no, no, my friend, that won't do." He is perfectly harmless and quiet, so long as no one presumes to question his wealth, or doubt his universal knowledge.

THOMAS FLETCHER,

A north-country labouring man, admitted 30th November 1820. This poor fellow had been, previous to his coming here, confined in some lunatic asylum in the country; and when he was presented for admission here, came so corded and tied up at all points, as to be unable to move. He was described by his conductors as extremely violent, but when his restrictions were relaxed, and afterwards wholly removed, he became, and has continued extremely quiet and harmless, though under the influence of strong delusion.

When he first came in he brought with him an old brass ink-stand, two oyster-shells, containing the remains of various coloured paints, and the printed copy of a last dying-speech, purporting to be

that of an unfortunate young woman who had been convicted and executed in the country for setting fire to a barn. These trifles he gave to the safe custody of his keeper, with a strict charge not to allow any person whatever to open them; especially the dying speech, which was carefully wrapped up in thirty or forty envelopes of brown paper. The oyster shells he considered very precious jewels, and the inkstand a sacred deposit beyond all price, as being the identical one his father had used in writing his last dying words, &c., bequeathing him all his property (or rather all his poverty). The keeper threw these trifles loosely into his drawer, and thought no more of them: but in the month of January following, when this poor fellow came to be discharged as perfectly cured, he had a strong recollection of his treasures, and brought his then keeper to the former one, who had been his trustee for the deposit, to demand the restoration of his precious articles. The keeper, in some surprise, told Fletcher he was astonished to observe a man in all other respects perfectly rational, should think any thing about such trifles as oyster-shells and dying speeches. But he answered, that his mind was all along impressed with a fixed certainty that his father's will bequeathed him a handsome sum, and that the paper he asked for contained the original will; and he was much surprised the

keeper should in the least doubt it. On opening the dying-speech, enveloped within forty wrappers, it appeared to be adorned with the figure of a female hanging on a gibbet. Poor Fletcher seized it with rapture, declaring that was the very thing that made him happy.

Now this poor man was utterly illiterate, and could not read the printed paper, and there must have been some unexplained cause for his valuing it so highly; that the impression which began with his derangement, and was probably the very cause of it, should still continue when he was in other respects perfectly freed from his delusion, was a singular circumstance. He was discharged cured on the 11th January 1821, and does not appear to have since relapsed.

EDWARD L.—Y.

From Southwark, aged forty-six, admitted December 14th 1820. This pleasant, cheerful, eccentric fellow, had been an inmate here before, for he was admitted the first time on the 11th of March 1819, and was discharged well on the 20th of May following. He is one of those characters so often found in society to illustrate the poet's description :

“ Great wits to madness nearly are allied.”

And he says, "he was thought to be mad this time, only because nature had furnished him with more discernment, reflexion, and fancy than his neighbours, and he had not prudence to conceal them; therefore he was found guilty of common sense, and sent to prison." According to his notion, Bedlam was the only quiet and rational society in the country, for the people out of doors were ten times more mad than those within; and all London should be a Bedlam, in order to restrain its mad inhabitants, one-half of whom were too mad to perceive the madness of the other half."

"Who," says he, "fit to live out of Bedlam, would spend half his life to gain one or two hundred thousand pounds, and then, instead of cutting with all risk and living like a lord upon his income, would dabble on to double it by new adventures, until he loses the whole, turns a bankrupt, and comes to dependance or beggary in his old age? I have known twenty such fools. Who, fit to live out of Bedlam, would dash in the stocks, at the constant risk of ruin? win a hundred thousand pounds one day, lose it the next by the same game; and then perhaps hang himself or cut his throat for vexation. But the good old city of London has lost its wits, you may depend on it. Your Aldermen are all turned Baronets and members of Parliament, your citizens are all esquires, and your beardless

boys all booted beaus or dashing bloods; your city wives and daughters are all ladies of fashion and luxury; nothing like plain joints and puddings, now a-days! Oh, no: cookery and cuckoldom go together; banquets and deserts, and all the wines of the world! And then comes your bankruptcy. Up to-day, down to-morrow. This year a villa, a chariot, or a curricule; the next a shabby lodging, broken shoes, and the top of the stage coach. Well, then, what would be said in the time of our grandfathers, to a projector who would offer to light all the lamps and shops in London with the smoke of pit-coal? Would people then think a man sane, who should not only say he could make mills to spin and looms to weave, but ships to sail against wind and tide by the steam of hot-water? or cause a coach to run without horses? or make a snuff-box to play half a dozen tunes, and no one near them; or a wooden-puppet walk across the stage, salute the company, play concertos on a trumpet, beat any antagonist at chess, drafts, or dominos, and perform many other wonders? or who should teach dogs to play cards, or horses to tell fortunes? or who would propose to drive mail-coaches through iron tubes five hundred miles a day, or establish sea-water baths at Hornsey or Primrose Hills, and pump up the tide from Southend to supply them? I should not be surprised at seeing a wooden Par-

liament worked by steam, or wooden clergy, to serve out sermons and devotions from the churches to the parishioners' houses, like pipe-water or coal-gas, through tubes. And, by the way, this would save a devilish deal of money, in bribes and pensions, tythes, and parish-dues. Why," he would say, "I came in here for quietness, to avoid being hit by some city-baronet or mad stock-jobber; or run over by a citizen's coach, or crushed to dust under the wheels of a waggon at full gallop. I hope those d——d fellows wo'n't break in upon us here, to disturb our comfort."

Such were the wild notions that played round poor L——y's fancy. He had a prolific genius for inventions, if they were only practicable; and perhaps, under a better education, and earlier care to direct his capacity, such a mind might have been of service to his country.

One of his freaks was the invention of a plan for an aquatic engine to be fixed on the River Thames, between Blackfriars and Southwark bridges, which, by the aid of proper apparatus, might prevent the destruction of St. Paul's Cathedral if it should ever take fire, and thus protect that noble structure. Similar plans he thought might be adopted in every part of England, and save the necessity of fire insurance offices. But just as he had matured his project, and had almost brought it to perfection in his own mind, some

other little whims, combined with this plan, procured him a return to his old quarters here.

While he continued he was very flighty, but tolerably quiet; with the harmless exception of a little noise, singing, dancing, and ornamental writing on the walls, at which last he was very expert and skilful.

He was discharged well, on the 20th of May, 1821, and has since continued so.

ARTHUR THUROGOOD.

Aged twenty-eight, admitted 12th October 1820. This was an assistant surgeon and apothecary, from Chigwell, in Essex. His malady was of a periodical nature; seldom well above ten or fifteen days together. While he continued well, no man could behave better; but when ill he was extremely wild. He was pretty generally in restraint of some kind or other; but principally the belt and handcuffs. He delighted in being put in restraint, and would frequently ask the keeper to put on the belt and handcuffs; for then, as he said, "he had free liberty to do what he pleased." He was for ever at some mischief or other. He got some rags, and stuffed up the hole of the stone trough, or sink, pumped it full of water, and, with his clothes on, laid him-

self at full length in it; but, being disturbed, he jumped out in a furious passion, wrenched off the handle of the pump, and began to smash the windows, menacing all around him. He, however, was secured before he did any mischief, except breaking seventeen squares of glass. He was all laughter and mimicry, accompanied at times with violence. He once kicked a keeper, named Roberts, on the knee, in such a manner as laid him up for a long time.

He was continually boasting about his professional business: how he fagged, how he rode; what miracles he performed in his profession; all day, all night, at all distances, and all the toils he went through during the period of his practice. He performed more than any other man, effected more miraculous cures, attended more women in child-bed, was more successful in cases of accidents, than any man since the days of Esculapius; and although Chigwell is but a small village, he would have it believed that he set more limbs, healed more wounds, and repaired more accidents than actually happen in the field of battle between two contending armies, and attended more accouchements than usually occur in a rabbit-warren. His probationary time of twelve months had expired in the hospital; but, as the physicians had still hopes of his ultimate recovery, the period was extended; regular bleed-

ing was resorted to, he got better every day, continued well for some months, and was finally discharged cured, 14th March 1822, and has remained well ever since. He was naturally a well-disposed young man, but certainly much disordered.

JOHN BAKER.

Of Middlesex, aged fifty-four years, and admitted on the 18th May 1820. The mind of this wretched man, at his advanced years, had become the victim of a most singular, though unfounded notion, that he had had an unnatural connexion——: and so fully was he persuaded of this fact, and so horrified at his imaginary guilt, that no power of persuasion could convince him to the contrary, or abate the miseries of his remorseful conscience. His constant exclamation, while under this delirium, was "Oh, my God! Oh, my God! I shall certainly go to hell, and be burnt alive for ever." He imagined the coppers in the kitchen were prepared to boil him, the oven to bake him, and the fires to roast him; that every vessel of water, though but a bucket-full, was intended to drown him; that the heavens were tumbling down on him; that every razor he saw was to cut his throat, every knife to

dissect him, and all the workmen's saws and hatchets to cut him asunder; their chissels, gimlets, awls, and nails to pierce him; their mallets and hammers to beat out his brains, their ropes and lines to hang him. He expected every moment that he was to be torn to pieces, and devoured by dogs, tigers, lions, wolves, bears; that the houses would fall on him, and the earth open and swallow him up. When the least noise disturbed him, he would exclaim, with marked terror, "Oh, Heavens! here they come! oh, what shall I do? where shall I run? how shall I hide myself?"

His distracted fancy constantly pictured the supposed object to his vision, and he would exclaim, with closed and elevated hands, in a despondent tone: "Oh, you detested brute, I wish to God I had never seen you! Curse you! you have been my ruin and destruction, you hateful, ill-looking, lean old devil: Oh, dear me! dear me! what shall I do?" He believed all the meat served up to the dinner-table was horse-flesh, and the beef in the peas-soup to be the flesh of dead men, cut up and boiled in it, for crimes like his own.

He remained twelve months in this hospital in this deplorable condition, and was ultimately discharged incurable. He had a wife and children; and, to aggravate his misery, if possible, when he returned to his parish he found that his

faithless wife had increased his family by a young child about a month old; and, what was still worse, that the father of this child, was his own brother!!

Poor Baker was to others a harmless and inoffensive man, though a most deplorable object of pity, and incapable of any relief or abatement of the horrors of his distracted mind.

HENRY SNELLING,

Aged thirty-nine, a native of London, and admitted on the 27th July 1820. When this patient was admitted he was in a high state of derangement; but was discharged finally cured, on the 20th of March 1821.

Like other maniacs, though his mind was wild and extravagant on most subjects that happened for the moment to occupy his memory or attention, he had his favourite topic which prevailed over all others, and seemed to be the main spring of his delusions.

This was with him his imaginary skill in bridge-building; in which, according to his notions, his operations were perfectly magical. He boasted of having built Waterloo-bridge in four days, and the Southwark-bridge in two hours. All the bridges over the Thames belonged to him, as did

the Mansion-house, Carlton-house, and Somerset-house; and all the turnpike-tolls in England were his property. Any building wheresoever, in which he had once set his foot, became instantly his: and this was his reason for coming to reside in Buckingham-house (by which name he stiled Bethlem-hospital). But to his imaginary skill, and his extensive possessions on these points, he was also an excellent whip; and talked frequently of his dexterity in driving gigs, tandems, and curricles, better than any man in England, and of his deep knowledge in horse-flesh, and the pedigrees of the turf.

On the same day that he came into the hospital there was also admitted a poor woman named Abigail Rees. She was brought in secured in a straight-waistcoat, which was fastened in a very slovenly manner, so that the strings hung loosely about her, before and behind.

Snelling, who marched about with a very knowing strut, observed her sharply for a little time: but his fancy instantly perverted the faculty of vision, and she was changed, in his view, to a very different sort of personage.

He called, with an air of authority, to one of the keepers, and pointing to Abigail Rees, said: "I say, hostler! you see that mare, don't you?" The keepers answered, "Oh yes, your honour." "Well, then," returned Snelling, "I can assure

you she is one of the very best bits of blood in this country. Her sire was the son of old Eclipse, and her dam was the Duke of Devonshire's first breeding-mare, Catherine. I drove her in harness to Brighton yesterday, to see the Prince Regent, in thirty-nine minutes and twelve seconds, by my stop-watch; and this morning I drove her back to town in twelve minutes and thirty-nine seconds. To be sure, there is something to be said for the longer time in yesterday's journey, because I stopped to dine on the road, and purchased some houses on the way, by just putting my foot into them: but to day she dashed forward at such a rate, she played the devil with my hands, in striving to rein her in. See," said he, "how she has broken the reins," taking hold of the loose strings of the straight-waistcoat.

Poor Abigail seemed quite angry, and rushed away from him with great indignation. "I say, hostler," continued Snelling, "take care she don't kick or bite you; she's d——d vicious."

Many months afterwards, when this man's derangement had considerably abated, and he was almost well, he assured the keepers that he remembered this occurrence perfectly, and that for a long time subsequent he believed the woman was a mare, and that all he had said about her at the time was perfectly true.

GENIUS SPARALEIU,

Aged near fifty, and admitted nearly three years since. This patient is a Neapolitan. He was tried at Maidstone assizes on a criminal charge of attempting to violate his own niece; but was found to be insane, and was transferred hither from Maidstone gaol. This man, though not the most frantic, is certainly one of the most troublesome and refractory patients on this establishment. In other times he would be considered as possessed by a daemon of discontent, for he is certainly one of the most noisy, grumbling, querulent, stubborn, and implacable geniuses that this asylum has ever entertained, and such is his constant practice from morning to night the year round.

He is, besides, extremely cunning and artful; knows perfectly well what he says and does, and is so inveterately dissatisfied with being confined, as he says, for nothing at all, that he sometimes refuses to take his food until it is forced upon him.

ROBERT CARTER,

From Greenwich, aged fifty, admitted 20th April 1820. This little fellow, whose height is not quite five feet, had been formerly a sheriff's-

officer; and, like other artists, probably owed his mental malady to his ardent pursuits in the exercise of his profession. He was always cheerful, alert, and loquacious, and boasted incessantly of his stratagems, exploits, and intrepidity in his important occupation. All impediments to his captures that bolts, bars, gates, doors, or the cautions of the debtor could interpose, vanished before his shrewdness, courage, activity and address. He made innumerable captions which no other officer was to be found willing or daring enough to undertake: no danger to his own life could damp his zeal, or defeat his enterprize. He totally disregarded the menaces of death and destruction in all their forms: guns, pistols, swords, daggers, knives, razors, or bludgeons were trifles to him. "I wanted no assistance; I watched my opportunity," said he, and entered the house alone, by the back-door, or the area, or a window, and, desiring the debtor to surrender, I seized him as a spider would seize a fly, brought him off, lodged him in the spunging-house, and was then ready, able, and willing for another job."

Never did the keenest sportsman evince more apparent delight in recounting his adventures, and detailing his success in pursuing and seizing his game, whom he styled the "shy cocks," and the numberless stratagems he contrived to lure them to his toils.

But his skill was by no means confined to this profession: his genius took a much wider range; and amongst other projects, he chiefly attended to the manufacture of shoe-blacking, which he brought to such perfection as far to surpass all the efforts of Day and Martin, Turner, Warren, Healey, and the whole tribe of his japaning competitors. He talked like an inspired amateur of the inestimable qualities of his liquid jet, tint, gloss, adapted to all climates, water-proof, a specific preserver of leather against cock-chafers, black-beetles, and white ants, and would not soil the most delicate fingers or nicest silk-socking. This was well known to all who tried it; and it was the envy and malice of his rivals that brought him here: but he would soon get out, ruin them all to a man, and make his own fortune.

In this notion he seemed quite happy; was always cheerful, sang, smoked, and recounted his exploits with much seeming triumph.

This poor fellow was discharged cured about the latter end of 1820.

JOHN HARTLAND.

Of Bosbury, in Herefordshire, aged fifty-eight, admitted January 20th 1820. This poor old eccentric had been a farmer and butcher; and,

according to his own fanciful account, was eminent for his great wealth, as well as for his scientific management in agriculture, and his extensive credit. Half Herefordshire belonged to him. He purchased splendid houses and extensive estates at auctions, without sixpence in his pocket towards paying the purchase-money, for no one doubted his means of payment. He invented a new mode of thatching hay and corn-stacks, by tiling them over-like the roofs of houses. The subject of tythes had apparently occupied much of his temper as well as his genius. He hated all parsons: he quarrelled with the rector of his own parish, who lived near him, and to annoy him, he would blow an imaginary horn from his own window all night. He used occasionally to follow the rector to market; and at one time continued to annoy him by blowing this horn at his ear all round the market-place, and seemed highly tickled at the recollection of this imaginary prank.

He was constantly occupied by some ingenious invention, according to his own story, and contrived many new-fangled fish-ponds, dove-cotes, ploughs, threshing-machines, gates, and fences; planted trees, and contrived many whimsical erections, of which he talked without order or regularity.

It is a rule of this establishment, that when

calm patients are insensible to the calls of nature, they are removed from the upper galleries to the basement story, where they sleep on straw. This man, who was remarkably cleanly in his habits, conceived a strong dislike to his keeper up stairs, and could not agree with him : and this antipathy was probably increased by an attachment he had contracted for the keeper in the basement story. He had applied several times to be removed down to that part of the building, without effect : but at length he drew upon his inventions for a stratagem to obtain his object, which was by plastering his bed, sheets, blankets, and the floor and walls of his apartment with filth, and this operation gained his point.

His malady after a considerable time so far abated, that he was permitted to go out on a month's leave of absence ; he came back apparently quite well, returned thanks, and was discharged cured on the 7th of December 1820, and returned to his small farm. But the state of agricultural affairs were not calculated to keep him tranquil, nor revive his domestic attachments. He came home on a very cold night, and probably influenced by the spée of his recent disease, he forcibly turned his whole family out of doors, to seek shelter where they could from the severity of the weather amongst their neighbours, for the night ; and he then set down with perfect com-

posure, to enjoy the comforts of solitary meditation over a pitcher of ale and a pipe, and afterwards retired to bed.

PETER UPSDALE,

Aged thirty-four, London, admitted 15th March 1821. This patient was an attorney at law, and was in this hospital before, admitted August 10th, 1800. His disease soon abated, and he was discharged quite well, on the 19th of October in the same year. But probably a recurrence to his former intercourse and round of amusement again disordered his mind, and he was sent back here on the day above-named.

A high notion of professional superexcellence is a very usual accompaniment to the state of mind which brings patients to this asylum. The memory takes its share in the common delusions of the other mental faculties. The ideas associate more intimately with the incidents of former habits; and poor Mr. Upsdale, probably impressed with a permanent notion of his own pre-eminence in the knowledge of his profession, still thought he had no equal in the skill and practice of an attorney; and when high mounted on this hobby, which was one of his favourite nags, his details were as amusing as wild. According

to his own story, no man was more profoundly skilled in the laws of his country, or the practice of the courts, above and below; and so sharp was he, that he never lost a cause he once undertook. The other side, whether plaintiff or defendant, always shook in their shoes where he was concerned: he once went into court with a most intricate and hopeless case, but he astonished the whole bar, flatly contradicted the judge, bothered the special jury, and carried the verdict with a high hand, "and swinging damages with double costs."

But though professionally a limb of the law, his excellence there was minor, and but secondary to his talents on the race-course: that was his favourite field of action; he was a horse jockey by nature. The dull drudgeries of the desk and Westminster Hall were not for his lively taste, and therefore he relinquished the law list for the Racing Kalendar: deserted John Doe and the court for the hippodrome, the bang-up club, the chariot race, and the turf.

Not only was he the first whip in the kingdom, and up to every thing on wheels, from a sky phaeton and six down to a tilbury, but was deeply skilled in horse-flesh, and quite at home with the pedigree of every bit of blood that had flourished at Newmarket, York, Epsom, or elsewhere, from the days of Eclipse, Hamiltonian, and Diamond, down to the present hour.

He knew all their sires and dams, to the tenth generation: could detail the histories of all the plates, sweepstakes, and heats they had won or lost; their triumphs in steeple-chases and trotting matches, and their flying feats over double ditches, high walls, and five-bar gates: with all the whens and wheres, and hours, and who were their riders: so "damn all *f-f's*, and *co-so's*, *quilans*, *trespasses*, and *travers*! The turf! the turf! was his darling sport!" and the constant topics of his conversation were his feats and fame at Newmarket, Carlisle, York, and Epsom. The superiority of his cattle and the numerous studs of "high-mettled racers" he always had ready for entry, to the number of twenty or thirty; and he deplored the interruption of his detention here, "as he must be at Newmarket by such or such a day, or lose immense sums depending on his bets, "play or pay."

Report says that this poor fellow was actually so infected by this hippomania, that he deserted his profession and became a convert to the studies of the stable in all the mysteries of physicing, bleeding, sweating, training, and the whole pharmacy of the veterinary school.

His ultimate delight was in dashing to a race-course in his knowing curricule, four-in-hand, quite in the Goldfinch stile; and, of course, he was considered by the sharps a finished greenhorn and fair

game; he was consequently cleaned out of all the money he could muster, until he had nothing to "carry on the war" but his taste, as an amateur, until his reason ran the wrong side of the post and brought him here.

Still, however, he talked of his numerous stud; the blood, bone, figure, movements, speed, vices and perfections of his cattle; their breeding, what they cost him, how the natives were astonished at their excellence, what immense sums they had won, and what wonders he would do in the racing world whenever he could get out.

Then his associates were all bloods of the first order, all tip-top Corinthians. He would rank with none other. He had driven about in prime sporting style, with the best appointments. His grooms, like his horses, were all blood: true Newmarket breed, up to anything. And as to himself, he was the best sporting judge on the turf, not excepting any member of the whole jockey club.

But, notwithstanding these imaginary notions of his great wealth and pre-eminence, the dashing Peter Upsdale was, in sober sadness, very poor; and, but for the management of his excellent wife, and the liberality of his friends, he would have been reduced to extreme indigence.

He was discharged from this asylum well, for the second time, in October 1822; since which he again called at the hospital in his carriage:

but his blood cattle have again run away with his understanding, and he has been lately consigned to a private madhouse.

HENRY JOSEPHS,

Aged twenty-six, admitted 20th December 1821. This unfortunate Israelite had been a travelling Jew pedlar, and, in times less enlightened, would seem to be really possessed by a demon of discord. Grumbling and discontent seemed to be the prevailing symptoms of his disorder; and his whole time, from morning till night, was occupied in growling and finding fault with everything about him, and endeavouring to render his fellow-patients as unhappy as himself. He totally denied all derangement, termed his confinement here "false imprisonment," and demanded to be brought to his trial. The food, the drink, the treatment, were all unwholesome and bad. He was extremely noisy and violent by day and night, tore his clothes to pieces at times, and frequently required restraint. He was brought here from Drury-lane, where he lived, very much deranged. He then had lately come from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he had been dealing rather too largely in the profits of his calling. He was there taken before a magistrate for selling a most capital

watch to an honest Scotsman for fifty shillings, which cost himself but twenty-three shillings: but the bargain was rescinded by the magistrate, and Josephs was forced to return the purchase money. His vexation at being thus foiled was the leading cause of his derangement.

He sometimes amused himself in epistolary correspondence with his friends, and was extremely anxious to be replaced here by some substitute.

The following is a specimen, addressed to his mother:

“ DEAR, UNGRATEFUL MOTHER :

“ I HAVE been here ten days ; long enough, I think ; almost starved, and my boots without any soles. I think it very hard to be kept here so long, especially as my brothers have not been kept here too. Why don't you send my brother Charles here, and take me home ? He has as much right to be here as I have. Besides, you might find a substitute for a trifle of money. There are plenty of soldiers and sailors who have been discharged, and who would come here in my place for a trifle : and I would pay you again.

“ I am, dear ungrateful mother,

“ Your unhappy son, &c. &c.”

He was sometimes tolerably tranquil, but never

without grumbling. When a little high, his habit was to continue all night complaining of his unjust confinement and hard treatment. But this he chaunted in a sort of poetic manner, of which the following couplets may serve as a specimen :

— Confined here :
Oh, dear !
What a shame !
Who's to blame ?
— my eyes,
What blow'd lies,
Brought me here ?
Never fear !
Where's my mother ?
And my leather ?
Come in here,
Conscience clear,
Newcastle-on-Tyne,
That's the time :

" Sold a watch,
Nab'd a catch.
Stopp'd my gig,
What a rigg !
License now,
What a row !
All's well :
Go to hell !
Who's there ?
Bring some beer !
Half starved,
Nothing carved !"

This " sweet singer of Israel" obtained a month's leave of absence on the 18th of July, and was finally discharged, cured, on the 1st of August 1822: he is now at liberty to follow his professional calling.

JOHN BOYETT,

Aged thirty-four, admitted 9th of August 1821. This man appeared to have been originally an ignorant, self-conceited, ambitious country fellow, full of low cunning; which was sufficiently apparent, even through the veil of his derangement. The leading traits of his malady were, a notion that he was to inherit an immense fortune, and an inveterate itch for reform. He imagined that he was sent to this institution expressly for the purpose of correcting abuses, and establishing a new system of management; and, under the influence of this whim, he became quite busy and inquisitive, found fault with every thing, complained of every body, and declaimed in his way against every department. The physicians, the stewards, the keepers, the cook, and the very gardener were, according to him, all doing wrong, and were the persons he particularly came to look after. He was very busy in communicating his purposes amongst such as he met in the gallery and airing ground; and as he could not write eligibly himself, he employed an old patient, named Moore, as his secretary. All transactions that struck his notice were immediately noted down by his dictation, with his own comments upon them. One of the first results he expected

from his vigilance and activity was, that he should be appointed keeper in chief. He applied to the physician for the purpose, and assured his companions that he was immediately to have the charge of a gallery, as the present keeper there was found unfit. He had an excellent knack at making mischief, exciting discontent, and promoting quarrels amongst his simple associates, by telling tales of one to the other, eliciting resentments, and then reporting what he heard to the others: and thus he set them together by the ears, proving himself more of a knave than a simpleton. He was greatly disappointed in finding he was about to be discharged without the promotion he so confidently expected; and he wrote a letter to his aunt, stating that as he intended to begin business for himself, as soon as he should get out, he wanted some part of the great fortune, which he imagined he was to possess some time or other, to begin the world with, as he was quite tired of being a labourer, and knew more of his business than any other man.

The following copy of one of his letters, indited with a piece of burnt stick on whited-brown paper, will afford a specimen of his epistolary stile.

“ DEAR HAUNT:

“ Hi hop u wil excus this lettar, has hi ham gon to bee discharg, hand wil cum to se u wen

hi av mone in my poket—wen I wil av plessure,
i wis u too sen mee for ponds to by a jakhass hand
cart to sel grens too the hopital, has hi ham
promised: hi will pa u bak wen hi can.

“ hi ham,

“ loving hant,

“ ure lovin

“ frend,

“ JOHN BOWETT.”

THOMAS DRIVER,

Aged twenty-six, from Feversham, in Kent,
admitted 11th October 1821. This little fellow,
consistently enough with his name, was a postil-
lion; and his disease was the result of excessive
drinking: a failing but too common with his fra-
ternity.

He came to this hospital from a private mad-
house, where he had been confined some time.
He could not believe that he laboured under any
derangement; his sole misfortune was his having
lost such immense sums of money, and being un-
lawfully kept out of his rights. He boasts that
he was the cleverest fellow in England in his pro-
fession, and would not turn his back on the first
whip on any road in the kingdom. His ambition

for excellence in this way seemed to be his ruling passion. He would challenge all the whipsters in England to drive twenty horses in harness against him; and alleges he could do more with them than any other man he ever saw. He thought himself immensely rich, and that the man who passed for his master at Feversham was only his servant: but he himself chose to drive a post-chaise merely for his amusement. He says his coming to this place was merely a hoax upon him: he however soon found out the difference, and he began to make himself useful in the gallery. He was a smart, active young fellow. Continued care and temperance brought him to his rational notions, and he was discharged well, on the 21st February 1822. Probably by a return to his old practices, and the nature of his occupation, he again became deranged, and was presented here for re-admission; but it was discovered that he had become paralytic, of which he had formerly evinced some symptoms, and he was rejected of course.

CHARLES PORCHIRITZ,

From Fribourg, in Prussia, aged forty five, admitted November 15th, 1821. This poor Prussian tailor had been employed for fifteen years at

D'Oyley's warehouse in the Strand, was an excellent workman, bore a good character, and came here deranged from St. Clement's workhouse.

The *green-eyed monster*, *Jealousy*, seems to be the familiar spirit that rules his frenzied imagination, and a strong suspicion and a fancied conviction of his wife's inconstancy, was either the original source, or the perpetual concomitants of his disorder; and the feats of Messalina were nothing to the extent and variety of amours he imputed to her, without the slightest foundation. He used to enumerate a French Count, an English tailor, some publicans, besides other Englishmen, and a long assortment of Germans, Russians, Prussians, Italians, Swedes, Danes, Hanoverians, and Irish; these he would reckon on his fingers until he worked himself up to a furious passion, and then exclaim in a loud tone—"Yesh! by G—, all deir countries—and Greek and Turks has she been wid—I will kill her, by G—, a plood b—h."

He was continually amusing himself with working at his trade, and spoiling every thing he attempted to repair. He padded his own coat with flocks from his bed; he turned his pantaloons, and put the seams outward. He was so enraged with his wife, that her life was endangered whenever she came to see him; and his young child,

which she brought one day in her arms, he swore was a young baboon, and that its father lives at Exeter Change. He was not generally violent here, though he frequently evinced a strong disposition that way, when offended. He was always anxious to get out, and was very importunate for his discharge from Dr. Monro.

His manner of preparing his bed for his night's repose was curious: first he would throw bed and bedding upon the floor, then lay a large blanket and one sheet on the sacking of the bedstead, afterward he spread the second sheet and another blanket, third came the bed, and over that a blanket and a rug; then, undressing, he would get in on the undermost sheet, with the bed and other drapey over him, and thus he lay snug in press until morning, and this was his regular habit.

He fancied himself immensely rich, and intended to pay off all the debts of Government. He had the most confirmed opinions in all his whims, and his eccentricities were beyond the ordinary class of madmen. He was discharged paralytic, on the 4th of April 1822, and is again extremely ill at his own home in Goswell-street.

STEPHEN ST—M—E,

Aged thirty-two, admitted 28th June 1821. This patient had been once in very respectable life, was occupied as a ship-broker, and his derangement was ascribed to heavy losses and disappointments in business. He appeared to have been a very genteel man; perfectly harmless and well conducted for some time after his first admission: but afterwards his disorder became high. He tore his clothes, and became, in his opinion, a very great man. He had in his own hands the insurance of all outward-bound ships from the River Thames to every part of the globe; and, in fact, no ship left the river without having Mr. St—m—e's seal affixed to her. He knew every body by name, but none by sight. He transacted all his business without ever seeing the principals; and ever since he came here he had done, in imagination, insurance business to the extent of hundreds of thousands.

He was at all times very cheerful, danced and sang, and made many promises of conferring numerous appointments and lucrative situations on his poor fellow patients. He was at length found to be paralytic, and was discharged. His friends were respectable, and he was known to many opulent merchants in London.

JOHN BURROWES,

Aged twenty-seven, admitted 5th of April 1821. This poor fellow had been a menial servant, sometimes occupied as a coachman, and at others as a labourer about a farm-yard. He became religiously affected: turning from the ways of sin, the flesh, and the labour of industry, he was initiated in the spirit and became a methodist. He was here remarkable for his taciturnity, "because in much discourse there was sin;" but whenever he broke silence it was always on some religious topic, and every occurrence of the day excited him to some quotation from the Holy Scripture. He seemed much read in the Old and New Testaments and Common Prayer-Book; John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and other spiritualized allegories; books of hymns, psalms, and meditations; Baxter's *Shove*, *Call to the Elect*, &c., and perfectly knew the road to heaven; but the evil spirit constantly opposed his progress, and drove him back. His struggles with the wicked one were very great, and he hoped that, ere long, he should conquer and be called. Sometimes his fellow-patients who were recovering would ridicule his sanctity, and call him a *Pax-tyler*; but he would on those occasions stoutly disclaim methodism, and profess himself a staunch church of

England man. No monk could evince a stronger propensity to self-mortification; and, amongst other contrivances for self-punishment, he used to prick pinholes in his face and hands until they were smeared with blood; and he frequently tied a handkerchief round his neck so tight, that it nearly choked him.

He was ever bewailing his former blindness in the spirit, and the aberrations of his past life; but hoped, by self-mortification, prayer, and good works, that he might still be saved. He acknowledged, with great penitence, his having once stolen some hams, in company with accomplices: but he received no part of the profit, though he shared the blame; and this he hoped would extenuate the offence. He was always prompt in scriptural quotations, and applied them on all occasions, whether reading, eating, drinking, washing, or however otherwise employed.

He remained here until the expiration of twelve months, and was then taken to a private madhouse at Bethnal Green, on the 30th of April 1832, where he still remains.

JOHN NICHOLSON,

Aged sixty, admitted about two years since. This is a north-countryman. He was convicted

of a violent assault on a man of whom he was jealous: but was deemed to be insane, and consigned to a mad-house. At present, and for some time past, he appears, in his calm moments, quite sane, rational, quiet, and well-behaved; but is apt to be very irritable and passionate on the slightest provocation.

WILLIAM DRAPER,

Aged forty-six, admitted August 9th 1821. This man had been a labourer in agriculture, and when he came in was highly disordered and violent. Judging from the effects, it would appear that his derangement originated in fanaticism and superstition. His chief amusement was twirling his head about, like a watchman's rattle; which, of itself, would have been sufficient to addle his brain and excite distraction. His notion was, "that by so doing he kept off evil spirits, sin, and wickedness." Sometimes, on being asked why he twirled his head thus, he answered, "to make bubbles in the water, and keep them off (the evil spirits); and if I was not to do it, you would soon have them down upon you, and be all devoured up."

Sometimes he was doing so "to turn the planets

in their proper places, keeping off fogs, damps, and heat."

This man had the repute of being much better informed than most others in his sphere of life; but the poor fellow has exemplified the maxim of the poet, that

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

As a ploughman, a mower, a thrasher, and an agriculturer, he is said to have no competent rival in his county. His head is conically formed, like a sugar-loaf, and might afford an eligible topic for the speculations of Spurzheim, or any other of the craniologists. He was discharged an idiot, on the 13th December 1821.

JAMES W—L,

London, aged twenty-nine, admitted May 10th 1821. This young man had been a patient in this hospital before, and had continued here for twelve months, when he was placed on the incurable list; but having got much better, and continuing to improve for some time, six months' leave of absence was granted him, at the expiration of which period he came back completely well, returned thanks to the governors, and was discharged perfectly cured.

The character and symptoms of this patient's

disorder were extremely curious and singular. When the paroxysm came on, however he happened to be situated, his whole frame from head to foot became stiff, as if all his joints and muscles were ossified. His eyes, though staring open, became fixed, and he foamed at the mouth. If sitting or walking when his fit came on, he would instantly fall to the ground, generally extended at full length on his back, with the same symptoms of rigid stiffness and insensibility: his eyes, open and inclined upward, were insensible to the touch of a hand passed over them, which did not produce the slightest wink. No symptom of animation remained, with the exception of breathing: but this so faintly as to be scarcely perceptible. His condition in all other respects resembled death; and in this state he would sometimes continue for one, two, three, and even four days, without any apparent change. He could not be induced on those occasions to eat or take any kind of sustenance; except, under the direction of medical gentlemen, when rich broths were passed by injection sufficient to sustain nature: but of this he seemed quite unconscious. During the fits his whole person was literally as stiff as a plank, and he might be raised to a perpendicular, and carried from place to place like a ladder, without the least appearance of flexibility. Towards the termination of those paroxysms, when a hand was

passed over the eye-balls they would sometimes move, which was a prognostic of his recovery : and on being roused from his stupor, he recollected nothing of what had passed ; but he would speak of dreams, visions, heaven, hell, and the strange things he had seen, at least with " his mind's eye." Visions which, with the fanatical disciples of Hannah Southcote, would have stamped him a sealed prophet, and sanctioned as divine revelations the wild dreams of his disordered fancy. After those fits he always appeared weak and dejected. He was a very fine young man, powerful and active, and had served as a master's-mate in the Royal Navy.

When formerly confined here he was at times extremely violent ; and on one occasion attacked one of the keepers, and did him considerable injury. He is heir to a considerable property in the neighbourhood of Dulwich, but his right of possession still hangs vacillating in the glorious uncertainty of the law.

He was discharged quite cured on the 28th of February 1822, after a month's previous leave of absence.

PETER MAXWELL.

Aged twenty-three, from London, admitted here about a year since, and had been previously

confined six years in the Penitentiary at Millbank, to which place he was committed in commutation for his sentence of transportation for seven years, incurred by his conviction for picking pockets, in which profession he was an eminent adept; nor does the length of his confinement, or the nature of his insanity, seem in the least to have altered his taste for that pursuit.

On being asked how he obtained a living in all his former life, he answered: "by thieving, to be sure."

"How would you get your living again, if you were sent out?"

"By thieving, to be sure: nothing like it."

He became deranged while in the Penitentiary, and still continues so. He is said to have been a thief ever since his childhood. His person is diminutive, and his habits slovenly and uncleanly.

JOSEPH MASON,

Aged thirty-five, admitted here about two years since. This dangerous maniac is a Yorkshire-man, and was convicted of the murder of his own brother by cutting off his head, but as it was the result of insanity, he was ultimately consigned to this place. In general he appears to be a silly simpleton, but on that account is the more dangerous,

because his fits of fury burst forth suddenly, and when the least expected. He lately attacked another patient, for some imaginary cause, and would have effectually despatched him but for the timely interposition of the keepers. He is quite persuaded that the keepers only detain him for their own gratification, and might liberate him at any time they chose: he is, therefore, constantly importunate with them to let him go; and extremely displeased at their refusal to comply. He cannot be trusted without strict vigilance.

JOHN NISBETT.

Aged about forty, admitted two years since. This patient is a native of Scotland. He was tried and convicted of breaking open a dwelling-house, robbing it of various articles, and sent to the Hulks; but he there became insane, and was sent here at the period above mentioned.

When he first came to this hospital, he appeared quite rejoiced at his lucky change of quarters. Freed from his irons, which were as usual rivetted on, exempted from labour, and comfortably lodged and fed, he appeared quite happy at his removal to so good a place. In his tranquil intervals his conversation is quite rational, and betrays not the least symptom of insanity; but, on

the contrary, he shews all the characteristics of his native shrewdness. He drives a small tobacco trade here, under the rose, amongst his fellow-patients, many of whom are immoderately fond of that article; and by this traffic he takes good care not to be a loser. But, notwithstanding his occasional shrewdness, he is far from being generally sane, for he has frequent intervals of alternate cheerfulness and melancholy. When high, he sings and dances as if elevated with liquor; but when low, he is quite sunk and depressed. Upon the whole, however, he is tolerably quiet and well-conducted.

WILLIAM CHAPPLE,

Aged thirty-six, London, admitted May 3d 1821. This wretched man had been a working engineer, employed for many years under the late Mr. Rennie. His malady commenced without any assignable cause, and the derangement of his own mental machinery was discovered from the wildness and absurdity of some of his operations. He purchased several immense logs of wood to build a hen-house, which he constructed with much labour; but when finished, although it was sufficiently large and strong to contain several elephants, yet it could neither accommo-

date or secure his poultry. While at work for Mr. Rennie, it was observed that all he did for a considerable time was irregular and imperfect, and finally he appeared quite deranged. He was brought to this institution, and during the period he remained, confinement seemed intolerable to him, and his invention was constantly at work to find his way out. At doors, windows, privies, and every aperture, however small, he attempted escape, in vain. His prayers and intreaties to obtain the loan of the keys from the keepers were alike ineffectual. He frequently attempted to squeeze himself through the interstices between the iron-bars, and over the top of the iron-gate, leading from the basement-gallery to the airing-ground, a width of about five inches. It was soon perceived that this patient was paralytic, and therefore he was discharged on the 24th of May 1821. He was afterwards sent to a private asylum at Somers Town, from which he soon escaped, and rambled about the fields, almost naked, for several days, until he was nearly starved to death. His friends advertised a reward for finding him, and he was at last found near Enfield, lying in a ditch, in a miserable state, with no other clothing than his old flannel drawers. He was brought home to his friends, but found to be so unmanageable that he was sent to St. Luke's hospital, from which he was afterwards

dismissed for the like cause of paralysis, which procured his discharge from Bethlem. His wife, probably displeased at his dismissal, fancied that he had been cruelly treated in St. Luke's, and caused a statement of his sufferings to be inserted in some of the newspapers; but whether this story was founded on the wild tale of a lunatic, or whether the governors of St. Luke's took the trouble to investigate the charge, the writer is not informed.

EDWARD WHENNELL,

Aged fifty-five, admitted 25th of April 1822. This man came from Hornchurch, in Essex. He was a labourer, and had been confined here a patient six years ago. Want of employment, and consequent distress, are assigned as the causes of his derangement. But, whatever might have been his disposition in a state of sanity, nothing can be of worse character than his manners, destitute of all influence of morality or discretion; and which, but for the plea of his disorder, would entitle him to no reception elsewhere, save in Bridewell or the Hulks. He is, in fact, a compound of bad qualities; savage, ignorant, unfeeling, selfish, full of low cunning, an inveterate pilferer, so that no trifle, however small, can escape his fingers. He is destitute of

all natural feeling or regard for his wife and five children, who never seem to cost him a thought, still less a sigh. He has no more notion of religion of any kind than a horse: he has, in fact, no concern for any person beyond himself. Eating and drinking are his favourite amusements, which he enjoys like a hog; and tobacco the sole idol of his worship, and of which he uses an incredible quantity, by night and day, in the most filthy manner. He is quite insensible to reprimand or reproach: he cares not what any one says of him. His thieving propensities extend to every thing he can lay hands on: provisions, thread, old rags, spoons, knives, forks, skewers, &c.; and his pockets, hat, bosom, and every part of his clothing which he can convert to a receptacle, are continually filled with trash of all descriptions.

Added to these accomplishments, every sentence he utters is accompanied by an oath, or an imprecation, or some blasphemous expression: in fact, he is a most profane and profligate wretch, and very little removed from a brute.

Perhaps it may be thought illiberal, to arraign those vices in a wretched man deprived of his reason; but they are by no means the growth of temporary insanity, and must have had their origin in his disposition and conduct long before insanity commenced.

Previously to his last commitment hither, he

attempted, in a fit of treacherous fury, to murder his wife and children; and would, most likely, have succeeded in this sanguinary and atrocious purpose, but for the timely interference of a neighbour.

He obtained a month's leave of absence, on the 26th of last September, but has not since returned.

URBAN METCALF.

London, aged forty-seven, admitted January 3d 1822. This man was one of the class of lunatic visitants, who some years since, during the life of his late Majesty, were so assiduous and troublesome in their visits to Buckingham House, and their endeavours to gain admission there. He has been frequently, in the course of the last eighteen years, deranged, and in different places of confinement on that account. He was discharged from this hospital on the 12th November 1818; but was afterwards sent hither, by an order from the Secretary of State, and on the 11th of April 1822 was liberated by the same authority, and discharged well.

When in his state of derangement, his propensity was to claim as his own property the royal palaces at Windsor, Kew, St. James's, Buckingham House, &c.; and he would frequently visit

them all, and take imaginary possession of them, by contriving to get within their entrances. He did not imagine himself to be the king, but that the king had no right to those palaces, as they were his property; and he therefore demanded that they might be surrendered to him.

His ordinary employment for livelihood had been hawking laces, garters, braces, &c. about the country; and while in this house, he was generally employed in knitting garters. He conducted himself very properly; he was well acquainted with the history of Bedlam, and was continually passing his remarks upon the whole system of management adopted here, which sometimes he approved, and at others censured. Not the minutest circumstance in the conduct of physicians, keepers, or patients, escaped his notice or observation; and when discharged, in 1818, he published a pamphlet on the management of the hospital, and was pretty free in his criticisms upon all points that did not square with his notions of propriety.

He was a neat little man, of peculiar aspect: his face curiously formed, small and sallow, with a stiff black beard; his eyes diminutive, black, and piercing, like those of a water-rat.

Since his last discharge from this place he has again become deranged, and is confined at an asylum in York.

JOHN PHIPPARD,

Aged thirty-three, admitted 18th April 1822. This man came from Milton Abbey, Dorsetshire; had been a gentleman's servant, and since a labourer. The leading character of this patient's malady is the shortness of its intermittent periods, which scarcely ever exceed three or four days, before he again relapses for a similar time; and thus the alternation continues from time to time.

When in his state of distraction, he will stand for hours together, with his eyes fixed on the ground, until roused from his reverie by the approach of strangers, or the physicians, or any person not familiar to him; he will then start suddenly, stamp with his foot on the ground, and exclaim, in a loud voice, "God bless the king, and all the admirals—he would fight up to his neck in blood for them." He does not like the French; and every person he dislikes he calls a Frenchman. He drinks, in his small beer, "God bless and save the Government, and King George the IVth: he would sooner be transported to Newfoundland than die in France." His discourse is extremely wild and incoherent. During the short intervals that he continues tranquil, he is obliging, civil, quiet, and anxious to make himself useful: and indeed naturally an honest, industrious, good

kind of man; and, from the favourable symptoms of his convalescence, he will probably be soon discharged.

JOSEPH RICHARDSON,

Aged thirty-seven, admitted 24th January 1822. This man is, in stature, a minor giant, for he is six feet and four inches in height. He is a well-digger by profession, and so much attached to this art of sinking by his labours, that, on the first overt attack of his malady, he jumped down into a well, ninety feet deep, with a view to destroy himself; but was got up without much injury. Disappointed in his first attempt, he contrived again to get to the well, and repeated his experiment by another ninety-feet plunge, and again escaped alive, and without any great injury sustained. It was then thought high time to confine him, and since he was brought here he has acted very suspiciously; but a strict watch is constantly kept over him, to prevent suicide. He has once or twice taken a sly opportunity of getting at a pail, which he filled with water at the pump, and plunged his head into it, for the purpose of suffocation, which was prevented. When he cannot get at the pail, he takes the night-bowl in his room, fills it with water, or any liquid he

can procure, and plunges his head into it, for the like fatal purpose; but it is too shallow to answer his intentions.

It appears this man has two wives, both living, and four children by the second. Whether the double dose of matrimony, or fanaticism, had the effect of producing his disorder, is not certain: but, he says, his first spouse was troubled with fits, and, when one of those came on, she had the devil in her: she had them so frequently, that at last she became crazed, and was a wife fit for no man, according to his estimation, and therefore he got another.

He says he was a staunch Church of England-man all his life, until within these few years; but he dissented from the high church, and became a methodist, and from that time he has been made sensible of the enormity of his sins—sins of such magnitude, as can never be pardoned. He is usually sunk in mournful melancholy; and seldom, if ever, speaks, except to answer a question. He will remain for hours fixed like a statue in one position, with a long-drawn visage, the emblem of despair. When he sits down it is often difficult to raise him. He hates locomotion; refuses to go to his dinner, and says he would rather be cut into ten thousand pieces than go. The keepers are then obliged to carry him to dinner by force, and sometimes up stairs from the airing-ground, or

wherever this fancy takes him. He is deeply read in the Bible, and quotes promptly, from every part of the Scripture, texts which he thinks corroborate his desponding notions, but he says he cannot follow up what the Scriptures prescribe.

This poor fellow is a native of Somersetshire, where he married his first wife. He came here from Wrotham, in Kent, where he lived a long time, with an excellent character for honesty, sobriety, and industry: but from the time his mind received the first taint of fanaticism his delusion increased. So deeply has his melancholy struck root in his mind, that he has never been once seen to smile since his admission; and although he seems at times to get somewhat better, his case, on the whole, is rather hopeless.

WILLIAM SAVAGE.

Aged thirty, from St. Mary's Cray, Kent. This poor fellow was a journeyman paper-maker near the village he came from, with a family of a wife and three children. But jealousy, whether founded or not, seems to have originated his malady: for according to his own incoherent story, his faithless rib deserted and left him, without the cheering comforts of a partner in his conjugal cares. His misfortunes having driven him

from manufacturing paper, he has commenced a new trade since he came in here, of which his imagination is both the source and the market. In fact, he has established, in his own notion, a very thriving trade in hops and corn, and deals very largely in those commodities. He is always as busy in the airing ground here, in looking out for customers, as if he were in the Southwark hop-market, or in the Corn Exchange, Mark-lane. "Come," he will say to a fellow-maniac, "I can let you have ten tons of hops to-day very reasonable; or I can put you in a few hundred quarters of wheat well worth your money—come, I will not be hard with you, if you will make me any reasonable offer."

When he followed the paper trade he could earn, in his own notion, more money in an hour than two other men in a day, and was always "singly equal to eight men in a week." He is not of that irritable cast, like others, in whom the ardour of the mind emaciates the body; for he is as fat and unwieldy as if he still moved amongst all the plenty and strong ale of his native country, and had no other occupation than the amusements of food and drink. He has no activity, and takes but little exercise, except now and then when he takes a dancing fit, in which his motions fall not much short of the grace and vivacity of an accomplished bear. He is incor-

rightly addicted to dirt and slovenliness, and generally has his bosom and his hat crammed with samples—not of hops or wheat, but of straw, bones, pebble-stones, flannel, linen rags, wooden spoons, bread, old handkerchiefs, and filth of every sort that he can pick up: and these are the commodities he exhibits for sale to his customers as hops and wheat, in the gallery and airing ground. But he is perfectly quiet and harmless: and if it be true that “happiness exists only in the mind,” and that “content is a kingdom,” this poor Savage is quite a monarch in his way.

WILLIAM ADAMS.

Aged twenty-seven, admitted August 8th, 1822. This smart little fellow was a conveyancer by profession, but became unfortunately involved in one of the traps of the law: he was arrested for a small debt of £20, which he was unable to pay, and therefore was consigned to the Fleet Prison—a kind of hotel not very reconcilable to the patience of even a stoic philosopher, without the means of existence. In a little time poor Adams, by the rapid movement of his mind, passed through all the gradations from chagrin to insa-

nity; and it became necessary to transfer him hither, without the ceremony of *Habeas Corpus*.

However extensive may have been the range of his professional talents, it must have fallen infinitely short of the scope and versatility of his imagination in his state of derangement. Wholly unlimited by the identities of time, place, or person, he instantly accommodates each to his fancy in a moment, and he is any where, and every where, and any body, by turns. At one time he imagined himself to be the Lord Chancellor, or, as he emphatically stated himself, "Young Baggs;" and no mortal tongue ever maintained the loquacity of the law, or talked with more incessant volubility, than his imaginary lordship. He would decide ten thousand causes in a day; he would accuse, try, condemn, and execute whole nations in a breath. His language was as wild and far-fetched as his fancy was various; topics of all kinds seemed to come tumbling into his mind, without order or connexion. Of every name he heard mentioned he instantly became the personal representative, and says, "I am he;" thus he is by turns Buonaparte, the King, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Londonderry, the Persian Ambassador, Mr. Pope, Homer, Smollett, Hume, Gibbon, John Bunyan, Mrs. Clarke, the Queen, Pergami. He is successively a Hottentot,

a Lascar, a Spaniard, a Turk, a Jew, a Scotsman, a member of any religious sect, except a methodist. He has been in all situations and occupations of life, according to his own account; a potboy at Hampstead, a shoeblack, a chimney-sweeper, an East-India Director, a kennel-raker, a gold-finder, an oyster-woman, a Jew east-clothesman, a police justice, a judge, a keeper of Newgate, and, as he styles it, "His Majesty's law iron-monger for the home department:" nay, he has even been Jack Ketch, and has hung hundreds; he has been a soldier, and has killed thousands; a Portuguese, and poignarded scores; a Jew pedlar, and cheated all the world; a member of Parliament for London, and betrayed his constituents; a Lord Mayor, a bishop, an admiral, a dancing-master, a Rabbi, Grimaldi, in the pantomime, and ten thousand other occupations, that no tongue or memory but his own could enumerate. The specimen just given may serve as a sample of what is passing in his fancy.

All the world belongs exclusively to him, and he will dispose of it just as he chooses. He will massacre all blacks, Jews, Roman Catholics, and Quakers, hackney-coachmen, pawnbrokers, lawyers, and lunatics. The last he will first turn out of this house, and have their places filled by wild beasts; all the old women, the lame and blind, all virgins, soldiers, sailors, and children in the

small-pox, cripples of every description; all criminals shall be sent here, and debtors from all the prisons and lock-up houses; he will feed them all himself—and then he will be happy." These and the like topics occupy his whole time and conversation from morning till night. His tongue goes incessantly at full-gallop, without a moment's respite. Those whom he threatens to destroy at one hour, are in the next the objects of his favour, and all others are to be destroyed in their stead. It would be scarcely possible to believe, that such a heterogeneous infinity of topics could so rapidly pass through the wildest imagination, if this man did not exemplify the fact. The series goes on in the same endless current, and without a moment's hesitation, his fancy plies his tongue with new topics.

When he is tired of ranging the airing ground and lower regions of the building, the spirit carries him to the upper galleries, and at the same time elevates to immortality and omnipotence his notions of his own being and attributes. He sometimes styles himself God: loves the top gallery, because it affords him a fine view, and a pleasing opportunity to look down from Heaven, as he says, upon his subjects below.

Another unfortunate maniac here, named Joseph Panter, supposes himself to be our Saviour.

One day, when Adams found the door leading to the top gallery open, he ran up stairs to heaven, as he calls it, where he met Panter, who, much out of humour at his appearance, told Adams he had no business to come there, and then gave him a box on the ear and a kick behind, and sent him tumbling down stairs. Adams ran immediately to the airing-ground, rushed towards his keeper, and with frightened looks and almost out of breath, told him that he had been very ill-used. "I went up stairs," said he, "to heaven, and saw J—— C—— walking about in white. I said nothing to him: but before I had been five minutes in heaven he came up to me, and gave me a punch on the head, and tumbled me down stairs."

This poor fellow still continues much in the same state as when first admitted. He styles his wife, who sometimes visits him, "his dear little black queen," and proposes to appoint her a maid of honour to his Queen Charlotte, "for whom," he says, "he has a much greater affection."

WILLIAM COLLISON.

Aged thirty-nine, admitted 28th November 1822. This man was a gardener at Northampton, and had been disordered several months. His derangement commenced with a strong notion that he was to fall the victim of poison, administered by some persons having a design upon his life: and so strong was this impression on his deluded mind, that for a long time he took his food, of whatever it consisted, with extreme caution, and marked suspicion; but during three months preceding his transmission to this hospital, he refused all other sustenance but milk alone, and subsisted entirely on this. When he rose from bed every morning he was taken to a meadow near his residence, and furnished with a stool, on which he sat till bed-time. His daily allowance was a can of milk, which was brought to him every morning, and thus provided, he mused the whole day, in a melancholy solitude, utterly careless of his person, and every thing around him. During the whole three months of this meadowed retirement he was neither shaved nor washed; and when presented for admission here, he came with all his filthy appendages thick upon him, more like some non-descript species of the brute creation than a human being. A long beard enveloped the lower

parts of his face, and the rest of it was clothed with dirt of various kinds and colours; his head projecting forward, his body bent almost double, his whole frame feeble and tottering, his steps timid and cautious, his eye sharp, scowling, and inquisitive, and his utterance suppressed almost to dumbness. He presented altogether the character of some curious wild animal, better suited for the menagerie at Exeter-Change than for the class of human beings; and, under a new name, might have been viewed as a species of the ourang-outang, and have become an attractive object to the curious in natural history.

The poor fellow, on his entrance here, was impressed with strong fears that he was brought for the purpose of being killed; and, under this notion, he earnestly begged that as he was a poor, weakly object, they would not put him to a very lingering or tormenting death. But, what is extremely singular in the result of his removal here, as a place of proper treatment, that no sooner was his person cleansed from filth, and his squalid apparel changed for comfortable clothing, than a visible abatement of his disorder commenced. From the second day after his admission he took his food without the slightest symptom of doubt or apprehension; he became comparatively cheerful, assumed a contented aspect, and his fear of being murdered quite vanished: and in

seven days' time there appeared a most extraordinary change in his whole manners, health, habits, and opinions: a change perhaps unparalleled within so short a period, in the whole annals of insanity. He has latterly imbibed the extraordinary notion of his being filled with frogs, and that all the food he takes goes to their support.

GEORGE TESTER,

Aged twenty-six, from Balcomb in Sussex, admitted 14th February 1824. This young man had been twice before confined in this hospital; the last time he was admitted on the 19th of October 1820, and discharged, well, on the 22d February 1821.

Since his recent admission he has very frequently relapsed when nearly well, and on no occasion continued tranquil longer than for three weeks or a month. The approach of a fresh attack is discovered from his laughing heartily at every frivolous occurrence; more especially at any thing mischievous. So long as the fit continues, which is generally from one to three or four weeks, his frenzy is very high, and his conduct very bad; he insults all persons he comes near, indiscriminately, and his language is horribly

blasphemous, insulting (as poor Captain Lloyd tells him) to the great God of heaven.

His expressions in this state are too dreadful to repeat, and his oaths and imprecations terrible beyond conception.

When in this way, the unfortunate man becomes dirty and slovenly. He wears his hat with the crown torn out, and the brim uppermost. On those occasions his disease is at the worst, and, while the paroxysm continues, his notions are wild and incoherent to excess. He believes one man to be God, another to be the devil. Some he believes to be angels; others horses, dogs, bears, tigers, porcupines, &c. &c. One man he takes to be his father; another the king; and, in short, every person, and thing, assumes, in his fancy, some character, quality, or appearance totally wide of the reality.

But when the poor fellow's frenzy is abated, and something like calm reflexion returns, it is impossible for penitence to express more sorrow and shame for what he has said or done; as, most unfortunately for his own mind, he remembers all that has passed in his delirium. In consequence he becomes depressed and melancholy, and sometimes continues so until another fit comes on.

Latterly he became extremely anxious for a trial at home with his friends; and, at the instance

of his father, a month's leave of absence was granted him, on the 7th November 1822.

He was formerly servant to a gentleman near Cuckfield, in Sussex; and while on a visit to Devonshire with his master, at the beginning of the year, the first symptoms of his derangement appeared. He wrapped himself up in all the great-coats he could find, and set off on a ramble, he knew not whither. He sometimes ordered dinner at an inn, and drank a bottle of wine, without a farthing in his pocket. Sometimes he went into a field where labourers were at work, and, watching his opportunity, seized and carried off their provisions. At other times he would enter a farm-house, and seating himself, demand whatever he chose. On one occasion he took possession of a cottage, got his dinner, took a nap afterwards, and then demanded his supper. The poor terrified hostess, who was alone at his entrance, became much alarmed; but had courage enough to remain until her husband returned from his work, in the evening, when he found poor George sitting very comfortably by the fire, after his supper, and very leisurely preparing for bed, his smallclothes knees unbuttoned, neckerchief and coat off, stockings down, and shoes slipshod. The husband, who was a powerful young man, naturally enough inquired of his wife the quality and character of his strange guest, and learned

from her all that had passed. But the gruff Hodge, not altogether approving such an inmate, lost no time in preparing for his exclusion; and by virtue of an ejection, in the shape of a stout cudgel, put in so many pleas upon the shoulders, ribs, and other appurtenances of poor George, that without waiting for replications, rejoinders, or rebutters, he vacated the premises, leaving behind him his hat, coat, and one shoe, and scampered off at full speed to save his life.

He was recognized as a madman at various times and places, but the parishes through which he passed did not choose to assume the burthen of his maintenance, and so transferred him from one to another, until he reached his home, where he refitted his damages by another coat, hat, and shoe; and sallying forth from his native cottage in quest of new adventures, he proceeded to a farm-house, and filled himself with such good things as he could get.

This poor fellow's malady evinces little or no hope of a perfect recovery through life. The faculty of memory, in recollecting every thing which passes in his fits of frenzy, is very remarkable, and is a source of much affliction to his mind at lucid intervals.

THOMAS DOWLE,

Aged twenty-eight, admitted 28th October 1822. This unfortunate young man is the son of a farmer near Chepstow, in Monmouthshire. No taint of insanity ever before appeared in any of his family. Sudden fright was the immediate cause of his derangement, and he now presents a deplorable example of the mischievous consequences of those practical jokes, so frequently played off for the momentary diversion of inconsiderate young people, upon their unsuspecting companions, and but too often productive of lamentable, and even fatal, consequences. Numerous are the instances wherein dementation, and even death, have followed the too sudden excitement of the stronger passions. The momentary impulse of excessive fear, grief, and even of joy, have produced those effects. The superstitious tales of ghosts and goblins, so frequently impressed on infant minds, have often proved indelible through life, in spite of education, philosophy, and all the powers of reason; and we have heard numerous instances of brave men, who have intrepidly mounted a breach, or stormed a battery pregnant with death, who yet could hardly summon firmness enough to go alone in the dark, or cross a church-yard after nightfall, merely from

the early impressions of nursery-tales told them in their childhood. A frightful mask, a strange noise, a pretended ghost, or even the suddenly bouncing on a person, wholly unaware of the trick, have often caused the most deplorable consequences, not only in children but in adults, to the loss of reason, and even of life.

Poor Dowle, the unhappy subject of this article, was a simple peasant; and as he was one morning crossing his father's fields, on his way to his usual labours, cheerful, guardless, and, like another Cymon,

"Whistling as he went, for want of thought,"

an intimate rustic acquaintance saw him coming, knew his simplicity, and, in mere frolick, stepped aside, and concealed himself behind a bush until Dowle came up, when he suddenly rushed out upon him with a loud shout. He was so astounded by the shock that he was struck almost senseless: he staggered, fell, and fainted away. The current of his blood seemed for some time arrested, and his pulsation ceased. He was taken up and conveyed home; delirium ensued; and confirmed madness followed, which has ever since continued without abatement, to a degree not only pitiable, but dangerous to all who approach him. His propensities are fierce and vicious; he tries to kick at all who come near him, and even to bite at them, with all the rabid fury of an en-

raged dog. In this manner he continually snaps at all who pass him. He seizes and tears rugs, blankets, his own clothes, and any thing within his reach. In this state, of course, he is not suffered to have intercourse amongst the other patients, but is fastened to the coal-chest in the basement gallery. His malady has shewn no signs of abatement since he came in, and probably he may never recover his reason. He appears quite unconscious of his situation, or of the place where he is, nor does he seem to feel his confinement irksome; his only object seems to be, watching for the approach of any one whom he may attack.

Such, in his case, are the miserable effects of a practical joke, which cannot fail to embitter for life the feelings of the unthinking author, as well as those of the unfortunate young man's family.

JOSEPH REDFERN,

Aged forty-three, admitted 28th November 1802. This is a married man, with several children; was a hatter by trade, and is in a high state of derangement. He became so from some unaccountable cause, and was at first sent to a private madhouse, at Somers Town; where, having some altercation with his keeper, he attacked the man with great fury, got him down, and nearly

strangled him with his own neckerchief, which was drawn so tight, that it became necessary to cut it from his neck, to save his life. It then became requisite to restrain him by hand-cuffs; but, notwithstanding this restriction, he made his escape through the roof of a summer-house in the garden, proceeded to the next coach-stand, and hired two hackney-coaches, telling the drivers "he had a party to take up:" and, by his order, they drove from place to place until quite tired; when, becoming doubtful of their fare, and observing his handcuffs, they took him before a police magistrate, when he was found to be insane, and was secured. He was shortly after brought here from the White-house, Bethnal Green; but with two black eyes, received during the struggle with his keeper at Somers Town.

He is always noisy, wild, and incoherent, and wears, even in his insanity, all the characters of having been a disorderly and dissolute man. It is highly probable that excessive drinking of ardent spirits was the cause of his derangement; for he frequently boasts of having drank the greater part of twenty glasses of brandy and water after business-hours, and a bottle of cogniac in a morning, before business commenced. But this, he says, was done to relieve him of spasms, with which he is much afflicted.

The first symptoms of his derangement was an

aerial speculation for building churches all over Derbyshire, of which he is a native; and this he proposed to do on a scale much higher, longer, broader, handsomer, more commodious and ornamental, than any other churches in England, in half the time, and for one-quarter the expense that other builders have charged.

As to his hat-making trade, he affects to despise it; although he considers himself the first maker in Europe.

He believes another patient, William Collison, to be his father; abuses him grossly, asks him numberless questions about his money, and his business, and inquires of him about persons whom poor Collison never before heard of. Collison is a mild, harmless poor fellow, and is often alarmed at him, and assures him he is not his father, for he never had a son or a daughter in all his life.

Redfern insists that old Groves, another patient, was the Bishop of London, but was deprived for practices similar to those of a late Irish Bishop. He affects to know every body, and all their private affairs, and is familiarly acquainted, he says, with every part of England; and that, while he remains here, he is making more money than all the hatters in the trade together. His skill and dexterity in this art is his favourite hobby-horse, and most frequent topic of discourse. He can make hats much better than those usually sold,

out of any stuff: a pair of old bellows, matting, blankets, old carpets, rugs, mops, old wigs—in short, any thing, no matter what. He is extremely deep and knowing in his own opinion, and sets all others down as flats and greenhorns. But as he is very noisy, quarrelsome, and violent, he frequently gets into scrapes with the more sturdy of his fellow-patients.

JOHN GILBERT,

Aged twenty-three, admitted July 25th 1822. This young man came from Ramsgate, where his family had been once reputable, but are now reduced. He carried about him no signs of frenzy, although his intellects were quite deranged. He would sometimes say that Ramsgate was two thousand miles off, sometimes only four hundred, and at other times not more than twenty-five; but, if he were let out, he would go home in half an hour. On being asked if he was aware of what place he was now in, he would sometimes answer, "yes, in the West-Indies;" and at other times in Turkey, America, France, &c.; sometimes he would answer in Newgate, and at other times in the Rule of Three!! He laughed at every thing, gay or serious, and seemed happy in his mind, particularly at meal-times. He frequently danced

for his amusement, in his own peculiar style, which was by hopping on one foot, and turning round all the while, until he fell down from giddiness. He was found to be merely silly, and not dangerous to be at large, and was discharged as idiotic, on the 7th November 1822.

WILLIAM PETER JONES,

Aged twenty-four, admitted the 11th July 1822. This unfortunate genius was a stage-struck votary of Thespis, disappointed in all his hopes of astonishing the world by his histrionic powers, notwithstanding his indefatigable endeavours to obtain an engagement at any of the theatres. His propensities for the stage were cotemporary with the first dawnings of his puerile taste; but, unfortunately, the estimation of his talents in the eyes of others bore no proportion to his notions of himself. His chosen line of acting was that of heroes in tragedy: Alexander the Great, Coriolanus, Brutus, and the like. But, to judge from his pitch of person and talents, Tom Thumb the Great would have been better adapted to his performance, for he is about four feet and a half high, and formed all of a lump, like a butter-firkin. He had made several attempts to mount the London stage, but with singular ill fortune: and the

present is his fourth attack of insanity, all incurred by his ardour in his favourite pursuit. He was first admitted on the 6th of August 1818, and discharged quite well on the 31st December following. He returned on the 25th of September 1819, and was discharged again on the 6th of July 1820. He was re-admitted, for the third time, on the 24th of March, and discharged on the 1st of November in the same year; and he again became a sojourner on the 11th of July 1822.

All his former attacks had been more or less calm, but always high; constantly spouting dramatic speeches, or his head occupied by some wild speculation, as well as by a fulness of blood, which was always the leading physical symptom of his disorder. But on his returning the last time, his malady assumed a quite different character; for he was quite low and despondent, in terror of all who approached him, and apprehensive of being burned, or drowned, or cut up piece-meal to make soup. He would cry out murder, at the appearance of his own shadow! He imagined every person who walked quickly towards him, was coming to destroy him. When conversing with the keepers, he would hastily ask, "have you got a knife in your pocket?" and every knife or other weapon he saw or heard of, he considered as intended to destroy him.

At one time he imagined himself in hell, and all who surrounded him demons. Old Lloyd, one of the patients, he imagined to be Beelzebub himself, the prince of devils; Henry Tannton and others he imagined to be minor devils, and attendants on his Satanic majesty. A cat in the place was, at one time, a frightful object of apprehension and terror to him: he said her eyes were fire, and he could plainly see her intention to devour him. He would never venture into the keeper's room if poor puss was present. In October 1822 he became much better, and all his apprehensions, which he perfectly remembered, were quite dispelled, but his ardour for theatricals by no means abated. He expects to be speedily discharged, and purposes to renew his application for a stage engagement on some of the London boards. He details many of his adventures, and the kind of encouragement he received from several of the managers in pursuit of his object: he began with Covent Garden, and ended with Rathbone-place. His leading object is to put down Kean. He would play none but first-rate characters, and has not the least doubt of speedily becoming more celebrated than any of the Cookes, Kembles, Keans, or even Garrick himself.

Previously to his second attack being known to his friends, he waited one day on Mr. McCready, in Berners-street, gave a specimen of his talents,

and received, as he imagined, very flattering promises. He afterwards applied to Mr. Charles Kemble, who treated him with the most gentlemanly politeness, and after hearing him sing and repeat a few parts, promised him a rehearsal at his theatre; but his friends dissuaded him from the attempt at that time. He next applied to Sir George Smart, the musician, who took him into the orchestra to see *Don Giovanni*: where he remained very quiet, until the dancing scene commenced, when he could no longer restrain his ardour but jumped up, and would have joined the ballet on the stage but for Sir George, who withheld him.

He next appeared at the Surrey Theatre. "They appeared there," he said, "to relish his performance very well;" but some scapegrace fellows led him to a public-house, blacked his face with grease and soot, daubed his coat with paint, and then turned him into the street to exhibit in the part of Othello.

The next attempt was at the Coburg, and there they painted and blacked him all over, and told him to call again next day. A shopkeeper's wife, near the Coburg, took compassion on his distress and disappointment; took him to her house and had him washed, and the paint was taken off by his father when he got home.

But all this did not dispirit his ambition. He

next applied at the Regency Theatre for a first-rate engagement. They brought him on the stage, as he wished, and while he was enacting with all his energy a scene in Alexander the Great, a trap-door in the stage unfortunately opened, and down dropped the poor hero into the lower regions. But this was not all: for before he was half-reconciled to the change of scene, down dropt upon him three full buckets of cold water. The ill-starred William Peter was then, by some invisible guide, escorted to the street by a short cut, and left to explore his way to the New Road, dripping wet at all points, like a sheep newly washed.

Disgusted with these adventures, and determined to trust no more to the politeness or liberality of the London managers, he resolved to appeal for his merits to the candid and untried judgment of the public at large; and he one day made his *début* in Rathbone-place; scene, the open street; time, noon-day; in the celebrated character of the Third Richard, before a crowded and impartial audience of boys, coster-mongers, Irish women, and such other miscellaneous company as happened to be in attendance; and bursts of pleasantry and applause crowned his performance in every passage. But merit the most consummate cannot please all minds, or at all times receive its due meed of approbation. The parish

officers had not taste enough to be pleased; and while Richard, "his eye in a fine frenzy rolling," had reached the very climax of his exertion, was offering "his kingdom for a horse!" and was about to retire well-pleased with his success, "he was seized by the strong hand of power," and conveyed to that enchanted castle the parish watch-house, for raising a disturbance.

He then talked of relinquishing the stage, and cultivating quietness in retirement; but his imagination took the new bent that led to his last confinement here.

HENRY TAUNTON,

Aged about sixty, admitted 9th May 1822. This poor old fellow, who came from Brentford, in Middlesex, was formerly a patient in St. Luke's Hospital, and has at present a son there, who inherits his father's derangement, the only paternal heir-loom he is likely ever to enjoy.

The old man was by trade a butcher, and has been, by his own account, the whole of his life a flighty and unsettled character. During his period of apprenticeship he had no less than eleven different masters, and did not complete his term of service at last. He was sent to sea, the last refuge for hopeless youngsters; was taken prisoner by the enemy, and carried to a Spanish

prison, where he remained a considerable time; and after his return to England, he resumed his trade, sometimes as a journeyman, and sometimes on his own account.

As is usual with many of the wretched men in his state of mind, his fancy is constantly haunted by the recollections of his professional occupation. He incessantly talks of his killing abilities, and is very busy in sticking imaginary pigs, knocking down ideal bullocks, slaughtering suppositious sheep, blowing up visionary veal, and dressing out conjectural joints, for the shambles of his own mind.

By his own account no pig has been killed for a series of years near the neighbourhood he lived in, but by himself; for there, it seems, the fate of the whole swinish multitude was decided by his skilful hand, and no fierce warrior ever delighted more in bloodshed, than Taunton in the slaughter of the bristly generation. How strange is it, that professional vanity should haunt the ambition of so humble an individual, even in his derangement! but it is a trait from which no class of mankind is exempt.

The acquirement of great property was probably one amongst the various reveries that occupied his mind in the season of his sanity. It has not forsaken his fancy to this hour, and fancy supplies what physical exertions could never

realize. Poor Taunton supposes himself a man of considerable wealth; in which he enumerates nineteen substantial brick-built dwelling-houses at Whetstone, an estate at Deptford, an extensive stock in trade, numerous flocks of sheep and lambs at grass, and £300 in cash, when he was brought here, and is quite an independent man. To his wealth, fancy has superadded dignity and authority; for he says he is a magistrate, and sits with Colonel Clitheroe on the bench at Quarter Sessions. He complains bitterly of cruel treatment from his family. It is said that his father bequeathed him at his death a handsome property, and left himself and a near relative executors to his will, but Henry mortgaged some parts, neglected others, quarrelled with his brother, went to law, but had not money to carry the suit to its conclusion; and twenty years have elapsed without his receiving any part of the issues. He states his age at no more than forty-five; although he recollects clearly transactions fifty years back, and has a daughter aged thirty-two. He feels quite comfortable here, and speaks highly of his good treatment: but he complains of ill-usage from every one out of doors; "he has been knocked down, had his skull fractured, and his bones broken, though quite innocent of any just cause." He has lately lost his wife, for which he evinced no grief. In fact, he is quite a man of

business; not much affected by losses: but like Whennell, Lloyd, and many others of his fellow-patients, is always well loaded with a general assortment of all manner of rubbish, rags, bones, wooden spoons, &c. that he can collect; he always appears busy and cheerful, and is punctually attentive and *industrious* at his meals.

He was sent here from his parish work-house at Putney; and on the 26th of last September he obtained a month's leave of absence, which was afterwards extended to another month. But during the latter he fell into a sad mistake, which nearly proved fatal to the keeper of his work-house: for whether from some old grudge, or new cause of irritation, or whether his visit to the former scene of his professional operations revived his ardour for the exercise of his knife, and that he mistook the man for a hog, he attempted to kill the unsuspecting governor, in which purpose he was most fortunately prevented, and brought back here on the 21st of November.

WILLIAM TUCKER.

Aged forty-eight, from Berkshire, admitted 2d November 1820. This poor man had been a labourer, and appeared ten years older than his age as given in. Delusion had carried him almost

beyond conception: he saw no man or woman whatever, either gentleman or lady, labourer or laundress, that passed with him by their own names, or represented their proper characters. This one he knew in gaol, by such a name; another was the youngest brother of Buonaparte; such a lady was Tom Somebody's wife, who had run away with another man; this young woman was once his servant; that was his niece, or aunt, as her age corresponded. He believed that he was only put here for a "hum;" and he pretended to know precisely the day when he would be discharged, but would name it to no one. He spoke very harshly of his family; said that his wife was an abandoned wretch, and his son no better; that his wife and son were living as man and wife in every particular; that he knew it, had seen many instances of it, and was fully and incontrovertibly convinced that they were aware of it, and, to prevent the consequences, that they had planned to send him here. He was permitted to work occasionally in the garden of the hospital; but latterly he was prevented, in consequence of his concealing a weapon he found while at work. Previously to his coming here he repaired to an auction, and bid for the toll of a turnpike-gate; he outbid his competitors, till the gate was knocked down to him, but unfortunately he had "not sixpence capital." He was, perhaps, the most

cunning man of the age, in his own opinion: "Lord bless you," says he, "half an eye is enough for me; I can see what they are all about through a brick wall—I know them; little they think who I am, and what I am here for." He was always a working man, and was discharged uncured.

JOHN WEBB.

Aged forty-three, from East Peckham, Kent, admitted 18th February 1823. This man was an agricultural labourer, lived upwards of twenty-five years at a farm-house in the parish above-named, and ultimately became deranged in his intellects. For some time after his disorder became apparent, he would go regularly to his work in the usual way; but shortly afterwards he would turn out for labour at the plough, or any other occupation, in a state of perfect nudity, much to the scandal and disgust of his neighbours. Being checked in this propensity, and persuaded to desist from a custom so shameful, his fancy took another direction, and he fell deeply in love with a respectable farmer's daughter, and became so extremely assiduous, obtrusive, annoying, and dangerous in the fervour of his addresses, that it was found necessary to confine him in the parish

poor-house, from which, after a little time, he was transmitted to this asylum. His mind, however, is still busy with the scenes of his former residence. He carries on an imaginary intercourse daily with the gentlemen of East Peckham and those of Farley parishes, which adjoins; and he persuades himself that both are at open war with each other for the property of his person as a pauper. "East Peckham," he says, "claims him stoutly, as belonging to their parish; while Farley, his favourite parish, is determined not to give him up, but to keep possession of him at all risks." Such a contest, in reality, would be quite novel in the system of parochial disputes: for although expensive law-suits are daily incurred by parishes in the endeavour to cast on each other the maintenance of doubtful paupers, few parish officers would be found to contend for the exclusive honour of supporting a mendicant; but would cheerfully resign that privilege to any person who chose to claim it, all the learning of the poor-laws and opinions of vestry clerks to the contrary notwithstanding.

But while this imaginary contest between these rival parishes still remains *pendente lite*, until a *quæ warranta* or a *mandamus* shall settle the point, poor Webb has made up his own mind touching the conjugal property of the young lady he had fixed his heart on, and who, he insists, is his

wife, guardian, and trustee. Through the same active medium of his fancy, he carries on a perpetual conversation, and as in wedlock the twain are one, so he answers on her part his own questions, and thus maintains a dialogue for hours together. He will frequently convey to his keeper her earnest injunctions for his own immediate liberation. He will often run, in a violent hurry, to the same guardian, tell him that he has just heard from Farley, and that the parish officers there request he may be sent down without delay, and this he frequently does ten times in a day. But the obstinate incredulity of his keeper still bars his purpose, and then he summons supernatural influence to aid his suit: he contends that all storms, shipwrecks, fires, and dreadful accidents, are entirely attributable to the injustice and cruelty of his confinement. Severe frost, snow, cold, wet or gloomy weather, nay, even a mark or stain on the gallery floor, or the sudden illness of a fellow-patient, are all imputable to the same cause, and would all be prevented by his liberation.

Unable to succeed by such representations, he directly resorts to one of his imaginary conversations with his friends at Farley, much in this manner:

“ Now, Mr. John Webb, come home directly to your wife.”

"Very well, zur; Oi wull come, directly."

"And be zure you brings down sum noice things for hur."

"Oh yes, zur, that Oi wull; and plenty on' um, indeed."

"Oi hopes your are very well, Mr. Webb?"

"Oh yes, zur; very well, zur, Oi thanks you koindly."

"Your wolfe is very anxious to zee you, Mr. Webb."

"Oi date zay she be, zur; Oi wishes her well, zur, Oi assure you."

"You be worth a good deal o' property, Mr. Webb?"

"Oh, that Oi be, zur; many scores o' pounds, zur."

"Well, Mr. Webb, whoy do'an't you cum hoam?"

"Yes, zur; yes zur; Oi'll go and zee about it, zur, directly. Good morning zur."

Fully impressed with this imaginary conversation with some leading parishioner of Farley, he flies to the keeper, tells him that he has just settled with Mr. Somebody to go home to his wife, guardian, and trustee: that he must go immediately, or the consequences will be very bad to any one who detains him.

Thus he passes his days: at nights he amuses

himself with the like soliloquies, and is constantly in fretful agitation.

He has a son twenty-one years of age, for whom, he says, he has been mistaken in this case; and that this son is the man who should be imprisoned, and not he. The most remote notion of his own affliction never enters his mind: for he says he never had an hour's illness in his life. He has conducted himself pretty well since his admission; but is so fretful and uneasy, as to shew symptoms of soon breaking out into violence, on the score of his detention.

JAMES PARSONS,

Aged forty, came from Suffolk, admitted 18th July 1822. This poor unhappy man had a wife and four children. He evinced no symptoms of violence, or mental derangement, except a settled melancholy. He appeared constantly in a low, dejected, and desponding state, but assigned to no one the cause of his wretchedness; probably that cause was combined of extreme poverty and embarrassment, and the dread of being unable to support his beloved wife and offspring, so dear to his affections.

When first admitted he appeared quite languid; was ordered by the physicians an allowance of

wine, but preferred, and was permitted, to have porter instead. After some time he appeared to get better in spirits and health, and was employed in some little offices about the gallery : but he appeared to have an insurmountable antipathy to all social intercourse with the other inmates. If he was sitting down, and a few of his fellow-patients, cheerfully disposed of an evening, began to amuse themselves by singing or dancing, while a keeper played on his flute, poor Parsons would immediately rise from his seat, and wander alone to the remote end of the gallery. He very seldom conversed with or spoke to any one. He had attempted twice to destroy himself, while at home with his friends.

On Sunday, December 1st 1822, he had taken tea with his keeper at six o'clock ; and, after tea, the keeper saw him no more till eight o'clock ; when, on coming to his room-door, and missing him, he supposed he was in the water-closet, or had fallen asleep somewhere about the gallery. He instantly went in search of him, and at last found him in the dining-room, sitting on the floor, with his legs stretched out, his arms and hands resting in front, his chin supported on his breast, with a rope about his neck, fastened at one end to the iron bars of the window. He was quite dead. The cord with which he effected his fatal purpose was composed of many pieces tied together, and

a slip-knot made to receive his neck: it must, therefore, have required deliberate contrivance, as well as determined resolution, to effect his desperate purpose: a purpose which, sooner or later, if once fixed by the melancholy maniac, he will effect in spite of all vigilance, if the means are within his reach. The keeper, on finding him, instantly cut him down; and Dr. Wright, with the steward, immediately attended. He was bled, and every means used to restore him, but the vital spark was fled.

A coroner's inquest was held on the body, and returned a verdict, Death in consequence of Insanity. But the manner in which he obtained the cord by which he effected his purpose, eluded all inquiry.

HENRY SWINDEN,

Of London, watch-maker, admitted on the 30th of August 1822. This patient had been an inmate here before, and was discharged as cured, in October last year. But as the derangements of his mind most probably had their chief source in the nature of his occupation, his recurrence to that occupation, after he was first restored to reason, had the effect of renewing his malady: and the art of watch-making is the leading subject of his illusions.

According to his own account, he is the greatest artist of his profession in the universe. He can make a chronometer that will go for a whole year, without varying in the thirtieth part of a second. He has sent some thousands of them abroad, at prices from fifty to three hundred guineas each. He boasts continually of his immense property, and his professional excellence. He had forty of his chronometers at Flamstead House, Greenwich Park, the residence of the Astronomer Royal, for examination, and never had one returned as imperfect; and he talks of his certificates from thence, always describing his work as the best they had ever seen: nay, his chronometers had been sunk many fathoms under water, for twenty-four hours together, without the slightest variation or injury: and no weather or climate, hot or cold, wet or dry, can affect them.

He says, by way of anecdote, that his late Majesty having accidentally heard, one morning, that Mr. Swinden was walking in Kew Gardens, sent his compliments to him, stating that His Majesty would be happy if Mr. Swinden would honour him by his company to breakfast. Mr. Swinden complied; and while His Majesty and he chatted together about chronometers, Mr. Vulliamy, of Pall-Mall (the famous watch-maker) came in, and wanted to wind up the King's clock: but Mr. Swinden happening to have the key in his

breeches pocket with some watch-springs, and as he had made this clock, which never varied in a single second, he did not think proper to trust the winding up to another. Mr. Vulliamy, however, demanded the right of winding, in rather an imperative tone and manner; but Mr. Swinden instantly knocked him down; and when he got up again seconded the motion. Mr. Vulliamy, not having any particular relish for a repetition of the compliment, sneaked off: when His Majesty highly applauded Mr. Swinden for his spirit. He then wound up the clock, much to the satisfaction of his Majesty, who promised him a patent; and so they shook hands and parted. Mr. Swinden was to have not only the patent, but all the King's work, if he had not been maliciously brought in here as a madman.

Of his immense property in houses he frequently talks. Besides the whole of Skinner Street, he owns many splendid mansions in various parts of the country. His foreign trade is most extensive in every part of the globe. The deaths of his relations all bring him astonishing riches; and his wife, of whom he always spoke well (contrary to the prevailing custom amongst his fellow-patients), he represents as getting twenty, fifty, and sometimes a hundred guineas from ladies whom she attends as a nurse.

During his sojournment in this hospital he says

he has discovered a perpetual motion (possibly it is his tongue, which appears to have that quality, for it rarely ever stops or requires winding), and by this discovery he is to make an immense fortune, when he gets out.

Previously to his last admission here he laboured under melancholy and depression of spirits, and would stand for hours at the corner of a court or street, quite lost in insensibility. It is probable that want of employment and distress sometimes brought on his malady; but as soon as his distresses were relieved, his imaginary wealth was renewed; and he could earn, as he thought, a hundred guineas a day.

In his encomiums on his wife, he said he was not always in earnest. He had his own views in speaking well of her, for he threatened, whenever he got out, to cut her throat, and that of his brother Charles. He was discharged from here as cured, on the 11th of April 1822. He was quite harmless, and, in his lucid intervals, seemed a quiet, good sort of man; and was said to be an excellent workman. But his enlargement served to revive in him the exciting causes of his disorder, and he has been re-admitted here by petition, at the date already mentioned. He is in a very desponding state, and this is the third attack of his disorder.

JOHN DAVID,

Aged forty, admitted in December 1822. This is a Welshman. He was tried for cutting and wounding his wife, and attempting to murder her: but on his trial was found to be insane, and was consigned to restriction in a mad-house. Since his confinement here reason seems to have resumed her seat; for he has behaved himself very well, is quiet and regular, and has shewn no symptoms that bespeak mental derangement.

THOMAS NARROWAY,

London, aged twenty-one. This poor fellow was convicted at the Old Bailey, in October 1822, of stealing some pigs. It was his first offence: but whether it was an act of insanity, or his insanity arose from the remorse, terror, and despondency, naturally arising in a mind not naturally corrupt, from a sense of ruined character, is doubtful. He was sent from Newgate to the Penitentiary, where he proved to be deranged, and was thence sent here. He is at present in a low and desponding state, but quiet, regular, and perfectly harmless.

RICHARD B. E—R—G,

Aged twenty-three, admitted 5th September 1822. This young man was a surgeon and apothecary in Southwark, and his derangement is attributed to the intensity of professional study and application. When he came here he was impressed with a notion that he was principal apothecary to the King, and was to be raised to the dignity of a baronet. He has written several letters, intended for Dr. Cholmley, urging him to forward his views, and confirm his appointment as apothecary to his Majesty; and to the Lord Bishop of Durham, and others, to obtain his baronetcy. As to the former, he urges his ample qualifications; for he has walked the hospitals, attended lectures, and passed his examinations at the College of Surgeons and Apothecaries' Hall, and cannot see what should delay the confirmation of his appointment; and as to the latter, he thinks himself quite old enough to be a baronet, and knows no reason why he should not be one. His views of advancement are not confined to these two points; for he looks to matrimony as an important round in the ladder of elevation. He wants to obtain a wife with property: ten or fifteen thousand pounds, or so; but even five thousand would do, if no more could be got;

and if any one would procure for him a wife with such a portion, he would have no objection to make him a handsome present of five or ten pounds. He would not be over particular as to the lady's person or education. If he should like her, he would live with her a short time, perhaps: but if not, he would allow her something handsome to live on: half a guinea a week, or so, he should think might do. He has no particular wish to see the lady before-hand, nor to waste time in the tedious forms of courtship: when she comes to church to be married would be quite time enough. He has a high opinion of his own personal symmetry, views himself in the glass, when he has an opportunity, examines the proportions of his limbs, and asks all about him what they think of him.

Besides his medical and anatomical talents, he assumes deep knowledge in theology and moral philosophy; and he has written here several sermons, moral essays, and treatises on human nature, as he calls them; but all in a style of wildness and incoherency perfectly congenial to the deranged state of his intellects, and not legible, in any connection, for two lines together.

His professional pursuits frequently occupy his anxiety in the round of miscellaneous topics. At one time he is extremely busy on subjects of anatomy; at another, in making out accounts of

money due to him from his patients, while in practice. But in no two bills made out for the same person do his charges correspond. That which is charged at ten shillings one day, is but five shillings the next; or perhaps fifty, according, as he says, to his consideration of persons, and their circumstances.

He is ever starting from one subject to another, and in that unsettled, uneasy state, which Dean Swift termed "the fidgets." Sometimes he proposes going into the army; but not abroad, as he does not like, nor understand, fighting: at other times he proposes to travel, for the two-fold purpose of improving his knowledge, and affording him opportunities of gaining a rich wife. But at all times he assumes great consequence, is highly susceptible of the least imaginary slight, extremely irritable, and prompt to violence on those at whom he takes offence, but is much afraid of being hurt in the encounter.

His friends and connexions are respectable, and extremely attentive to him since his confinement.

DAZELY HURRILL,

Aged thirty-three, admitted 21st June 1822.
This man had been a rustic labourer. When ad-

mitted to this hospital he was in a very weakly state. His countenance and complexion were scarcely of human aspect, having more the resemblance of a baboon, without the lively grimace of that animal.

His mind was deeply impressed with the notion that he was here on board a convict-ship, on his voyage to Botany Bay; that the weather was extremely stormy and dangerous; and he expected the vessel every moment to be upset, wrecked, or sunk; and nothing could dissuade him from this opinion. His conversation every morning was about the rocking and heaving of the vessel during the preceding night. "My eyes!" he would exclaim, "how she did roll about, pitch, and heave last night! I thought it was all over with us." One morning his keeper found him with his legs and body under his bed, and holding on with both hands by the side of the bedstead. On asking him what he was about; he answered, "my dear soul! I am glad you are come. I have been holding on all night, and am almost gone. I expected that I must have let go, and have gone smack over-board."

When the keeper shewed him his error, the poor fellow said: "Lord have mercy on me! Why it is a bed!" and heaving a deep sigh, continued, "I thought I was hanging by the ship's

side all night. I did not know till now that I was in the cabin all the while!"

He was asthmatic, had very ill health, and was discharged sick and weakly, July 18th 1822.

WILLIAM ELMORE,

Aged thirty-four, from Kettering, in Northamptonshire, admitted the 11th of April 1822. This poor object had been a common labourer. He was obstinate and untractable, almost beyond all example: it was scarcely possible to do anything that met his wishes, or render him any kindness that seemed agreeable. He stoutly resisted every attempt to dress or undress him. In order to shave him, it required the aid of a keeper at each arm and leg, another at his head, and others to restrain his body: and yet, with all, the operation could not be thoroughly effected. Although apparently reduced to a skeleton, through his obstinate abstemiousness, he was remarkably strong, and on every occasion opposed his strength to any efforts for bettering his unhappy state. He would be induced to take no part of his provisions but by dint of force: and although he would cry out repeatedly, "for God's sake give me something to eat," yet the instant that food was brought before

him he would reject it with horror, as a patient in the hydrophobia would reject any liquid, and would struggle with all his might to avoid it.

So far did delusion carry this man's fancy, that he actually believed he had neither eyes, nose, mouth, tongue, nor teeth. While feeding him, his keeper would desire him to open his mouth. "Mouth!" he would answer, "I have got no mouth; I had a nice large one once, but I have got none now." He actually supposed his mouth to be quite an opposite part of his person, and would call aloud to his keeper when endeavouring to feed him, "don't! pray don't put meat and things in there! it's so unnatural. Nobody ever did that before to any man; it's so unreasonable: pray don't do it!" The like perverse and revolutionary notions of his other organs, already mentioned, gave rise to the most extraordinary misconceptions, as if perception and all its natural organs were at open variance with each other. In this intestine war of the organic elements, his person became emaciated, feeble, and sickly; and he was discharged on the 30th May 1822, and sent to a private mad-house.

JOSEPH HILLS,

From Coggeshall, Essex, aged forty, admitted 21st March 1822. This man had been here before, in April 1818, and was discharged well; but became disordered again, it is supposed, from continual inebriety. He was only mischievous, so far as tearing his clothes, and generally wore a number of ornaments about his person, such as pieces of his handkerchief tied about his legs and hat, and of coloured fragments of the rugs, swung from a button-hole of his coat, from which was suspended a piece of old hat, leather, or a button or two, &c. He was continually complaining of his confinement, and for ever proclaiming gross charges against his brother and friends, of robbing him of his farms, estates, houses, lands, gold, silver, brass, furniture, bills of exchange, leases, annuities, cows, horses, sheep, cats, dogs, his intended wife, children, &c. &c. He always had some alleged cause of complaint, and was never deficient in the names of things he had been robbed of: but nothing appeared to hurt him so much as traducing and scandalizing his character, by representing him as a madman. Of his disorder no man could be more unconscious: he would justify every action of his life by an argument as fallacious as possible; his excuse for

tearing his clothes was, because he ought to have better; and wearing a collection of strings and fantastical rags about him was, because he ought to have honours and distinctions instead; but they were mere substitutes. He was extremely noisy by day and night, a very strong man, did no mischief, was by no means dangerous, but abusive to excess when crossed or vexed, which a very little was sufficient to do. He had been a married man and had a large family, who were entirely supported by his brother, a respectable farmer. He lost his wife, and he now again felt a second tender emotion towards matrimony: he complained of being imprisoned when he was about being made the happiest of mankind; and frequently said he would not take a million of money to compromise this scandalous and unjust affair. He, however, became less noisy, more calm and rational; and continuing to improve, was enlarged, on leave, 5th December 1822.

STEPHEN ELLIS,

Aged sixty, admitted 21st November 1822. This poor old man is married, has one daughter, is from Greenwich, and was a labourer in Deptford Victualling yard for twenty-nine years; but, in the late economical arrangements in many

departments of the country's expenditure, he was lopped off; and not meeting with employment of any kind, he became low and desponding, tormented by night, unhappy and restless by day: he attempted at last to beat his head to pieces against the wall, but was prevented and sent to this hospital. He imagines that he is charged with stealing government stores, and that he has been sent here for a temporary purpose; but expects every hour to be carried to prison, and condemned for an offence, of which he most solemnly protests his innocence. He is continually under the most painful apprehensions, and every new face he sees, he supposes "that person is come to fetch him away to Maidstone goal." Soothing advice is completely lost upon him; for although he appears satisfied of his erroneous opinion for the moment, it returns again with increased conviction, five minutes afterwards. He bears an excellent character for sobriety and honesty, civil, harmless, and peaceable—a good husband, an affectionate father, and is much to be pitied.

JAMES B—R.

Aged thirty-seven, admitted 18th April 1822. This patient seemed, from the whole bent of his mind, and the tenour of his life, to have been

destined by nature for the stage. From his earliest youth the histrionic profession engrossed his thoughts, and occupied his highest ambition; but the taste of his friends took an opposite direction, and they inexorably opposed his favourite object, and forced him to adopt the graver path of commercial life, for which his taste and talents seemed equally unsuited. "A poet must be born, not made," says a Latin proverb; perhaps the maxim would be equally applicable to an eminent player. Natural genius is indispensable to genuine excellence in either; and as to emoluments, instances are not wanting in modern as well as ancient times, to prove that poets and players may attain wealth from their professions, as well as the most plodding votaries of Cocker and the counting-house; and, probably, if the stage-struck B——r had not been thwarted in his favourite pursuit, he might have found his way to fortune and eminence, as well as the Kembles and Keans of the age in which he has lived. But the source of his misfortune lay in the very track his friends marked out for his prosperity. He was engaged in trade, was unlucky, got into debt, was arrested, and thrown into prison; where his philosophy was not proof against the hopeless privation of liberty. He became deranged in his intellects as well as in his circumstances, and was ultimately sent here a bankrupt in mind.

Still, however, his attachment to the stage bore

the ascendant in his ideas. When he came to this place he was tolerably quiet: he supposed Bethlem Hospital to be a Royal Theatre, and he looked with eager attention at the patients in the airing ground, whom he considered as rehearsing their several parts; but finding no person to push him forward for a display of his talents, he determined to volunteer an effort by himself, and to become the busiest actor in the whole drama. He commenced his preparation for appearance by kicking his shoes over the wall; then threw himself into all the varieties of stage attitude, and occasionally personated Richard, Othello, Shylock, Coriolanus, Macbeth, King Lear, Brutus, Alexander, and, in short, ranted through the whole round of tragic characters, in which the Garricks, the Barrys, the Kembles, the Keans, the Youngs, and all our most celebrated dramatists have waged their way to fame and fortune. To specify all the parts he enacted in the course of six months would be an arduous task. His delight was to go without shoes or stockings, probably from his conception of the part he was going to perform, and whenever he received new shoes or half-boots, he took the first opportunity to get rid of them. He would place them loosely on his feet, and by a sudden jerk send them over the wall: whenever he was discovered to be thus discalced, he was directly brought to his own room.

One evening while a party of *learned theologians*, his fellow patients, were in solemn converse, and profoundly discussing the question, "what became of man after death," B——r, with both his hands full of mud, advanced to the outer part of the ring formed by this conclave. He listened some time with apparent attention, but suddenly exasperated by some of their arguments, he started into a stage attitude, and exclaimed, in a stentorian voice, "curse ye all! ye vagabonds, and the woman too!" and dashing the mud amongst them, retreated grim as Bajazet; and as he retired, made frequent stops and pauses, darting angry looks at the group, and at each pause reciting some dramatic passage expressive of his rage, until he reached the bottom of the airing ground, when he made his exit, not to the green room, but to the privy.

He was at one time necessarily confined in straw, when his malady was at the height; and during that time he imagined that his task was to reduce into chaff the material of his couch; in his endeavours to effect which he was extremely sedulous, for next morning there was not a single fragment of straw to be found longer than a pin. He slept but little at a time, for a very considerable period: so that nearly the whole of each night was employed in thrashing to chaff the straw he lay on.

The notion "that Bethlem was a large thea-

tre¹² was still uppermost in his mind; and that he had an unlimited number of parts to act. And when he saw so great a number of brother actors in the airing ground, each performing his own part in the way his fancy suggested, he declared he could observe no regularity in their acting, nor meaning in their speeches. A fine opportunity thus offered, in his notion, for a happy display of his own superior talents, and never did tragedian enter with more earnest solemnity into the respective parts he assumed for the moment, during the successive scenes of this heterogenous pasticcio, which was continued daily for near six months, when the happy *dénouement* of his own convalescence terminated his dramatic labours.

In spite of the incessant action of his mind and body, which would have worn out the most robust health of a sane subject in half the time, his strength and vivacity continued undiminished, by the aid of a perpetual appetite for all food he could meet. Never was insanity more impetuous, nor less abated by intervals of tranquillity.* His whole frame was in constant and violent action, and his tongue never at rest day or night, but during his short and unfrequent snatches of

* Since the recovery of this man, Dr. Murro has been heard to declare, that he would never entirely abandon the hope of effecting the cure of the most obstinate insanity.

sleep. Besides his dramatic occupations, his mind was in constant ferment from notions of ill-treatment conjured up by his own fancy.

For his wife he had conceived the most inveterate antipathy, and constantly vented against her the most horrid epithets and imprecations. In every part he acted, or speech he uttered, he always contrived to introduce her name in terms of abuse and execration: but there could not be a stronger trait of a perverted mind; for this afflicted partner in his misfortunes, during the whole period of his confinement, was unceasing in her attentions, and made daily inquiries after his health; managed his affairs with singular application and economy, paid off a great portion of his debts, greatly improved his house and business, and conducted herself as a worthy exemplar to all her sex.

But as his malady abated, and "reason resumed her seat," his gratitude and affection to her was not only restored, but redoubled. To abuse and execration, succeeded affection, panegyric, and benediction; and he seemed to hail his recovery only as it would enable him to make her amends. After the lapse of six months, his health daily improved; and on the 7th November 1822, he was discharged cured; and he returned to his home well dressed, calm, collected, and rational, with his excellent wife.

CHRISTOPHER HELMES,

Aged forty, admitted 14th November 1822. This poor fellow was a respectable agriculturist in Devonshire, near Plymouth ; but the severe losses he sustained obliged him to give up the concern, when he became deranged, owing to his failure in business. It is impossible to describe the variety of wild ideas he entertained. He called himself a sailing master, captain, admiral, general, in fact, almost every thing in turn ; was very noisy by day, and had very restless nights ; swearing and cursing, and calling to sailors aloft and below. He was utterly insensible to his own situation, and even the calls of nature. His health was in a very precarious state when he was admitted, which generally declined till the 15th of January 1823, when he paid the debt of nature.

He was of a respectable family, and was remarkable as a good moral man ; sober, industrious, and discreet in every particular. He has left a family.

JOHN PARKER,

Aged forty, admitted 19th December 1822. This poor man was a butcher in London, and

was in a bad state of health when he came here. His derangement was attributed to a cause, very rarely, if ever heard of, namely, his extraordinary success in business: it is sometimes usual for a man, when anticipating any singular good fortune, to say, if such an event was to occur "I should go mad for joy;" but here we have practical illustration, if the report of his friends be true. He had formerly been much embarrassed, and sustained many severe losses and disappointments; but latterly every thing he undertook was successful: his trade flourished, he was paying off rapidly his former debts, and succeeding in his business far beyond his most sanguine expectations, when he became disordered in his intellects, and was brought to Bethlem.

Here his ideas were continually occupied on his trade; he was always giving answers to his customers; praising the various joints of meat, and fixing his price; and one time he imagined he had bought five hundred bullocks at a half-penny each; sheep, two for three farthings; and lambs three a penny. He was continually making bargains in Smithfield; "send me home these fifty bullocks, here's your money, fifty pence make four shillings and twopence; fifty halfpence are two shillings and a penny; here you are; here's your money; what do you buy? what are you looking for? very well, come in an hour, ma'am,

my man's out; kill them bullocks; yes, sir; do it directly; I am going to get half a pint of beer; very well, make haste; bring me a glass of brandy and water," &c. &c. &c. In this manner was his distracted mind continually exercised, until his health declining very fast, he kept his bed, and died 14th January 1823.

WILLIAM GARWOOD.

Aged fifty-four, from Ongar in Essex, admitted 21st July 1822. This poor fellow's malady took its rise from his disappointment of receiving a large property which was said to be left to him by a relation; though the rest of his family entertain very strong doubts about it. But his deluded imagination has assigned him much higher concerns than those of mere earthly property, for he conceives that he has the entire management and regulation of the sun; and he is extremely diligent in his duty, for he watches the great luminary from its rising to its setting, and will stand on tiptoe to take a last affectionate glance, as it descends below his horizon. He thinks he can see in it all manner of things: rabbit-warrens, coaches, horses, wars, battles, &c. &c.; and he says, that had it not been for his

care, much mischief would have come of it. He can stop it whenever he likes, and has the sole direction of its course. It would have fallen to the earth several times but for him; and sometimes he thinks it so low that he is obliged to raise it up again. He complains piteously of mischievous boys and others throwing stones at it, by which means they must hurt the poor thing. It does them no harm, and why should they ill-use it? He can't think how people can be so cruel! He was detected one day with his blanket under his arm, going into the airing ground to catch the bright object of his care, as it was sinking down, that it might fall soft. He looks at the poor dear creature, until the tears trickle from his eyes in profusion. He is at times very noisy, and will talk most incoherently day and night; and, when in a high fit, he says he is the ruler of all things; the great and mighty master of heaven and earth, as will shortly be seen, for the consummation of all things is at hand.

He pretends to know all persons, and gives to every one an appellation of his own. One physician is a waggoner; another a ploughman; a third a shoemaker, from Chipping Ongar. He knows all about him; tells him he has no business here, and bids him to be off as he is wanted at home. To all he sees he is equally ready to assign new

avocations, and nothing can dissuade him from these whims.

WILLIAM GRIFFIN.

Aged twenty-one, from Long Ditton, Surry, admitted 21st July 1822. This young man's case is very curious, for the nature of the symptoms vary every day, without any appearance of amendment. One day he barks like a dog; the next he will mew like a cat; a third he is a lion; on the fourth he is a wolf; on the fifth he walks upright and stiff as a pole; on the sixth he goes about all day with his eyes closed, groping his way as if he were in utter darkness. He will eat his meals in the same whim, and will only open his eyes when indispensably necessary to find his way up or down stairs. A seventh day he will laugh from morning till night; and some whole days he will maintain a black and sulky aspect. As he begins in the morning, so seems his order of the day until bed-time, still continuing to vary his mode of action every day from that of the past. He has been a gentleman's servant, and this is his first attack.

JOHN WHEELER,

Aged forty, from Horsham, Sussex, admitted in April 1822. This was a robust, noisy, athletic fellow; he had been extremely violent, and broke doors, windows, and every thing that looked like restraint on him. When brought in here, he was melancholy, and much depressed, and so continued for many months; after which his disorder took a turn, and he became extremely noisy, and talked loudly and incoherently day and night upon various subjects, but was not violent. He had been a carrier, and he was not to be persuaded that a grey horse, which was sometimes brought to the hospital, was not his own old grey mare that he had some years ago, and he could swear to her marks. Like many others in their derangement, he violently suspected the fidelity of his wife, a very decent, modest young woman, who came occasionally to visit him. Jealousy, even in a madman (often in itself the cause of madness) is ingenious in the fabrication of imaginary causes to feed its own rancour.

He says, "he came home one day, unexpectedly, when his wife lay ill, and found the doctor in bed with her; this surprised him a little, but the doctor told him it was necessary to feel her pulse: so he was satisfied, as the doctor must

know best. At another time he came home, and found his wife was gone to be christened: he lost no time but proceeded to the bath, where he found a baptist friend of his and his wife naked in the bath together. This he was told was usual at christenings, so he was satisfied—the baptist knew best.”

He had the voice of a stentor, and sung a number of songs of his own extempore composition, not very accurate in the poetical measure, as may be supposed. They were all reared to the same tune, if tune it was, and Jack Wheeler of Hoo-sham was the hero of all.

He afterwards became more tranquil, and obtained leave of absence on the 6th September 1822: but he has never returned, or expressed his thanks in any way, for the care and benefit he had experienced.

JOHN DICKEN,

From Shrewsbury, admitted April 4th, 1822. This imaginary great man was no other, as he firmly believed, than his Grace the Duke of Shrewsbury. He had been an upholsterer, but failed in business, and this misfortune is thought to have caused his derangement. The poor fellow had

been in a private mad-house in the country, where he seemed to have been treated with great violence, for his body was covered with bruises, and his ankles and the small parts of his legs severely cut with cords and manacles.

He maintained for a long time his ducal dignity by a very pompous deportment; and when his keepers would greet him with "how does your Grace, this morning?" he would turn about with a highly consequential air, and answer with dignified condescension and coolness, "passing well." He was extremely filthy in his person, and for a long time highly deranged: but he at length changed his attachment to nobility, abandoned his dukedom, and became "plain John Dickens," as he would say.

He was for ever talking of the Hon. Grey Bezzett, as his most intimate friend and companion; and though he had relinquished his nobility, he assumed to the last great consequence. He seemed to have a large share of natural front, considered himself of high importance, was continually writing letters, whenever he could procure paper, and no man could be less susceptible of his state of mental disorder, from its commencement.

The following is a specimen of his epistolary style, dated 7th July 1822.

" My dear loving Wife :

" This comes with my best duty, love, and affection, for your dear children and mine, and to assure you of my perfect recovery from the dangerous malady that affected me ; and to tell you that the Almighty restored me to reason immediately after you left me, as if your presence had charms. I was much vexed at your not saying you were going home, and your leaving me so abruptly. My prayers is continually about you, night and morning, on my pillow : and I am also broken hearted about you and my dearest children.

" Pack up all your goods and send them to the house in Bat's Row, if not taken by any one else. Get Mr. Robert O. K. Y. to take D.'s house in the Market-place, late C—ks, and get a lease of it. I should like that house much, as I could open a grocer's and tea-dealer's shop, with millinery and confectionary. Pack up all my papers, and buy a trunk, in which, with my linen and clothes, send to Mr. Thos. L—w—e ; and purchase me a new suit of blue and black, with blue pantaloons and black silk waistcoat. Let these be forwarded by you immediately, and I shall send you some money to bring you and all your family to London in a few days. My chil-

dren must all come: I long to see them, and be sure to be punctual in all things I have said.

"Your loving and affectionate, &c."

The next is addressed to his brother-in-law.

"Dear Brother-in-law:

"I am happy, and restored to reason. Call upon Mr. O——, tobacconist, in Fleet Market: tell him to send me some best tobacco, snuff, and segars, with two boxes; and tell him I should be happy to see him, on Monday morning, from ten to twelve, with you; and bring me also a few huns and cakes, paper a quire, pens and inkhorn, also a writing portable desk; and some stockings and a new hat is also wanted, a few shillings for pocket-money: about twenty shillings to get tea and sugar, &c. Pray be punctual: bring your wife, and desire Mr. H—g—t, Hemmings Row, St. Martin's Lane, to call on me.

"Your Friend and Brother-in-law,

"I. T. L."

"N.B. I will write you a check on Monday, to get money sufficient for all you want."

This patient was discharged cured, on the 25th July 1822.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON,

From Ditton, Surry, admitted 14th of March 1822. This poor fellow was a market-gardener, and the source of his malady seems to have been religious enthusiasm. He became a follower of Methodism, and received his call one day while pruning his vines. His zeal increased by degrees to downright fanaticism, and became so bewildered and miserable, that the derangement followed, which required his removal hither.

So depressed is he, by despondency, under a sense of remorse for his sins, that he thinks death would be a blessing. Every thing with him is wickedness, corruption, and sinfulness: the air is sin, the smoking of fires is sin, the ringing of bells sin. He thinks he has destroyed the world, and that all evil has been occasioned by him. Sometimes he exclaims, there is no God, that he is dead, and that he is unhappy and miserable. He is continually asking if it would not be better for him to die. He thinks that all the other patients are kept here on his account. Under these circumstances, he has long been suspected of a design to destroy himself, and therefore he is strictly watched. In contemplation of his own death, he has written several wills; and he once wrote this

account of his own death, which he wished to have inserted in the newspapers :

" Died, on Wednesday, the 5th of June, by his own request, in Bethlem Hospital, William Robertson, of Thames Ditton, gardener, aged thirty.

(Signed) " WILLIAM ROBERTSON, dead."

The following are specimens of his testamentary documents :

" The last dying speech and confession of Mr. William Robertson. I wish that every fire may be extinguished, all wars to stop, no guns to fire off, all men in Bethlem Hospital to go home to their friends, if they please; no judges; all bells to have done ringing; to die on the 25th of June, by my own wish: all these things to take place immediately throughout the world. I was born at Thames Ditton, was lost in 1822. Richardson wishes to die with me. My clothes I leave to Mr. Smith (one of the keepers)."

Another specimen :

" The last dying speech and confession of William Robertson. To die the 27th June 1822. I humbly beg and request that all the following things may be performed immediately: bells to have done ringing, fires to cease smoking, work of all kinds to be left off; no guns to fire off, no kings, no

wars, no judges, no bishops, no smoking of tobacco. I leave my clothes to Mr. Smith, keeper."

Another :

" Last dying speech and confession of William Robertson. When I first received my call was in 1819; to die 29th June 1822. I desire that all fires may be extinguished, all work and labour to stop, and all bells to have done ringing all over the world.

" I request Mr. Jones (another maniac) to cease conversing with the walls, or, as he says, with his wife.

" I desire Lloyd to leave off begging, Groves to leave off swearing, Mr. Smith to leave off advising, and all persons to have done eating and drinking. Mr. Smith, and all the patients, to be discharged, Mr. Longley to go home to night to his wife and family; Mr. Lintott to go home to his friends before he dies; Taunton to leave off killing men and beasts of men; William Griffin to get better tempered; George Tester to leave off his mad pranks; Whennell to leave off chewing tobacco; Pinion to have his parish, and be restored to his friends; Phippard not to stamp and rave as he does sometimes; George Brown not to be so simple; Gardener to leave off looking at the sky, sun, moon, and stars; and the Duke to

leave off crying about his family. Mr. Smith to have my clothes, and the gooseberry-pie to be sent to my brother Charles; and, when all these things are performed, I wish to die any death the Governors chuse. With their leave, I prefer bleeding to death. Longney to have my jacket, to be buried in the church-yard; all things to be performed as soon as possible.

“ Witness my dying speech and wish,

“ WILLIAM ROBERTSON.”

Witnesses: Thomas Longney, John Thomas Lloyd Dicken, Duke of Shrewsbury, Henry Taunton, Henry Lintock, William Griffin, Esq., John Groves.

WILLIAM PINION,

From Leigh, near Tunbridge, Kent, aged sixty-seven, admitted 4th March 1822. The previous character and conduct of this poor old man greatly enhances one's sympathy for his melancholy state of derangement. He had only filled the situation of a common labourer, and had from his earliest days maintained his character for honesty, industry, and good conduct. He had brought up a numerous family, and procured them a plain and suitable education, to fit them

for honest exertions; and all with the praiseworthy spirit of declining parish assistance.

The death of his worthy and faithful wife, who had for upwards of forty years shared his labours and affection, was a misfortune too heavy for his fortitude to bear, and he almost sunk into despondency with grief.

By some carelessness, a load of stones, to repair the road, was deposited near his dwelling; and a gentleman driving that way was upset and thrown from his chaise by means of those stones, and received much personal injury. He in consequence brought an action against the trustees for compensation, and, by some errors in the proceedings, much delay, expense, and trouble accrued to the parish.

The original cause of the accident was erroneously imputed to poor Pinion's negligence; and the vexation of this circumstance, added to his previous affliction, so preyed on his spirits, that, in a fit of insanity, he cut his throat in a shocking way; but the wound was not mortal. He was afterwards taken to a private mad-house, and ultimately conveyed to Bethlem.

He was perfectly harmless, but the constant victim of melancholy, dejection, and despair. He appeared sensible that, at some time or other, he should be discharged from Bethlem: but then he should have lost his parish, and driven from

his native place and his children, and must become a miserable wanderer, turned out naked for the boys to mock and laugh at; that no one would give him a day's work, and that he must pine and starve to death. He always appeared extremely grateful for any little kindness shewn him, which, he would say, he did not deserve. Nothing could persuade him that he was not naked; and he would sometimes address the keepers in a humble and piteous tone: "If you please, Sir, when I am turned out of this good house, will you have the kindness to let me have my breeches on; I don't so much mind the rest of my clothes, but I have never been used to go without my breeches. Pray let me have them, for decency sake, and God will bless you."

For many months he continued under these delusions, from which nothing could dissuade him. At length, however, he became a little more cheerful; and, at the earnest request of his son, he was enlarged on a month's leave of absence, on the 26th September, which leave has been since extended. But still he could not be induced to believe he had not lost his parish, to which it is more than probable, he has been ere this restored.

In addition to the long proved honesty, industry, and good conduct of this poor fellow, it should be mentioned that, besides what his humble earn-

ings and economy enabled him to do for his family, by his thrift he had saved £40, which he had out at interest when he was sixty-eight years old, had his cottage decently and comfortably furnished, and owed no debts.

WILLIAM KILLICK,

Aged sixty-one, from Sutton, admitted February 7th 1822. This poor old man appeared naturally harmless, kind-hearted, and simple. While here he appeared constantly ready and anxious to do any thing for his fellow-patients, and especially those who were unable to assist themselves. His prevalent notion was to think himself immensely rich, and he expected every day to hear that he was to go and take possession of his estates.

He had been a humble sawyer at Sutton; but when out of work in that trade, would do any thing else to earn a few shillings.

Amongst his other miscellaneous occupations was that of supplying the place of an alarm-clock to his neighbours, who had occasion to rise early, for the market or other objects, by rousing them from their slumbers at one, two, three, four, or five in the morning. For this purpose poor Killick usually sat up all night, in order to be up early: and for

these services he received a few shillings per week. But after his mental derangement commenced, he still remembered his old calling, followed it up without any particular orders, and would awake half the neighbourhood at all hours of the night : so that instead of being a useful monitor, he became a general nuisance ; and he persevered in this practice, until many of his customers actually paid him for desisting from those unseasonable visits, and not calling them through the night. By these kind of services, negative and positive, he made out a little weekly income for his support.

He was never under restraint here ; always kind and obliging, and a sort of favourite with every one.

On the 29th of March, after (as may be presumed) a very learned discussion upon religion and politics in the keeper's room, as the poor fellow was in the act of making up the bed of a stupid patient, he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and instantly expired, without even a sigh. He had reared a fine comely family.

WILLIAM VALE,

Aged thirty-one, admitted on the 17th January 1822. This man, whether from the effects of his malady, or the cast of mind which nature so strongly depicts on the countenance of some men, without art enough to conceal their genuine propensities, had something in his physiognomy extremely repulsive and suspicious; of an artful, gloomy, and mischievous disposition, void of candour and kindness. He had been a footman in the family of a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. V——, of Bushy; and while at Brighton with his master, he dreamt that if he should only murder his mistress, with a part or the whole of the family, he would succeed to all their property and possessions. This visionary idea was afterwards always uppermost in his thoughts. He was a firm believer in the supernatural inspiration of dreams, and his ambition to be a rich man combining with this prophetic hint, seemed to suggest a means of accomplishing his wishes, which might, in such a mind, have produced the most dreadful results. It had, however, much influence on his cogitations; and he one day mentioned his dream to a female fellow-servant, and wondered what it meant. But his confidant, not naturally prone to secrecy, communicated the story to others of her

fellow-servants, with the miscellaneous news of the morning. The story reached Mr. V——, who knew too well the liabilities of a low, ignorant, and superstitious mind to the most desperate temptation from such a combination of excitements as immediately occurred to him; and, perceiving that the natural sullenness of Vale assumed apparent symptoms of distraction and wildness, he took the precaution of having his footman lodged in New Bethlem, as the safer place to get his dream interpreted by the seers of this temple.

After his admission here he maintained for some time a sullen and cautious silence: but as he had shrewdness enough to discover that the chance of his liberation depended on his conduct, he changed it for the better, assumed a more cheerful aspect, told his dream to his fellow-patients with an air of jocular levity, declared he had no intention whatever of destroying his master's family, but had merely told his dream to his fellow-servants, as any other person might do. But dreamers of such dreams were not to be tolerated in a prudent family, without apprehension and alarm; and though this man was discharged quite well, on the 18th of April 1822, he was not again received into the service of Mr. V——.

FREDERICK FOSTER,

Aged thirty-one, from near Petersfield, Hants, admitted 17th October 1842. This poor simpleton had been a farmer, and rented a few hundred acres of land; but, from the late misfortunes attending agriculture, as well as from his own want of skill and judgment in the management of his affairs, from which, with all his industry, he could not pay rent, tithes, and taxes, he was reduced, with his wife and family, to extreme poverty; and would probably have come to his parish-workhouse, but for the temporary aid of his friends. Without knowledge or experience for any other pursuit than that of farming, or capital to adopt any if he were competent (and he has made some efforts), he became quite low and despondent; for he was destitute of employment, with nothing but famine and despair in his prospects. In this state he was sent to this hospital, where, after a short time, he affected to throw off his melancholy and cheer up his drooping spirits, and determined, in his own phrase, "never to say die."

He details amongst his fellow-patients, whom he can induce to listen, a series of adventures in search of livelihood, after he abandoned farming. He first resolved to try his fortune in London, as

a promising field of speculation. He waggoned it up to town, attired in his professional smock-frock, and lodged for a short time with a relation, who advised him to try an advertisement in the newspapers for a place; and the first that offered was a situation in Hart Street, Covent Garden, where his duty was to attend as major-domo, in a hotel occupied by six single ladies, and to bring them gin, beer, and such other refreshments as they occasionally required. When gentlemen came to visit any of the ladies, he was to act as master of the ceremonies, and to preserve order and decorum; and suffer none to depart without paying their costs, for sundry accommodations furnished them. The better to discharge this office of comptroller, he was to take his post near the street door; and, in remuneration for his services, he was to live as well as the ladies, his employers, and receive custom-fees of office, in the way of perquisites.

He was quite willing to accept this engagement, wholly unsuspecting its true nature, but was dissuaded by his friend.

The next post that offered was to take care of a horse and gig, and carry out small parcels, for a young gentleman who kept an oil-shop; but, having no skill in the management of a gig, and not knowing the topography of London, this prospect failed.

Another situation offered, better suited to his taste and qualifications, where much activity or address were not requisite. It was to distribute printed papers in Oxford-street, for the information of such ladies or gentlemen as might happen to be peculiarly indisposed. These papers were the professional announcements of the celebrated Doctor Eady, of Dean-street, Soho; who was pleased with poor Foster's operations, and paid him a shilling per day. The faithful distributor did his duty with zeal, and indiscriminately, to personages of all classes and descriptions, from the right reverend prelate, or the noble peer, to the lowest porter; from the duchess ascending her *vis-à-vis*, to the match-girl or barrow-wench; all were faithfully apprized, in print, of the doctor's unparalleled skill. But as his trivial income by no means equalled his expenditure in the articles of food, drink, lodging, and washing, and the occasional drops of comfort he had been used to enjoy, he relinquished his employment, and commenced business on his own account, in retailing playbills, at nights, about the entrances of the minor theatres, for the ladies and gentlemen "to know all about the play." The unsold surplus of one evening's merchandize he vended on the next or succeeding night, no matter how the performance changed. But this trade was too good to last; for the fruit-women, and other ladies in

the bill trade, considered him an illegitimate intruder on their privileges; and by dint of eloquence, and threats to tear his eyes out, obliged him to retire.

His next occupation was to bear about a pole, sustaining a sort of banneret, emblazoned by a large printed sheet, with a great many names on it, describing "all about how the play was to be done." His station was assigned in Leicester-square; but such a number of folks came to stare at him and his board, that he was soon stared quite out of countenance, and he resigned this employment.

The next post that offered was with a reverend gentleman, a Methodist parson, near Newington. It was to cultivate a small kitchen-garden, attend two pigs, milk a cow, wait at table, transact the business of valet to his master, and attend devotions morning and evening. But so many occupations were beyond his skill: besides, he had no taste for psalmody, and therefore he declined so lucrative a post, though it was ten pounds a year!

He then applied to an eminent cow-keeper at Islington, where he was told there was a vacancy for a skilful milker. But, unfortunately, the post was previously filled by a more fortunate candidate.

A great variety of other occupations tempted his ambition, and cherished for some weeks his

hopes of advancement : but he was always either too late, or not liked. He was at one time in ardent hopes of a good place at the English Opera House, to clean sinks and gutters, dust scenes, and other minor offices about this court of Thespis, at fourteen shillings a week, but then there was a long vacation to intervene before his talents could be put into action ; and seeing no chance of any other engagement, he took the resolution of returning to the country, with his extensive stock of London experience and knowledge. Unhappily, he could not find any one to estimate his value, and his speculations ended in transmission to this asylum.

He now thinks himself competent for any thing, and contemplates a hundred different employments, some of which he is to adopt the moment he gets out. He intends to give a bottle of wine to a celebrated dancing-master in Nelson's-square, for teaching him to dance ; and then he can soon get a guinea a day on the stage, for he has seen a play, and he that played the farmer seemed to know nothing about it. At another time he will make his brother-in-law procure him an engagement with a great haberdasher in Fore-street. He understands measuring land ; and, of course, he must know how to measure flannels, calicoes, ribbons, and tapes. But a still

more feasible project is, that when he gets out, and has money enough, he will go to Cambridge University, and learn to be a parson. No people, he says, have less to do than the parsons, and none live better. He will soon reform things in that way, for he will only take half the tythes. He will be very good to the poor, attentive to the sick, and preach twice every Sunday, and he will charge no fees for weddings, or christenings, or burials, to poor people. At another time he is to go to a chandler's-shop in London, to study the business for three months, and then set up for himself, and make a fortune.

But, at all events, he will never be a farmer again, though he should get land rent-free; for all his hard work could hardly raise produce to pay tythes and taxes, and keep his family, and he knows fifty farmers, not called madmen, who think the same way.

One of the keepers sometimes plays on a flute, and poor Foster, who is alive to the sympathies of merry music, instantly begins to dance—certainly not in the most graceful style. Some of his fellow-patients, rather more tame than himself, are cunning enough to make fun of him; they encourage his dancing-fits by mock applause, and persuade him to strip off all his clothes, his breeches and shirt only excepted, telling him it

is best for good dancers to be as loose and unencumbered as possible. To the agility of his dancing he sometimes adds his musical powers of voice; and they highly applaud his songs, which are groaned in a style at war with all harmony, while his motions in the *pas seul* surpass in awkwardness those of a bear. But these mirthful intervals do not at all divert his clerical speculations, for he says he is about composing his first sermon in a few days. He declares he is perfectly well, and never was so happy in all his life, which is probably true, as to his own state of mind. And then he says he has learned so much since he came into Bethlem, that in less than twelve months after he gets out, he would not call the King his uncle, nor the Lord Chancellor his grandmother. He is in robust bodily health, and, by way of counteracting his mirth, will sometimes weep bitterly, which he says is to do him good; and if happiness consists in opinion, few men enjoy more of it than poor Foster.

GEORGE BROWN.

From Margate, aged twenty-one, admitted March 14th, 1822. This young man's first symptoms of insanity were discovered from his eating

candles, starch, chalk, and other trash, and drinking urine wherever he could come at it. He is cheerful and harmless, but vain of his universal qualifications. According to his own account, he was the handsomest boy in all Margate; and can dance, sing, swim, and do many other feats, to admiration. He appears to have been bred to the sea; vaunts much of his skill and seamanship, and performed a voyage to the East-Indies and back, in a fortnight. He imagines himself still on board ship. The gallery floors he calls the deck, the windows are the port-holes. When ordered into the airing ground, he terms it "going on shore;" and when ordered up, he calls it "going on board again." Any questions put to him he sometimes answers with smartness, and sometimes with wit or shrewdness, but, in general, is rather silly.

Shortly after his admission, he stood one day in the stone sink under the pump; but on the approach of one of the governors, he jumped down. The governor, seeing him a new patient, kindly asked him how he was, and where he came from? Brown returned the civility of the first inquiry, and pointing to the sink said he came from that. "Aye, but," replied the governor, "where did you come from originally?" His answer was, "from my mother: and where did you come from?" The governor declined to continue the conversation.

JOHN WHITE.

Aged forty-three, admitted 28th February 1822. This imaginary great man had formerly been a ship-carpenter in the British navy, and was on board the fatal expedition to Walcheren, in 1809; where he caught the fever and ague, then so prevalent and so destructive to our brave troops. The master chord of this poor fellow's malady is an insurmountable notion that he is bewitched by his wife; and so prevalent with him is this persuasion, that whether his appetite fails or he wants sleep, or feels pain or extraordinary uneasiness of mind, he attributes all to this witchery of his helpmate.

He frequently holds conversations with himself, and will smile at any thing pleasant that seems to occur to him in these soliloquies. He was stationed for several years in the East-Indies, from his recollection of which he assumes much importance. According to his own account, he was intimately acquainted with all the admirals, generals, and other principal officers in that quarter. "Surrounded," says he, "by all the brave men of the age, I was highly honoured and respected: I had my sepoy's to attend me, and was just as I ought to be, treated like a gentleman."

His fancy supplied him with exhaustless details of battles never fought, sea engagements that

never occurred, and most extraordinary events which have never taken place. He was, according to his own story, the leading man on all occasions; first called on to build up, or pull down; and his professional instruments, the axe, mallet, hammer, and chisel, were uppermost in his fancy.

His disease, however, was so far cured, that he obtained liberation, on leave of absence, on the 9th of May; and was finally discharged well, on the 24th of October 1822.

FEMALES.

MARGARET NICHOLSON,

Aged eighty-two, consigned to Old Bethlem in August 1786. The name of this female, connected as it is with an occurrence which once excited so much consternation in the country, will not be forgotten in English history.

It is near thirty-seven years since this unfortunate maniac was committed to Old Bethlem, and during that long period she has been considered a lunatic.

The following account of the circumstance which caused her confinement was published at the time.

"On the 2d of August 1786, as the King (George III.) was alighting from his chariot at the garden entrance of St. James's, a woman, very decently dressed, in the act of presenting a petition, which his Majesty was receiving with great condescension, struck a concealed knife at his breast; which happily he avoided by drawing back. As she was making a second thrust, one

of the yeomen caught her arm, and, at the same instant, one of the King's footmen wrenched the knife from her hand. The King, with great temper and fortitude, exclaimed, "I am not hurt: take care of the poor woman; do not hurt her."

The same day she underwent an examination before the Privy Council; when it appeared her name was Margaret Nicholson, daughter of an industrious couple at Stockton-upon-Tees, and that she had lived as an upper servant in several creditable services. Being asked where she lived since she left her last place, she answered in a frantic manner, "she had been all abroad since the matter of the crown broke out;" and on being asked what matter, she went on rambling "that the crown was hers; she wanted nothing but her right; that she had great property; that if she had not her right, England would be drowned in blood for a thousand generations." It was ascertained that she then lived at Mr. Fisk's, stationer, in Wigmore-street; and on being questioned as to her right, she said she would answer to none but God. She stated, rationally enough, that she had petitioned about ten days previously; and on looking among the papers, a petition was found full of nonsense, about tyrants, usurpers, and pretenders. On the interrogation of Mr. Fisk, he stated that Margaret had lodged with him about three years; and that, although

she sometimes appeared odd, and talking to herself, he never observed any proofs of insanity about her; she lived by taking in plain work, &c.

Doctor Munro being sent for, he said, "it was impossible then to ascertain whether she was insane or not;" but in ten days after, she being examined before the Privy Council in the presence of Drs. John and Thomas Munro, their Lordships were unanimous in their opinion as to her insanity, and she was forthwith conveyed to a cell in Old Bethlem.

Addresses of congratulation to his Majesty, upon his happy escape, were voted by the City of London; the loyal example was followed by all the cities, corporations, and other great public bodies throughout the kingdom, and many knight-hoods were conferred on the occasion. It is, however, worthy of remark, that Margaret has not only outlived all the knights then created, but even the venerable monarch himself, who in a very old age, and after the longest reign ever enjoyed on the throne of these realms, died after many years of deplorable insanity.

Margaret herself, when much more communicative than of recent years, has given a very different account of the transaction which led to her confinement, from that which appeared in the public prints of the time. She has declared, that she had not the remotest intention to injure his

Majesty ; on the contrary, " that she had a great notion of him." She had lived with a great family where his Majesty used to visit occasionally, and the King frequently looked at her in a manner which she thought bespoke kindness and regard. That being afterwards out of situation for some time, she imagined the King a likely person to recommend her to a good one, and considering that he had always regarded her with a look of more than common attention, she had, therefore, determined to petition his Majesty as her last resource. She inquired, and learned the time and place most likely to meet with his Majesty, and that he would be at St. James's on a particular day ; she attended with her petition, and took her post at the garden-gate leading to the palace. That, unfortunately, having a knife in her pocket along with the petition, and being rather anxious and confused, and afraid of missing her presentation, as the King passed from his carriage, in the hurry of the moment she drew out the knife instead of the paper, and rushed forward to deliver it into his royal hand ; when she was instantly seized, and accused of attempting to stab his Majesty, than which nothing could be farther from her intention.

But it appears that her story, if she told it at the time, was not believed ; and she has now been a sojourner in confinement above thirty-six

years, and has never evinced any prominent symptoms of insanity beyond the occasional irritation, perhaps, naturally enough resulting from her situation. She was transferred from Old Bethlem hither when this building was finished; has long since made up her mind to her confinement, and appears perfectly tranquil and contented; she very seldom speaks, has totally lost her sense of hearing, nor would the discharge of a cannon at her ear in the least disturb her. Snuff seems to be her favourite luxury, of which she takes a great quantity, and seems to enjoy it with peculiar satisfaction. She has contracted a singular aversion to bread, and never can be induced to eat any. The cause of this antipathy is unknown, but she is allowed gingerbread and biscuits, which she eats with good appetite, in moderate quantities. Tea is also allowed her, and she has, besides, the exclusive privilege of living apart from all the other criminal patients, in a ward appropriated as a nursery for the aged and infirm, and such as are quiet and harmless. She enjoys a good state of health, is regular, cleanly, and attentive to her little concerns, and is desirous to render herself useful, so far as her great age will permit.

Reports of her death have been circulated from time to time: but Margaret is still living, and

healthy evidence in refutation of such premature rumours.

ALICE BARTLETT.

Aged about seventy-eight, transferred hither from Old Bethlem. This poor old creature has long been deemed incurable. She thinks herself dreadfully ill-used; and her imagination is constantly agitated by a persuasion that all persons whom she sees in the course of the day are placed in her room by night, and anatomized. Their skeletons occupy, as she fancies, every corner of her apartment throughout the night. She imagines that all the nurses and patients suffer in the same manner. She appears herself to suffer extreme anxiety and pain of mind under the opinion. She pities and sympathizes with the other patients and nurses, whom she believes to be equally tormented with herself in their feelings. She is always upon the sick list, and has her food regularly brought to her room, which she never quits.

Many of the other patients have occasional little comforts sent them by friends; such as tea and sugar, snuff, tobacco, fruit, cakes, and the like: but this poor creature seems to have outlived all her connexions, for no friend or ac-

quaintance ever comes to visit or inquire after her, or do her the smallest kindness, beyond what is furnished by the benevolence of this institution, which amply provides for all her wants.

HANNAH PRIOR,

Aged seventy, removed hither from Old Bethlem. This poor old creature is another incurable. She is generally quiet, but her tranquillity is of very uncertain duration. Solitude is her delight; probably (if one can form any judgment of the motives that influence a deranged mind) because her fancy is then at full liberty to indulge in wild vagaries without interruption; and confinement alone to her own apartment, seems to afford her much satisfaction. To accomplish this purpose, whenever she finds her nurse absent from the gallery, she repairs to the window, raves, rants, screams, flings about her arms, and attracts a crowd about the building: but as soon as her nurse returns, she instantly retires to her own room, and her object is then accomplished. She believes that she has been loaded with chains for the last seventy years, and locked by her arms and legs, "and that God Almighty comes and runs things into the guts of poor Hannah Prior." She is very fond of books, reads

much, is indulged with the use of a circulating library, and is very careful of the volumes procured for her amusement; and though she seems to evince some understanding in her selection of books, and to read with attention, yet so irritable is her temper when her mind is diverted to any other object, that she cannot bear conversation for five minutes: for when talking to another with seemingly amicable mildness, some new whim crosses her fancy, and in an instant she flies into the most violent passion, and becomes loud and boisterous; but, soon recollecting the consequences of such conduct, she moves off spontaneously to her room, and appears quite happy in thus securing a retreat to her own exclusive company, and the enjoyment of her reveries: and probably this mode of obtaining her favourite end is the result of stratagem.

She seems to be affected by continual thirst, is extremely partial to table-beer (the only beverage, besides water, with which she could be indulged), and of this she would drink two, or even three gallons per day, if permitted; but the nurse is obliged to be careful to prevent such an excess.

She has been under no restraint whatever since she came here, except being locked, occasionally, in her own room. She has quite a stentorian voice, and, after retiring to bed at night, is extremely loud and talkative.

MARY BUFFIN,

Aged sixty, transferred here from Old Bethlem. This poor old gentlewoman carries about her the vestiges of prim decorum and respectability. She is always cleanly, decent, and regular, but all hopes of restored intellect are long since completely gone. Though she seldom talks, it is always incoherently: but she is generally silent, except when asked questions.

The most prominent trait of her illusion is the unaccountable antipathy she has conceived towards the matron. She cannot be dissuaded from a fixed notion that the matron was a patient in Old Bethlem for seven years, and that her name is Vains. Perhaps her shattered memory may be impressed with a personal likeness of the matron to some one for whom she had formerly conceived an aversion: but so strong is her antipathy, that she cannot bear to see its present object. The moment she perceives her enter the gallery, she flies to her own room, shuts her door, and remains secluded until the matron goes away.

The poor soul is otherwise quite harmless and mild, and never troublesome nor offensive in any way.

CHARLOTTE DULLY.

Aged forty-five, belonged to Putney, and was transferred hither from Old Bethlem: she is a married woman, and mother of a family. This poor woman has contracted a most singular persuasion: she fancies herself to be a man, and sometimes styles herself a boy; and, when spoken to, she bows, scrapes, and puts her hand to her head in every respect like a footman.

She is particularly attached to the matron, whom she calls her beauty, and is quite uneasy every day until she sees her.

There is nothing else particularly remarkable in her manner; she is orderly, cleanly in her person and habits, and perfectly quiet and harmless.

MARY SILVEY.

Aged thirty-six, was transferred hither from Old Bethlem as a curable patient, and after remaining here twelve months was discharged; but her malady soon returned, and she was re-admitted on the incurable list.

She is a married woman, with a family of children, and is the wife of a private soldier who served in Lord Rolle's regiment. But she has, as

she says, discarded her former husband, and now imagines herself to be Lady Rolle, and expects his Lordship to come for her every hour. Whenever a party of visitors are going about the hospital, she invariably intreats the nurse to let her go out, as her husband, Lord Rolle, is waiting for her. The appearance of a respectable company of visitors always exalts her notions of her own rank and consequence, and she is on such occasions very desirous to join them, as she is quite sure Lord Rolle is one of the number.

This poor woman is generally quiet and orderly in her habits, but she participates the common idea amongst so many of her companions, that all which she sees is her own property; all the food, tea, sugar, clothes, &c. &c. of the other patients belong to her, and she ought to have them.

HANNAH FREEMAN,

From Kent Road, aged about forty-five, and transferred hither from Old Bethlem. When this poor woman was brought from her previous place of confinement, it was reported that she had been in irons for the preceding seven years; but, thanks to the better management of this institution, no such thing has taken place here.

The leading traits of this patient's mind are the desire of increasing, and the constant suspicion of being robbed of her treasure. The depository of this is a box, which she carries about under her arm, and in which she hoards every penny she can collect. This coffer she values above all things, and it is her inseparable companion wherever she goes; but, like most misers, she is under the perpetual apprehension of being robbed. She imagines that the fellows come into her room at nights, break open this box, and take her money out of it. Her whole soul seems wrapt in this box and its contents. It is sewed up in a wrapper of coarse linen, as if meant for exportation. She is allowed to wash her own clothes once a fortnight, and her coffer always accompanies her to the laundry, and in like manner when she goes to the airing-ground, or elsewhere. She says this box cost her six shillings and sixpence, which is a great deal of money; but the fellows have so broken it, in their attempts to get out the money, that she is always patching and mending it to keep it together. All her cares and her constant complaints are about this box, its fractures, and the robberies committed on it by the fellows, which is all purely imaginary, for there are no visible marks of any injury on her favourite depository. But she still insists that the fellows break into her room by night, when she is asleep,

lick the white-wash off her walls, break open her box, steal out her ribbons and her money, and do her much other mischief. They break in sometimes through the window, sometimes down the chimney, and sometimes through the key-hole. Every night produces some new misfortune, and every day some fresh complaint.

She has sometimes a turn for finery, and adorns herself, as she thinks, in a very gay and tasteful style. Her hair is long and carrotty, which she terms auburn; and she crops as much from the length as supplies her with materials for fashionable front curls, whenever she chooses to dress in full pomp.

She is in general remarkably cleanly and regular in her habits. She sometimes gets into a passion, but when that fit subsides she is kind and obliging. She is allowed the peculiar privilege of remaining in the gallery all the year, if she chooses, while other patients are obliged to go into the airing-ground; and she is never locked up in her room by night or day, while all the other patients are locked up at eight o'clock in the evening. She enjoys the pleasure of walking about the gallery, amusing herself and protecting her property, until she chooses to retire to rest.

She is perfectly harmless, honest, and, with very few exceptions, well-behaved.

CAROLINE DE GUTH,

Aged forty-two, admitted in 1817. This unfortunate woman is a German, was of a respectable family, and well brought up: but, whatever were the motives of her friends for consigning her to a public asylum of this nature, she carries with her, even under her derangement, all the pride of exalted rank, and a sovereign contempt for supposed inferiors. Disappointed love is said to be the source of her disorder.

She imagines New Bethlem to be the Queen's Palace, and to be her own property, with every thing that belongs to it. All the nurses in the house she considers to be her domestic servants, and all the patients her slaves, whom she speaks of with high contempt, as mere scum of the earth. Indeed she speaks of both nurses and patients as a low, vulgar class of wretches, unworthy to attend on a lady of her high rank and consequence; that they have been brought up like coal-heavers, and several times cast for death, and this, as she believes, for cutting up young children, and bringing parts of them to her for supper. She is extremely fond of amusing herself with singing, and is generally high, and in a state of excitement: her malady is deemed incurable.

CHRISTIANA ROSS,

Aged This is a Scotchwoman, and was one of those unfortunate females that nightly infest the streets of the metropolis. In one of her professional excursions she fell in with a butcher, and before she parted with him robbed him of £40.

She appears more simple than mail. She says that Mr. Capper robbed her of all her rings and jewels, muff, and all her fine things, when she was first apprehended. She still preserves a brooch, and a shilling, which she carefully keeps wrapped up in a number of papers; which shilling, she says, is to pay for a lodging, the first night she obtains her liberty. She takes snuff, and although she feels much in want of it at times, she is so scrupulously careful of her shilling, that she will beg, borrow, or go without the exhilarating powder altogether, rather than break upon this last remnant of her cash.

JANE COOK,

Aged , London. This is a married woman, and was servant in a family in London. The family being out of town, she one

night set fire to the house in the following manner. She had seen her husband, on the night alluded to, with whom she had very high words, on what account is not known, but, mortified and driven to desperation, she resolved on her own destruction. With this view she procured a quantity of laudanum and gin mixed together: she then went to rest, doubly intoxicated, having first placed a lighted candle underneath the bed.

She soon became insensible. The bed and furniture caught fire, and the flames spread. The watchman on his post observing it, obtained assistance, broke into the house, repaired to the room on fire, where he found the unfortunate woman in a state of complete insensibility, and much burnt. She was taken out; but the house and furniture received considerable damage. She remained ill a long time, from the double effects of poison and fire, and was ultimately found to be deranged.

She betrays no symptoms of insanity, attends divine service, is orderly and regular, and conducts herself very well, but does not recollect setting fire to her master's house.

HANNAH HANCOCK,

Aged, Gloucestershire. This is a miserable looking, diminutive, hump-backed creature, about four feet in stature. She was a pauper in the parish-workhouse, and, while there, she frequently had the care of an infant belonging to the mistress of the poor-house. One day, while nursing the child, and when it was naked, she very deliberately threw it from a two pair of stairs window to the ground, where it was killed by the fall; with equal deliberation she threw its clothes after it. Report says, that she had given notice of her intention to do the child a mischief the day preceding.

She now behaves herself extremely well, and attends divine service, at which she conducts herself with great propriety. She perfectly well remembers the horrible act of destroying the child, but says she was deranged at the time; for if she had not been so, she would have shuddered at an act so dreadful in itself, and for the crime at all times she expresses the greatest sorrow and contrition.

MARY AUSTIN,

Aged Bath. This is a married woman, with a family. In a fit of insanity she had cut out the tongues of two of her children. She is very much deranged, but chiefly melancholy and desponding. She holds very little converse with any person, dislikes company, and is almost always alone. She never goes into the airing-ground with the other patients, but sits on a box, moping within. At times, however, she is in a different state, and speaks; but her insanity palliates the dreadful crime she has been guilty of. She says she cut out her children's tongues to prevent them telling lies, and that if all mothers would do the same, it would save much tale-telling, idle talk, and mischief.

ELIZABETH BURROWES,

London. This wretched woman was found guilty of destroying one of her children, and, being deranged, was sent to Bethlem. She appears to be perfectly sensible of the crime she has committed, and is in consequence extremely disconsolate, desponding, and dejected. She has no particular insane ideas, but her mind appears

to be continually on the rack, most probably on reflections at what she has done.

ANNE MOULD.

Aged sixty-nine, admitted March 28th 1822. The derangement of this miserable old creature proceeds from imaginary remorse, of which she is the constant and pitiable prey. She imagines that she has committed murder upon her unborn infant, and wants, of all things, to be hung. Her story is, that she was with child, that she drank large quantities of rue tea to procure abortion, and that she thus poisoned her infant, deserves to be hung, and hung she must be. She says it is only tantalizing, and trifling with her feelings, to keep her any longer in this house. "Let me go at once to Newgate," she will exclaim, "I have committed murder, and deserve to be hanged. Pray let me go. Keeping me here is only tormenting me worse. I know I must be hanged, and why not let me suffer at once?"

For hours successively will she sit silent and sad, brooding over her ideal misfortunes, and, if roused from her reflections by a question from any one, she will answer rationally enough upon any other subject. But this cord of child-murder

once touched by another, or her own recollection, she instantly relapses to her wonted misery, and repeats her former intreaty: "Oh! let me go to Newgate! I must be hanged! I know I deserve it, and why will you not let me go?"

In all other respects, she is quiet, regular, and cleanly.

FANNY NORTON.

Aged forty-six, admitted in 1818. This poor creature is a single woman. Her malady has never yielded to medical treatment, notwithstanding all the care and attention paid to her case, and she has ultimately proved incurable. Her fancy, like most of the various patients under mental derangement, has its peculiar turn. Her firm belief is, that she brings forth a child every night; but that before the morning arrives, some men, or "fellows," as she styles them, come and take her child away.

The population of a desert would speedily flourish by the aid of a few such colonists as this poor maniac supposes herself to be.

She imagines herself dreadfully ill-treated. The ruins of her memory seem to be constantly haunted by recollections of former annoyances, previous to her lodgment in this asylum, from the thoughtless

and unfeeling rabble, who are so apt to take delight in teasing and imitating the poor wandering maniacs exposed to their mercy. She fancies herself followed by crowds of mischievous boys, who mock, torment, persecute, and throw stones at her; that she is most cruelly teased by them, and that she is obliged to fight for her life every night. She reckons that she has had above a hundred children; but as she feels herself growing old, she hopes soon to have done child-bearing, and that her pains and troubles will be speedily at an end.

She thinks that one of the keepers is her husband, and sends many messages to him by her attendant nurse, which she supposes are regularly delivered, and is surprised at his unkindness in not answering them. She remembers the marriage ceremony was performed with a brass ring; recollects the wedding-feast, and threatens to sue her unkind and negligent spouse for pin-money, or separate maintenance.

She is generally quiet, and has done no mischief; but sometimes she becomes irritated from causes purely ideal; believes every person she sees is mocking and reviling her; then her anger mounts to rage, she foams at the mouth, is in a high state of agitation, and it becomes necessary to confine her in her own apartment, where by

degrees, her anger subsides, and she again becomes tranquil, and is released.

MARY BANKS,

Aged forty-seven, admitted 23th January 1819. From the conduct of this woman, it would require no extraordinary effort of credulity to believe her possessed by an evil spirit, or that the most furious of the furies was her familiar. Her appearance carries her age much higher than it is stated, but there is nothing in Billingsgate, St. Giles's, or any other school of ferocious rage, malice, or eloquence, that can afford even a slight specimen of her pre-eminence in these points; and, when excited, the gross indecency of her language, and the scurrilous volubility of her tongue, cannot be described.

All persons in office here, and especially the physicians, are the favourite objects of her talents, as probably they might be of her talons also, but for the vigilance of the keepers; and any parties who visit the female ward of this establishment rarely escape her abuse.

She imagines that Dr. Wright is the husband of the matron; that she herself is immensely rich, and that the whole building, and all the clothes,

money, and other valuables in it, belong exclusively to her.

She thinks ill of all persons indiscriminately, and if she observes any thing new in the dress of the nurses, she immediately tells them it was obtained as the wages of prostitution.

Some time ago the matron inquired of this woman where the nurse was, and she immediately answered, " Oh! she is gone up stairs to lay-in of two young bears: she has been big with them for some time." Her malady has been long since deemed incurable.

JANE TAYLOR,

Aged twenty-nine, admitted in 1819. This poor young woman, when admitted, was in a very low state of dejection and melancholy. She had been employed as a wet-nurse, in the family of the Hon. H. G. Bennett, at whose instance, when her malady appeared confirmed, she was sent here. She continued in this low state for twelve months after her admission, without any change for the better, and was then deemed incurable. Shortly afterwards she became violent and abusive to all about her, especially to the matron. She has frequently been very mischievous, breaking the windows, and tearing her own clothes

into the smallest fragments. Amongst the other illusions of her fancy, she has fallen in love with the physician, Sir George Tuthill. She says she cannot account for this feeling, but she loves him, even to distraction. She is married, has had two children, was formerly a young woman of good character, and of late has conducted herself quietly.

ANNE GIBBONS,

Aged thirty-nine, admitted 8th December 1820. The disordered fancy of this patient was influenced by a thorough persuasion of her own high rank. She imagined herself to be a foreign princess, of blood royal and regal lineage. She considered her confinement here as oppressive and arbitrary in the extreme; and it hurt her excessively when she reflected, that instead of such treatment, she ought to be riding in her carriage and four.

All this building belonged to her, beside numbers of other princely edifices elsewhere; and she would, some day ere long, convince her hearers of this grand truth, when her carriage and four should come driving up for her.

She was a married woman, but her hatred to

her husband was inveterate, beyond all bounds. She often declared, that rather than return to such a monster, she would suffer the most horrible death that was possible.

But, notwithstanding this antipathy to one man, her heart was not insensible to the tender passion towards the whole sex, for she was in love, even to dotage, she said, with Mr. Lawrence the surgeon; and, at the same time, to distraction with Sir George Tuthill. But she could hardly tell which she loved most, or which of them she would have.

She was of an agreeable person, generally quiet and orderly, but her conversation was always wild and incoherent. After twelve months' confinement here, she was discharged uncured, in December 1821, and was removed to a private mad-house.

SUSAN MORGAN,

Aged twenty-nine, admitted 3d May 1821. This poor young woman was one of the unhappy victims of religious superstition. She had been cook in a respectable family before she received her call; but from that time forth she lapsed into distraction, and wild enthusiasm. She was

much disordered when here, and entertained the notion that she was with child by . . . She had been with him repeatedly; knew him well, and, in the course of her intimacy with him, became pregnant. When any of the other patients spoke to her, she would gently rebuke them, and tell them to beware how they addressed her; but whether this proceeded from the notion of her pregnancy, or of her personal greatness, was not known. She was a single woman, cleanly, regular, harmless, and inoffensive. She became better of her disease, obtained a month's leave of absence, came back at the end of that time to return thanks, and was discharged well, in March 1822.

She afterwards went down to Bath, to service, but became again deranged, and, in a fit of despondency, unfortunately drowned herself.

CHARLOTTE WISDOM,

Aged twenty-eight, admitted 31st January 1822. This poor creature was another of the victims of fanaticism. She had been servant in a family, but at some time or other had received "her call," as it is termed, at one of the religious conventicles, and, in a little time, lapsed into melancholy and despair. Her constant habit

was a propensity to biting her nails and finger-ends, and lacerating her flesh, for the purpose of mortification.

She was so merged in despondency and utter hopelessness, that she firmly believed the devil was to have her when she should die. That the evil-spirit had all the power, and the Deity none. That, seeing it impossible to be saved, she had given herself up to sin, wickedness, idleness, and sloth. That this was occasioned by her not believing in God. That she was never more to be happy, but to be tormented for ever and ever.

This was the constant tenor of her lamentations, from morning till night. She could not be induced to repair any part of her clothes, nor even mend a hole in her stocking, wash her skin, or do any thing whatever that could contribute to her own health or comfort; not so much even as to change her linen, unless when forced to do so.

In this wretched state she continued for a considerable time, until at length she had a severe fit of bodily illness, from which, as she recovered, her reason was restored, her despondency vanished, and she was finally discharged well, in August 1822.

DOROTHY MARGERUM,

Aged forty, admitted 11th April 1822. This poor creature is an unmarried woman, but has got a child living, and, whatever was the cause of her derangement, she is the wretched victim of maternal fondness and painful anxiety for her child, which she imagines is starving to death. Every thing she eats she thinks this child ought to have, and she therefore takes her provisions with the greatest reluctance, insomuch, that it frequently becomes necessary to administer by force the sustenance which she obstinately refuses to take of her own accord, and this reluctance has reduced her almost to a skeleton.

Whenever the doctors, or a party of visitors, go round to view the establishment, she instantly accosts them, falls on her knees, and in the most pathetic manner implores and entreats them to let her see her dear child, who is starving to death for want of the food that she eats; and though the evil be merely ideal, this poor creature suffers in her mind all the anguish of maternal woe.

Otherwise she is quite harmless, and at no time inclined to be mischievous.

ESTHER EATON,

Aged fifty-one, admitted July 11th 1822. This wretched creature is, equally with the last, a prey to the bitterest remorse for imaginary guilt. She fancies that she has murdered both her father and mother; that she has undone, by her crimes, all that the Saviour of the world had done for the good of mankind; that the devil has obtained power above the Deity, and that he will have every body. All this, she says, has proceeded from her guilt and infidelity, and her not doing what she ought to have done; and her constant and bitter plaint of woe and despair, from morning till night, is

"What will be done?
 What will be done?
 The d—l will have us all!
 What will be done?"

In all other respects she is quite harmless; but this incessant tone of grief and despair not only aggravates her own malady, but is extremely annoying to other patients; particularly to the melancholy beings whose minds are already too much in unison with her own, and it becomes necessary at times to remove her from the usual airing-ground, to another ground set apart for the basement patients.

JANE LONG.

Aged forty-six, admitted 2d January 1822. This poor lady has a very exalted notion of her high rank and dignity. She was probably one of the radical visitants to Brandenburg House, and supposes herself to be no less a personage than Queen Caroline. She affects to know every body in high life; calls all persons she sees by wrong names of her own suggestion, and is quite sure she remembers them, in some situation or other where she has been acquainted.

If a party of visitors come round to view the establishment, she instantly adapts a name to each; and affects to know their characters and situations quite familiarly. This is Mr. Somebody, whom she knew in such a situation; that lady is Mrs. Such-a-one, who has had so many children by such a gentleman. To the nurses she is very liberal in her allowance of profligacy. Some, she says, have had three or four illegitimate children, others now with child, and, in fact, she assumes to know every one, and all their private histories.

When her majesty goes forth to promenade the airing-ground, she generally enthrones herself in a large chair which is there fixed, assumes all the

pomp and consequence which she thinks attached to her high estate, and looks down on the surrounding female patients as her maids of honour, or her humble subjects, who owe the profoundest homage to her fancied royalty.

This poor princess was a married woman, and her insanity is supposed to be the result of remorseful feelings for an unfortunate aberration from her conjugal rectitude. She is cleanly, quiet, and harmless.

MARY SMART.

Aged thirty, admitted November 15th 1821. This poor soul was a married woman, with four children. The source of her derangement seems to have been religious despondency. She imagined that she had taken the sacrament unworthily and sacrilegiously, and that her body was full of serpents; and she several times attempted suicide, but was fortunately prevented by the vigilance of the attendants.

She contrived to escape from the hospital, on the 22d February 1822, by climbing over the wall, with another woman, but was brought back,

on the 28th of the same month, and the two nurses, in whose care she was, discharged.

She also enjoyed the rank of fancied royalty, and stiled herself Queen Mary, and consort to his present Majesty George IV. who she fully expected would come for her in person, or send for her in his state carriage, and a guard of honour. He was her lawful husband, and would not neglect her when the proper time should come; and she expected to go from this hospital very soon, to one of the royal palaces. She had not the least doubt of it.

Notwithstanding this poor queen's imaginary greatness, she seemed to have had her real destiny in an humble and laborious rank of life. She was generally at work, very industrious, a good servant, and was found very useful in the gallery.

After the expiration of twelve months she was discharged uncured, on the 14th November 1822; and retired, not to Carlton Palace, but to a private mad-house.

CHARLOTTE HARDING,

Aged twenty-nine, admitted 24th October 1822. This was an unmarried woman, and another personage of royal blood. She fancied herself to be Queen Charlotte, and assumed all the august dignity of her high degree, exacting, or at least insisting, on due homage from the ladies amongst whom she moved.

Three crowned heads at once, under the same roof, were perhaps a little too much for the tranquillity of the region they inhabited, especially as there appeared no symptom of a *Holy alliance* amongst them, to check the machinations of *illegitimate reformers*, for they were rival queens, and maintained towards each other a degree of hostility truly royal. Whenever their majesties appeared all at the same time in the gallery, it became the theatre of a fierce and clamorous war of words, attitudes, and grimace; each claimed to herself the exclusive right of hereditary power, and disowned the other two as impostors and usurpers. In such a contest, it was not to be expected that the neighbouring powers could remain idle spectators; and, consequently, the allies of each princess brought their auxiliary

contingents into the field, and contended in this tripartite war, with all the ardour of fancy, vigour of voice, and volubility of tongue, that may be easily supposed to have reigned where so many ladies joined the rival ranks. But on those occasions the rage of conflict generally roused some neighbouring imperious power, in the shape of a keeper, to interfere, when the rival-queens were obliged to retreat to their respective apartments, and defer the decision, to some future opportunity.

Queen Charlotte, alias Charlotte Harding, was discharged on the 12th December 1822.

PHILIPPA MAY,

Aged fifty. This is a native of Ireland; she was tried and found guilty of the wilful murder of another woman, but under the influence of insanity, and being much deranged, she was sent here. She is entirely lost to all intellectual feeling. When in the airing-ground, she picks up stones and rubbish of all kinds, which she calls jewels and valuables. She sometimes strips herself almost to nakedness, tears up her clothes into pieces, and flings the fragments over the

wall ; and she then will proceed to dress herself in the finest clothes she can lay hands on, whether they belong to patient or servant, no matter to the frantic Philippa. She is inconsistent in all her actions, but dreadfully disordered, which excuses the whole of her improprieties.

ANN MUMFORD,

Aged thirty, admitted May 1822. This unfortunate poor woman is married, and has a family of three or four children, residing near Bethnal Green, but became deranged from unknown causes, and destroyed one of her children, seven months old, by severing its head from its body. She was tried for the fact at the Old Bailey in May last year, but acquitted on the ground of insanity. She believes the devil had directed her so to do. She was sent to Bethlem in a very dreadful state, violent and dangerous in the extreme, both to herself and others. She has attempted, by various contrivances, to destroy herself; tearing the sheets and blankets in slips to strangle herself: she attempted it even with the strings of her apron, but her clothes have since been entirely divested of strings, and made to button.

She would bite, kick, or strike any person who approached her; she would frequently speak of her dear infant in affectionate terms, and cry bitterly almost day and night. Latterly she is not so violent, and is not in any restraint throughout the day; but at night she is necessarily secured to prevent self-destruction. She has of late left off conversation, and her only answer to all questions is, "for ever and a day, as the boy sold his top." She speaks no more than these words by night or day, and passes her time in reflection, weeping at intervals, exclaiming "for ever and a day, as the boy sold his top." She had an excellent character as a good wife and mother, until this unfortunate malady afflicted her.

ELIZABETH JAMES,

Aged forty-eight, admitted in June 1821. This is a lady of great personal magnitude. She lived for fourteen years in Canterbury Place, Lambeth, where she was well-known, as well for her eccentricities as by the dilapidated state of her mansion, and the clamorous attention paid to her by arch boys and idle gazers.

Various reports are circulated as to the cause

of her insanity ; some state that she was deserted by her husband, and others that her child met its death by getting into a copper of boiling water, through the carelessness of its nurse ; however, her residence became a complete nuisance to the neighbourhood, and it was in contemplation many times to indict her on that account. She was highly eccentric in every particular ; every window in the front of her house was broken, and the railings entirely carried away. She lived solitary, without servant or companion, cooked her own provisions, enjoyed the best of every thing, and what she could not eat she consumed in the fire. She had a char-woman occasionally to clean the part of the house she lived in. She was some time ago accustomed to parade in front of her house as a sentinel, with her head adorned with a turban, *à la Turque*, and a quarter-staff in her hand. Mobs frequently collected, and annoyed her and the neighbours very much. She would sometimes sally forth and distribute her sturdy favours indiscriminately upon the heads and shoulders of the gazers. When she went out to walk, she carried a brass ladle concealed in her muff, and was always joined by the arch boys, or, as she called them, " her jolly crew ;" but if annoyed or attacked by them, she would draw

her ladle and baste them soundly. She has been seen in all parts of the town, in various strange dresses. Leopard-skin apron, odd-looking furs, tippetts, muffs, shawls, and cloaks, and always numerously attended, though much against her inclination. One of her Amazonian freaks procured her an assignment to Horsemonger-lane prison for riotous conduct, and from thence she came here.

She has a room in the criminal wing of the hospital, well furnished with goods of her own, and she is permitted to purchase what she pleases for her own use in catables. If report speaks true, she was much addicted to strong liquors, to which was ascribed her disorder; but here she is strictly debarred all such indulgence; yet her disorder continues.

She styles herself a woman of great and extensive scientific knowledge, "the daughter of the Almighty;" and when displeased, she will look upwards and exclaim, "Joe! Joe! do you think this right? Is this justice? Is this justice, Joe?"

She is at times inclined to violence, but has done no particular mischief. She is certainly a well-educated woman, and has some property; is said to have been honest in all her dealings, and punc-

tual in her payments. She used to attend the Bank to receive her dividends with great punctuality, and paid her bills equally correct. She is of huge size, with masculine features, and has more the voice of a stentor than that of an accomplished fair one.

RECOMMENDATORY ATTESTATIONS,

SELECTED—

FROM SEVERAL HUNDRED INSERTED IN
THE VISITORS' BOOK.

THE Grand Duke Nicholas, accompanied by several officers of distinction, went over the hospital, attended by the Treasurer, Dr. Mosro, and the resident officers; and expressed the utmost satisfaction at every thing which came under their observation.

R. CLARK,
Treasurer.

THE Marquis of Downshire and Lord Marcus Hill inspected this hospital, and found it in a satisfactory state, with the exception of the sinks* in the male galleries, from which offensive smells arose.

28th June 1846.

DOWNSHIRE,
MARCUS HILL.

The undersigned visited the hospital this day, and were particularly gratified at the cleanliness, attention, and good order which they observed in every part of

* These sinks have been long altered, and no bad smells issue from them at present.

the building, and which appeared to be most comfortable and well-aired.

PERCY,
PRUDHOM,
&c. &c. &c.

7th March 1817.

The Duke of York, accompanied by Sir William Scott and Mr. Pearse, Director of the Bank of England, visited the hospital, and expressed great satisfaction at every thing which they observed in the accommodation and treatment of the patients.

FREDERICK,
WILLIAM SCOTT,
JOHN PEARSE.

1st March 1817.

H. R. H. the Duke of Gloucester, accompanied by the Earl of Lauderdale, Sir John Sebright, and Col. Dalton, visited the hospital, and expressed great satisfaction at every thing which they have seen in the accommodation and treatment of the patients.

WILLIAM FREDERICK,
LAUDERDALE,
THOS. DALTON.

15th March 1817.

The Duchess of York, accompanied by Mademoiselle D'Orleans, visited the hospital, and expressed the highest satisfaction at every thing which they saw, in the treatment and accommodation of the patients.

FREDERICA,
LOUISA A. D'ORLEANS.

Lord Combermere, accompanied by Mr. Manning, visited the hospital, and expressed the greatest satisfaction at every thing which came under their observation,

29th March 1817.

COMBERMERE,
WM. MANNING.

Lord Somerville and Lord Grantham visited the hospital, and expressed their great satisfaction at the state of the building and patients, and the attention of the attendants.

31st March 1817.

SOMERVILLE,
GRANTHAM,
HUGH SHYMOUR,
&c. &c.

Visited the hospital, and were much gratified at the cleanliness, general appearance, system, and management of it.

14th April 1817.

MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY,
ROBERT BUXTON,
MICHAEL ANGELO TAYLOR,
CHARLES WM. BIGGE.

Visited the hospital, and were extremely gratified with the accommodation of the patients, the great cleanliness, and general appearance of every thing belonging to the institution.

2d May 1817.

TALBOT,
J. C. TALBOT.

Visited the hospital, and were extremely gratified with the general neatness and cleanliness of every part, and the great attention paid to the health and comfort of the patients.

DARTMOUTH,
H. LEGGE,
RICHARD BAGGY,
J. N. FAZAKERLEY.

21st May 1817.

Mr. Baron Garrow visited the hospital with some friends, and found everything in the most satisfactory and perfect order.

WM. GARROW,
&c. &c. &c.

19th June 1817.

The Duke of Leeds and Lord Templetown visited the several departments throughout the hospital, and were much gratified at the order and general arrangements in which they are conducted.

LEEDS,
TEMPLETOWN.

24th June 1817.

Sir James M'Gregor, Director-General of Army Hospitals, visited every part of the establishment, and found it in proper order, receiving the utmost gratification from the visit.

9th August 1817.

Lord Harrowby visited, and was highly gratified at observing the great cleanliness and order which appears to prevail.

9th December 1817.

HARROWBY.

We have visited every part of this large and well-regulated hospital, and have been particularly gratified with the neatness, order, care, and attention paid to the individual patients throughout the whole.

J. G. RIDOUT, M.D.

13th May 1818.

&c. &c. &c.

We have also visited the different apartments of the hospital, and entirely concur in the above report.

ROPER,

THOS. HOOVER MORRISON,

13th May 1818.

WM. DEXTER.

Nothing can exceed the cleanliness and good order of the whole of this establishment, and I conceive it does the highest credit to all concerned with it.

I state this after a very minute inspection of three hours.

EDWARD,

19th August 1818.

(Duke of Kent.)

We have received the greatest gratification from a minute inspection of this establishment, which appears in every respect to be admirably constructed for its object.

GRANVILLE,

4th February 1819.

R. WILMOT.

We have been extremely gratified at seeing the whole of this excellent institution, than which nothing can exceed its cleanliness, regularity, and the apparent attention that is paid to it, in all its departments.

DARLINGTON,

20th June 1819.

ELIZ. DARLINGTON.

Having this day (under authority of his Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department,) gone over the building attached to this hospital for the confinement of criminal lunatics, I have much satisfaction in recording, that I found every part of that establishment conducted in the same uniform manner as on my last inspection. The prisoners appeared clean, amply supplied with wholesome provisions, and well clothed; and when I view the nature of the crimes which many of these unfortunate persons had committed, and the terror which had been created in the minds of those persons who formerly had the custody of them, prior to their removal to this establishment, I cannot refrain from noticing, that I did not find one of these prisoners under restraint of either handcuffs or fetters.

JOHN H. CAPPER,

Bethlem Hospital, 9th June 1818.

We, the undersigned, having visited this establishment, are highly gratified at the order and regularity with which every thing is conducted; and are thankful for the attention and politeness of Dr. Wright and Mr. Nicholls, who have explained to us the economy and arrangements.

ELLIOTT,

9th March 1820.

MAJOR M. HAWKER.

I have this day visited every part of this establishment, and have great pleasure in testifying to the excellent management of all its parts.

19th May 1830.

CHAS. PENNINGTON, M.D.

We have had much satisfaction in visiting the whole of this institution, and particularly in observing the little restraint imposed upon the patients, and the watchfulness over them.

JOS. GURNEY,

19th May 1820.

A. R. BARCLAY.

We have had the gratification of going round this house, and seeing the patients, provisions, and beds, all which are highly creditable to the country, and the superintending care of their officers.

ALEX. ANDERSON,

THOMAS M. HAMMOND,

8th June 1820.

&c. &c. &c.

I have gone through the hospital this day, and found every thing in the best order possible.

20th July 1820.

ROBT. SKYMOOR, Governor.

I hereby express the gratification which I have felt on visiting this institution, and on the excellent order and arrangements which are apparent in every department of it.

21st Dec. 1820.

J. N. JOHNSON, M.D.

We have visited every part of this great establishment, and have been highly gratified with the order, cleanliness, and regularity by which the whole is eminently distinguished.

M. BRUCE,

Surgeon to the Royal Military College,

S. REED,

Secretary, Army Medical Department.

25th Jan. 1821.

R. DOLPHIN, Solicitor.

It is impossible to speak too highly of this institution. The excellence of the establishment is only surpassed by the admirable order and arrangement with which it is governed.

22d February 1821.

C. THURLOW SMITH.

I have observed every thing to commend in the general management of the wards; but the cleanliness and ventilation exceed all expectation.

1st March 1821.

W. R. CHURCHILL.

We'll may say Shakespeare, "what a piece of work is man!" But deprive that paragon of animals of its reason, and he is a degree below the brute. Who will see the utmost wretchedness of a rational being, and the methods of relieving it, he must go into Bethlem, and admire the charity and the philanthropy of the English.

DR. SPASKY,

3d March 1821.

From St. Petersburg.

Having seen the whole of this extensive establishment, I record the satisfaction experienced from observing the good order, cleanliness, cheerfulness, and comfort, which pervade every part of it.

15th March 1821.

PHILIP FENKE, D.D.

By comparing this establishment with every other, in this kingdom, France, and the United States, I feel quite satisfied of its superiority in many respects, and more pleased with the appearance of attention and kindness towards the unfortunate patients.

23d March 1821.

LEONARD STEWART, M.D.

We have visited every part of this establishment, and are exceedingly gratified by the admirable arrangements of the whole, on which too much praise cannot be bestowed.

MARQUESS OF WORCESTER,
VISCOUNT BURY,
G. H. DRUMMOND,
THOS. DUNCOMBE,
E. DRUMMOND.

3d April 1821.

Having been one of the Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inspect the mad-houses in the year 1814, and having on that occasion seen the state of old Bethlem Hospital, I have had the greatest satisfaction of going over the hospital this day, and seeing the improvements in the general management, and in the health, cleanliness, and comfort of the patients.

7th May 1821.

THOS. F. LEWIS, M.P.

After a careful inspection of the hospital, it is impossible to withhold our expression of satisfaction at the order, cleanliness, and arrangement, by which the personal comfort and health of the individuals is secured, with so little personal restraint observed in institutions of a similar nature.

B. BAURENCE,
ARCHIBALD HAMILTON,
PREVENSEY,
WM. DUDSON,
P. T. MILDEMAV,
&c. &c. &c.

Having had a full opportunity to peruse and explore the whole of this most noble establishment, which

I had visited twenty-eight years ago, I think it a positive duty of mine to bear testimony of my having been astonished to see how far this hospital has lately been improved, in a great many respects, conducive most efficiently to the noble and generous purpose for which it has been established; improvements which are mostly due to the *actual* superintendency of the eminently active, and fully able medical gentlemen who are intrusted with it.

RHE. DUKELHAFER,

5th June 1821. Conseiller d'Etat, de la Rep. de Berne.

This is the best establishment of the kind I have seen any where, and comes as near the idea of perfection as I can conceive. I wish it may be taken as a model in foreign countries, and especially in France, where it is much wanted.

6th June 1821.

L. J. SIMON.

Having visited this establishment, we are desirous of expressing the entire satisfaction which we received from observing the good order, cleanliness, and arrangement, which appears to subsist in the whole establishment.

CARLISLE,

20th June 1821.

THOS. GRENVILLE.

Having been this day favoured with a complete investigation of the interior of this hospital, I have great pleasure in recording the gratification I experienced, in observing the extreme neatness and order of the whole establishment. I cannot help expressing my surprise at the total absence of those disagreeable instances of

coercion, to which I looked forward with no little impression of fear on my entrance.

28th June 1821.

R. L. GWATKIN.

Having visited and inspected this establishment, we feel the utmost satisfaction in seeing the order, cleanliness, and comfort of the patients, which appears impossible to be exceeded.

HANS SLOAN,

WM. SLOAN,

5th July 1821.

CHAS. FREEMAN.

We are particularly struck with the cleanliness of all the rooms, the excellent food for the unfortunate individuals, and the kindness shown to them.

VICOUNTESS MIDDLETON,

20th July 1821.

MARIA MIDDLETON.

I have this day passed through the different apartments of this excellent and magnificent establishment, and am exceedingly pleased with the entire management. To me it appears to do equal honour to the public and private munificence of the nation, and to the talents and industry of those who administer it.

CHAS. CALDWELL,

27th July 1821.

United States.

It is impossible to express too strongly the favourable impression which has been made upon us by the view of this establishment.

J. CALCRAFT,

1st August 1821.

G. H. CALCRAFT.

His Serene Highness the reigning Duke of Saxe-Meiningen visited, on the 2d August 1821, and expressed himself highly pleased with the establishment.

EDWARD HALL.

It appears to me that nothing is wanting in the hospital I have just inspected that would be likely to contribute to the comfort of the unfortunate persons who have been placed within it, either in the hope of cure, or for the purpose of keeping them from injuring others or themselves.

23d August 1821.

WM. NECK.

I have visited several hospitals for the same malady, in France and Italy, and have never seen any that equalled this, in perfect cleanliness and arrangement, or came near it in the curative system adopted.

14th Sept. 1821.

A. W. BERRY.

It was with extreme satisfaction that I visited the hospital this day, and found many essential improvements since I was last here, well calculated towards assisting the comforts of its unfortunate inhabitants.

AUGUSTUS FREDERICK, Duke of Sussex.

28th Sept. 1821.

I have been most highly gratified in visiting this hospital, in which every possible attention is paid to the comfort, security, and the recovery of the patients.

3d Oct. 1821.

J. BEISS, M.D.

"If ye do not believe, come and see."

GEORGE LING.

No institution of this kind can be better conducted than this, nor can greater attention be paid to the comforts and cleanliness of the unhappy patients.

4th Oct. 1821.

T. I. WATERWORTH, Surgeon.

I have just been over this excellently conducted building, and only say, that every thing I have beheld is calculated to delight the beholder, and to impress him with the idea, that those who are living here, must be as happy and comfortable as their misfortunes will allow.

11th Oct. 1821.

G. N. MACKMURDO.

It is impossible to pass too high an eulogium upon the exemplary and admirable conduct of the governors and officers of this important and highly valuable institution; and, to a feeling mind, it is delightful to see the comfort and consolation which is administered to the patients. In the names of those who have accompanied me, I beg to subscribe our particular approbation and admiration of every regulation in the establishment, offering our best wishes for the success of its intentions.

18th Oct. 1821.

T. R. DIXON.

I have been much pleased at seeing the mild treatment in this institution, and the regulations as well as the liberal allowance of food for the patients.

18th Oct. 1821.

GEO. AINSLIE.

I cannot express in adequate terms my admiration of the manner in which this institution is conducted, and never could have conceived it possible to have managed

the subjects of so dreadful a malady with so little restraint.

J. T. GIBAUD, Surgeon, Faversham, Kent.
1st Nov. 1821. T. GREENAWAY, Junr.

The extreme order, cleanliness, comfort, and humanity which are evident in every part of this excellent institution, rebound very highly to the credit of those who have the management of the patients.

J. C. BADDELEY, M.B.,
9th Nov. 1821. Caius College, Cambridge.

Having viewed the hospital with attention this day, I offer my humble testimony to the accuracy with which every part of the establishment is conducted, and profess my highest respect for those who give it their care and time.

19th Nov. 1821. HENRY HALFORD, M.D.

We, the undersigned, have great pleasure in adding our testimony of approbation, as to the cleanliness and humane treatment, and great regularity which are so evident through every part of this hospital.

ENGLISH DOLHEN, Baronet of England.
JOHN SMALE, M.D.
A. ROGGE,
6th Dec. 1821. SAM. BARR, &c. &c.

We cannot sufficiently testify the gratification we feel at the comfortable situation in which every person is here placed, and the kindness and attention that are shown to them. The cleanliness of the whole house,

the excellence of their provisions, cannot be too highly approved of.

FRED. W. CAMPBELL,
ARTHUR C. ONSLOW.

I have had the pleasure of seeing over this excellent establishment, and it would not be just if I did not record this as a testimony, that it is conducted with the greatest degree of humanity and care, and highly to be praised for the cleanliness of every department of it.

JONATHAN JACKSON, Retreat, York.

25th Jan. 1822.

The institution is in such order as to induce expressions of satisfaction from all those who visit.

19th Feb. 1822.

T. W. GOODWIN.

The undersigned this day visited Bethlem Hospital, and not only felt highly gratified at the state in which he found every thing connected therewith, but perfectly astonished at the extraordinary degree of cleanliness which prevails throughout.

25th Feb. 1822.

THOS. C. WARNER.

Every thing appears to us conducted in the best manner, in cleanliness and in every other respect, and we see nothing on which to suggest an improvement.

H. NEALE,

18th March 1822.

G. T. STAUNTON.*

* The East-India Company's translator of Oriental languages.

I have felt the greatest satisfaction in being permitted to visit this institution, which appears most admirably regulated, and in all its detail quite perfect.

23d March 1822.

JOHN TUCKER, Lieut.-Col.

I have experienced the greatest satisfaction in my visit through the different wards of this hospital, and am very much gratified by the cleanliness so universally observed.

20th April 1822.

JOHN A. PARIS, M.D.

I have visited this establishment, and have been struck with the extreme cleanliness, comfort, and attention which pervades the whole, and have in no part of the world ever seen any hospital or establishment which can compare with it in any way.

20th April 1822.

ALVANLEY.

We have had great satisfaction in witnessing the high degree of order, cleanliness, and attention that prevails in every department of the establishment of this hospital.

RALPH WOODFORD,

17th May 1822.

STEPHEN WOOLRICHE.

I have been highly pleased with the cleanliness, attention, and treatment, and with pleasure add my testimony to that effect.

23d May 1822.

JAS. ADAMS, Surgeon.

We, the undersigned, do fully approve of the arrangements of this house, and the treatment of the

different patients, thinking the whole arrangement superior to any other establishment we have seen.

BEN. RIDGE, Surgeon-
C. G. STEWART MONTEATH,
W. F. BALLY,
L. H. LEE MICHELL.

30th May 1822.

We have closely inspected every part of Bethlem Hospital on this day, and are quite satisfied with all we have seen and heard.

SKYMOOR,
30th May 1822, R. POLK CAREW.

We, the undersigned, have this day visited this Lunatic Asylum, and have been very much gratified indeed, from the high order in which every thing appeared, the general good conduct and cheerful appearance of the patients, and the excellent quality of the provisions, of which we have partaken.

THOS. BEATTY, M.D.
E. SAUNDERS,
4th June 1822. B. SAUNDERS.

I have had the pleasure to accompany His Royal Highness Prince Christian of Denmark over the different wards of this establishment, with which His Royal Highness, as well as myself, have been highly gratified.

AUGUSTUS FREDERICK, Duke of Sussex.

CHRISTIAN FREDERIC, Prince of Denmark.

10th June 1822.

It is impossible that any institution can be better arranged and conducted, in all its parts, than this that

we have just had the satisfaction of seeing, and we conceive that every one must be highly gratified with the appearance of comfort conveyed to the unhappy inmates.

GEORGE TALBOT,
CHARLES TALBOT,
J. BARON, M.D.

13th June 1822.

Nothing could have been more gratifying to us than our visit to this excellent establishment.

JAMES EWING,
ROBERT DALGLISH,
JAMES DENNISTOUN.

29th June 1822.

It is with great pleasure we add our opinion of the admirable system adopted in this institution, which appears to be conducted in a manner most conducive to the restoration, ease, and comfort of the unhappy objects who are placed here.

J. H. DULLES,
Philadelphia, U. S.
GEORGE DILLWYN.

10th July 1822.

Having visited very many of the lunatic establishments, and particularly well remembering the old Bethlem, which has been so happily superseded by the present hospital, I with the greatest pleasure take this opportunity of expressing the satisfaction which my visit hitherto has now afforded me, from witnessing the excellent state of every part, both of the building and the management of the patients.

17th July 1822.

WM. SMITH, M.P.

Having visited most of the establishments in Europe,

as well as in this country, which are intended for the recovery or confinement of lunatics, I feel the greatest pleasure in stating, that I consider this hospital as one of the very first class, and as combining all the essential requisites for such unfortunate people.

22d July 1822.

ALEX. CRICHTON.

If you would see true Christian benevolence, actively and nobly exerted in the cause of suffering humanity here it is seen in perfection. I never saw any thing more gratifying to the feelings than this admirably conducted charity presents to view.

17th August 1822.

W. G. HUNT.

With great satisfaction I visited this asylum, and consider it conducted with the greatest degree of humanity, and cleanliness, and the patients appear as happy as they can well be, under the peculiarity of their situation.

17th August 1822.

CHARLES WHITE.

This is an object of admiration throughout all its parts.

August 1822.

CHARLES BAUDEN.

I find the establishment in the same excellent order as last year.

23d August 1822.

J. CALCRAFT, M.P.

We, whose names are herewith signed, beg to express the high satisfaction with which we have witnessed every thing connected with the economy and management of Bethlem Hospital.

16th Oct. 1822.

T. WYNNER,
JOHN RYLEY,
DAVID UR.

Should I ever be so unfortunate, as to render it necessary to be placed under restraint, I hope and trust my friends would select this place.

J. S. PATTON, Capt. R. N.

17th Oct. 1822.

JOHN BRAMSTON.

Having viewed the various departments of this hospital, we do consider it far surpassing all expectations, in cleanliness, order, and decency; and it would be exhibiting an attempt at ignorance to find the least fault.

JOHN LEACH,

JOHN FREEMAN,

7th Nov. 1822.

&c. &c. &c.

We, the undersigned, this day visited this hospital through the various wards, and found every department conducted in cleanliness, &c. &c. far beyond our most sanguine expectations.

JAMES DRAN,

19th Nov. 1822.

JOHN EDEN, &c. &c.

I have visited hospitals on the Continent, and none meets my approbation so much as Bethlehem in all its forms.

5th Dec. 1822.

THOMAS GREENING.

I fully concur with the above statement.

5th Dec. 1822.

WM. WOODFORD.

I have been struck with the highest admiration on viewing this establishment, as being more perfect than I could have considered possible.

2d Jan. 1823.

GEORGE MRAD.

Having visited the greater part of the public establishments upon the Continent of Europe, as well as in our own country, I hope it will not be thought presumptuous to declare my opinion of the excellence of this, and to assert, that none other can be placed in competition with it, for its admirable and extensive distribution, as well as for the abolition of such dreadfully coercive measures as are constantly and generally adopted in other lunatic asylums, its cleanliness, airiness, &c. &c.

JULIUS GRIFITH.

2d Jan. 1823.

&c. &c. &c.

THE END.

Just Published, Price 1s. 6d.

KEY
TO
SCRIPTURE
CHRONOLOGY,

MADE BY

COMPARING SACRED HISTORY WITH PROPHECY,

AND REFERRING

THE BIBLE

CONSISTENT WITH ITSELF;

ILLUSTRATED WITH

NEW TABLES OF CHRONOLOGY,

AND VARIOUS NOTES.

BY

JAMES ANDREW, L. L. D. F. R. S.

London

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

PUBLISHED BY F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON, STERWOOD, NEELY AND JONES,
DILE AND CO., AND KINGSBURY AND CO.

1822.

PROSPECTUS.

ALTHOUGH the Title Page of every Work is designed to shew, in few words, its nature and tendency, yet the limits do not afford room to explain the circumstances under which the attention of mankind is invited or solicited to every new publication.

Soon after the total destruction of the City and Temple of Jerusalem by the Romans, it would appear that the most valuable records of antiquity were diligently sought for and destroyed, and that new and false records were substituted for them, both by Jews and Christians,—certainly of a degenerate cast. The former wished it to be believed that the promised Messiah was not yet come; the latter, that the end of the world was near at hand, and the millennium about to commence. The former contracted the age of the world, to suit their worldly pride and expectations; the latter extended it, to serve their vain desire of wealth, which flowed in largely upon them, through the boundless benefactions of devotees, who were persuaded that the day of judgment was just approaching. And as our Saviour was crucified between two Thieves, so the true Chronology of the Bible has been lost between the rival pretensions of opposite and contending factions. But since the era of the Reformation of Religion, a more enlightened and liberal spirit of enquiry has prevailed, and much has been done towards the recovery of those Chronological Truths which had long been buried in darkness. The names of Scaliger and Petrus in France, of Struchobin in Germany, and of Marsham, Usher, Prideaux and Blair in England, have been deservedly celebrated for the progress they have made, steering, according to the Scripture Chart, a middle course between the errors of the Apostate Jews and those of degenerate and rapacious Ecclesiastics of the Primitive Christian Church; and the success of their undertakings to explore and bring regularly to view sentences of ancient date, ought to stimulate our zeal, to perfect what they have begun and nearly finished.

Whether we receive the Holy Scriptures as the Oracles of God, as all true Believers do; or whether we receive them traditionally as simple records of past transactions, according to the opinions of Sceptics and other Unbelievers; in either case, their testimony is in the highest degree interesting and valuable. No written monument of equal antiquity has come down to us; no view, real or fabulous, of original society and manners is to be found so complete and satisfactory; no ancient or modern system of laws and religion devised by man can be compared in purity, perfection, sublimity, or beneficence, with the genuine doctrine of Moses and the Prophets, of Christ and his holy Apostles. Scripture Chronology must be deemed, by all Christians, essential to the illustration of Scripture History, and of the fulfilment of Prophecy; and Historians of all classes and denominations must prefer truth to error, an exact to an inaccurate view of Chronology, according to the real intent and meaning of the several Authors they refer to. Every becoming effort to clear up, and finally settle Scripture Chronology, is not only lawful but commendable. The Dates in the present larger Editions of the English Bible are of no value or importance, except in so far as they are conformable to the tenor and language of Scripture. Attempts to rectify Chronological Mistakes are not to be considered as imprudent, nor denounced as an attack on settled doctrines; because every endeavour

to rectify error and to explain truth is instrumental to human nature and agreeable to the word of God. True religion loves and challenges light and enquiry.

The Holy Scriptures supply the world with an extensive Chain, in many pieces, of Chronological Dates from the Creation of the World to the Overthrow of the Babylonian Empire by Cyrus the Great; and thence, to the death of Christ. The links are of unequal lengths, and of various matter or substance. Some are supplied by Scripture History, some by Prophecy, and some both ways. It is left for human ingenuity and experience to put the pieces of the chain and the links rightly together, and to try whether the length measures the just extent of any and every assigned period. And here it may be remarked that there does not appear the least ground or reason to believe that the account of dates or years given in the Hebrew Bible has been at all altered or corrupted, from first to last: on the contrary they appear to have been providentially kept inviolable through so many ages by the wonderful insensibility of the human mind for many years, and by the apathy or indifference to Chronological Enquiries which prevailed from the age of Constantine until the Reformation.

It is so far satisfactory to find that the common Chronology inserted in our English Bibles agrees well with the perfect reckonings of the Scriptures for 2108 years, from the Creation of the World to the birth of Isaac, or the Institution of Circumcision; and again for 809 years, from the commencement of the reign of Azzariah, or Uzziah, king of Judah until the birth of Christ. But the accumulated errors of computation in the long intervening period of 1296 years, amount to 211 years short of the truth. Now, it is the object of this short Essay to explain the whole Chronology of the Bible, and to rectify what has been computed amiss.

That Prince of Philosophers, Sir Isaac Newton, attempted in his declining years to render the Chronology of Prophane History more conformable to Sir John Marsham's view of the Chronology of the Bible, by cutting down the antiquities of the Greeks, and other Eastern Nations, about 300 years. This gave rise to a learned controversy, in which it has been proved that our illustrious Philosopher had erred 300 years. There still remained, however, and do remain, about 200 years concerning which nothing has been said or done. If, instead of contracting the age of the world 211 years, according to the erroneous reckoning which is now followed, we extend it to its just length according to the true Scripture reckoning which ought to be followed, we immediately bring Prophane History to agree much better of its own accord with Sacred History than has hitherto been the case. By this means we reduce the assent affairs of Babylon, of Egypt, and of Greece, to a more convenient distance in time from the general Deluge than before, and surmount other difficulties that occurred in the Patriarchal, Judicial, and Regal Periods of the History of the Jews.

The generally grave and judicious Prideaux has inadvertently done a great disservice to Hebrew Chronology by the negligent, contemptuous, and sneering manner in which he has spoken of the order of the Sabbatical years and Jubilees amongst the Jews, at the commencement of his learned *Conversations of the Old and New Testament*, as if it were a subject that no wise man ever did or would trouble his head about. The contempt is heightened by the context; for he immediately proceeds to give at full length the light and rather nauseous

story of Darius's Groom and Horse, originally told by Herodotus, with all the circumstances, that served to place Darius in the throne of Persia: as if it were better to lose sight of the Jabbilee altogether than of one particle of a Stable-keeper's tale of jockeyship. It can scarcely be doubted that this bad taste and unseasonable mirth, much to be regretted in so great a man, and in a work of such high and deserved repute, has prevented many from enquiring fully and fairly into all the particulars relative to the Institution of Sabbatical years amongst the Jews, appointed by God himself, and on the due observance of which both the Law and the Prophets laid continually so much stress. An attentive consideration of this subject has enabled the Author of this brief Essay to find his way clearly through the chronological labyrinth of the Jewish Regal Period, which are otherwise inexplicable: and to read the Old Testament Prophets with fresh advantage and delight. The course of tenors of Scripture Prophecy bears directly and strongly on the Epoch of our Lord's Death and Resurrection; less so on that of his Nativity; and the years of Jabbilee, amongst other uses, served to mark the balance of time, when our Lord should be betrayed and delivered into the hands of Sinners, which was at the commencement of a Jabbilee.

Our Saviour's Genealogy, according to the Gospels of Matthew and Luke, which has been thought difficult to explain, as it really is, on the loose and incoherent Systems of Chronology hitherto propounded, admits of an easy solution on being referred to the correct reckoning of the years of the Old Testament, now proposed. And the number 666, given to the mystical beast and *faux prophet* in the Apocalypse, is found to be applicable to chronological periods of idolatry and corruption in the Jewish and Christian Church, already passed as to power, but not, perhaps, as to influence.

It may also be satisfactory to notice that the chronological year of the Hebrews, that is, of the Holy Scriptures, from beginning to end, is the true solar year of all ages and nations, comprehending that time which elapses between two successive returns of the vernal equinox: and that its commencement is always at the vernal equinox.

To the Chronology is annexed a very brief Account of the Weights and Measures of antiquity; from which it may safely be inferred that even the Assyrians had made themselves acquainted with the Figure and Dimensions of the Earth, and that they used the Earth's Circumference as the Original Standard of Measure.

To conclude. This short Essay contains a great many well established facts, regularly digested, in the shortest and cheapest form, and fitted for the use and instruction of Christians of all denominations. The Tables of Scripture Chronology here exhibited were originally sent forth as an Appendix to a short and comprehensive Treatise on English Grammar by the same Author, published in London, 1817: and they are now given as an Appendix to a new Hebrew and English Dictionary and Grammar, by the Same, with such Explanations and Illustrations as are proper to evince their correctness. This separate publication of the Chronology is designed more especially for the use of such enquiring and attentive Christians as do not read Hebrew, and who may not have an opportunity to consult the Appendix to the Author's English Grammar, or Hebrew Dictionary. If the modern Jews would study the Chronology of the Hebrew Bible, instead of the Traditions of Men, they would soon come to know the cause of their long continued distress, and the signs of its termination.

On the 1st of JUNE will be published, Price 6s.

KNIGHT'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE, No. I.

LONDON:—PRINTED FOR CHARLES KNIGHT, 7, FLEET-STREET, EAST.
SOLD BY DEIGHTON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE;—R. BATES, OXFORD;—KNIGHT
AND BRIDGES, WINDSOR;—E. WILLIAMS, AND T. INGHAM, ETON;—AND
BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

THE objects of this work may be better gathered from the following extract of the Introductory Dedication, than from a formal Prospectus:—

"To the Lady Mary Vernon, the Mistress of all Harmony, the Queen of all Wits, the Brightest of all Beings, we, the undersigned, send greeting."

"We, the undersigned, are a knot of young men, of various forms and features,—of more various talents and inclinations; agreeing in nothing, save only two mutual points—a warm liking for one another, and a very profound devotion for your Ladyship."

"Some of us have no occupation."

"Some of us have no money."

"Some of us are desperately in love."

"Some of us are desperately in debt."

"Many of us are very clever, and wish to convince the Public of the fact."

"Several of us have never written a line."

"Several of us have written a great many, and wish to write more."

"For all these reasons, we intend to write a book."

"We will not compile a lumbering quarto of Travels, to be bound in Russia, and skinned in the Quarterly, and bought by the country book-clubs;—nor a biting Political Pamphlet, to be praised by everybody on one side, and abused by everybody on the other, and read by nobody at all;—nor a Philosophical Essay, to be marvelled at by the few, and shuddered at by the many, and prosecuted by his Majesty's Attorney-General;—nor a little Epic Poem in twenty-four books, to be loved by the milliners, and lauded in the Literary Gazette, and burnt by your Ladyship."

"But a Book of some sort we are resolved to write. We will go forth to the world once a quarter, in high spirits and handsome type, and a modest dress of drab, with verse and prose, criticism and witicism, food, love, and loud laughter. Every thing that is light, and warm, and fantastic, and beautiful, shall be the offering we will bear; while we will leave the nation to the care of the Parliament, and the church to the Bishop of Peterborough. And to this end we will give up to colder lips and fuller souls their gross and terrestrial food: we will not interfere with the middle or the sailors, the brandy-bottle or the punch-bowl;—our food shall be of the spicy curry, and the glistening Champagne;—our inspiration shall be the thanks of plume."

voices, and the smiles of sparkling eyes. We grasp at no immortality—we pray for no immortality; but we trust that in the voyage it shall be our destiny to see, we shall awaken many glowing feelings, and revive many agreeable recollections; we shall make many jokes, and many friends; we shall enliven ourselves and the public together; and when we meet round some merry hearth, to discuss the past and the future, our projects and our success, we shall give a zest to our bottle and our debate, by drinking a health to all who read us, and three healths to all who praise.

—We have built up our temple, and installed the priests, and made ready the offerings, and we are looking for the goddess of the shrine. The President of our Club, and the Editor of our writings, shall be no compiler of essays—no eater of oysters; no bald and bearded gentleman, with a cold judgment and a flippant pen, decrying of pounds, shillings, and pence, and annihilating the young hopes of an author in all the anonymous authority of the plural number. We must have for our interior divinity a more amiable and more interesting being, to whose authority we may pay a voluntary submission, to whose eye we may breathe our verse and scuffle our sonnets, beneath whose influence we may forget the toils and the toil of book-making, and restore over our novel and our poem the magic charm of gallantry and romance.

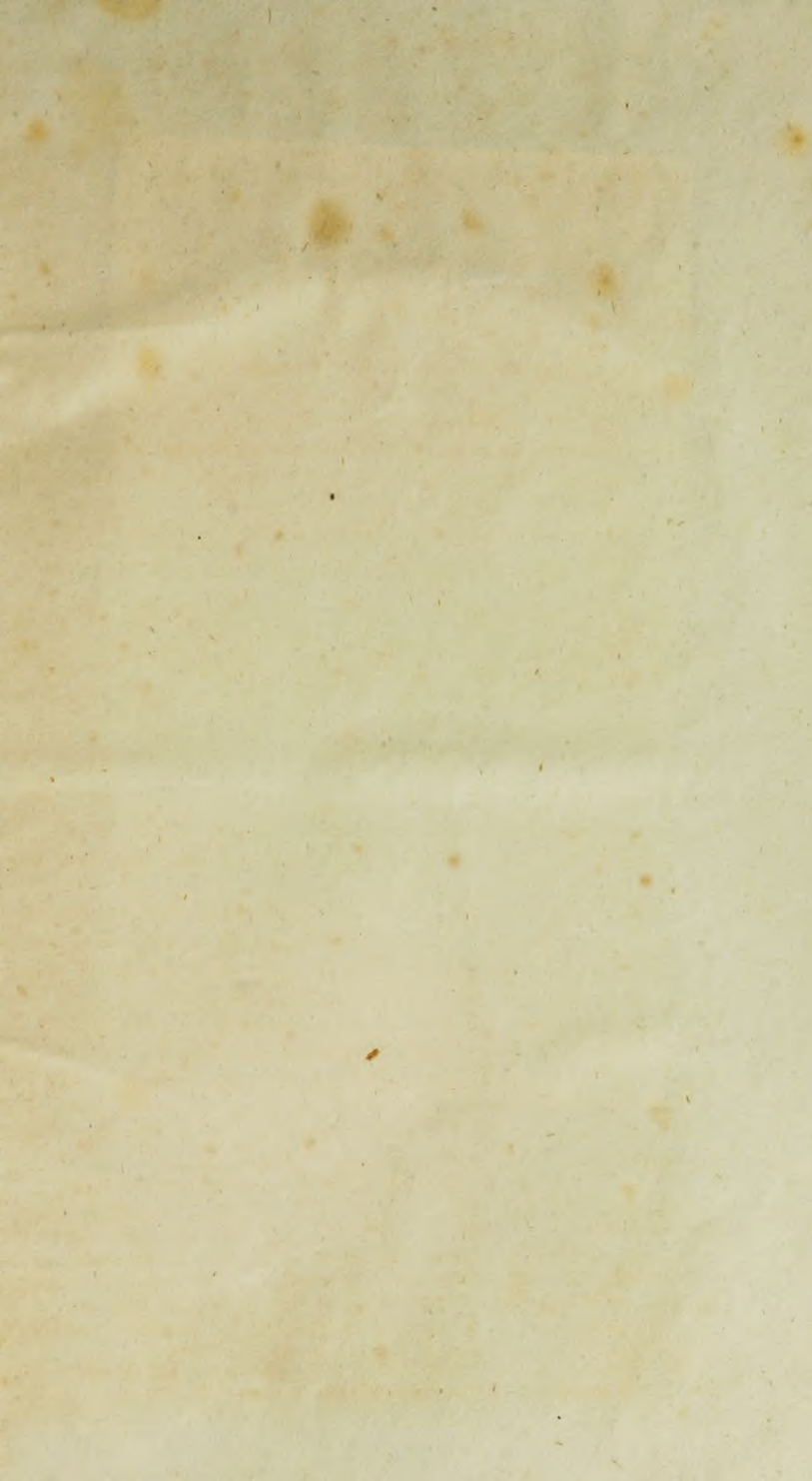
—We kneel before your Ladyship's virtues.

—You are beautiful and very kind; a wicker and very witty; with a complexion a little flushed, and a nose a little aquiline, and all necessary dignity in your clear high forehead, and all conceivable merriment in your deep blue eye; and you wear white shoes and diamond necklaces, and dress your long dark hair à la Græque; and you have a light step and a quick speech, and just sufficient coquetry to recall our young romantics from their dreams of Dryads and of Naiads, and to engage them to remain for a few minutes on something more lovely and less divine; and you paint flowers, and draw caricatures; and you play the lute and *Pécorin*, and sing delightfully; and you love Handel, and don't open Shakespeare; and yet are twenty-five, and—
'Mary.'

—By all these signs you are manifestly pointed out as the idol before whom we are to prostrate our hearts and our papers. You will not refuse the homage we proffer. Among our gay and buoyant souls the day of chimney and of enthusiasm shall have another morning; you shall be to us the queen of the joint; in your sight the bold and adventurous are to break their first lance. Your smile is to be the excitement;—your hand is to bestow the reward: a thousand poets shall be your slaves;—a thousand quills shall leap from their sheaths to avange the lock that threatens you with insult. Your image shall animate, and your name shall protect us; censure shall kneel before you, and criticism shall be dumb in your presence.

—We are your Ladyship's very humble servants,

MARMADINE VILLARS,	EUSTACE HERON,	REGINALD HOLYOAKE,
DAYLANT CECIL,	EDWARD HASSELOOT,	RICHARD MILLN,
THURHAM MERTON,	WILLIAM PAYNE,	OLIVER MEDLEY,
IRVING MONTAGU,	ARCHIBALD FRANK,	PERCIBINE COURTENAY,
GERALD MONTGOMERY,	HAMILTON MURRAY,	VIVIAN JOYCE,
HENRY BALDWIN,	CHARLES PENDERGROVE,	MARTIN DANVERS HEAVY-
JOSEPH HALLER,	LEWIS WILKINSON,	SIDE,
PETER ELLIS,	JOHN TELL,	&c. &c. &c."
PATRICK AYMER,	EDMUND BUTCH,	



[illegible]

Demco 293-5

221 [HASLAM (John)] Sketches in Bedlam : or, Characteristic Traits of Insane as displayed in the Cases of one hundred and forty patients of both sexes, now gently confined in New Bethlem, including Margaret Nicholson, James Hatfield, John Walsh, Bannister, Truelock, and many other extraordinary maniacs : &c. [with] A succinct History of the Establishment, its Rules, Regulations, Forms of Admission, Management of Patients, &c. By a Constant Observer. By Sherwood, Jones, 1823. D. ORIGINAL BOARDS, UNCUT, P. LABEL. FIRST EDITION. xl, 312 pp. Curiously this with its important case histories is omitted from the list of Haslam's writings given D.N.B. A FINE COPY IN ORIGINAL STATE from the Whatman Library.

*A. H. H. can't give authority for
Haslam attribution. He thinks
Eric Blyth may have told him!*

Accession no
15919

Author
SKETCHES in Bedlam.
1823.

Call no.

RC606
52

